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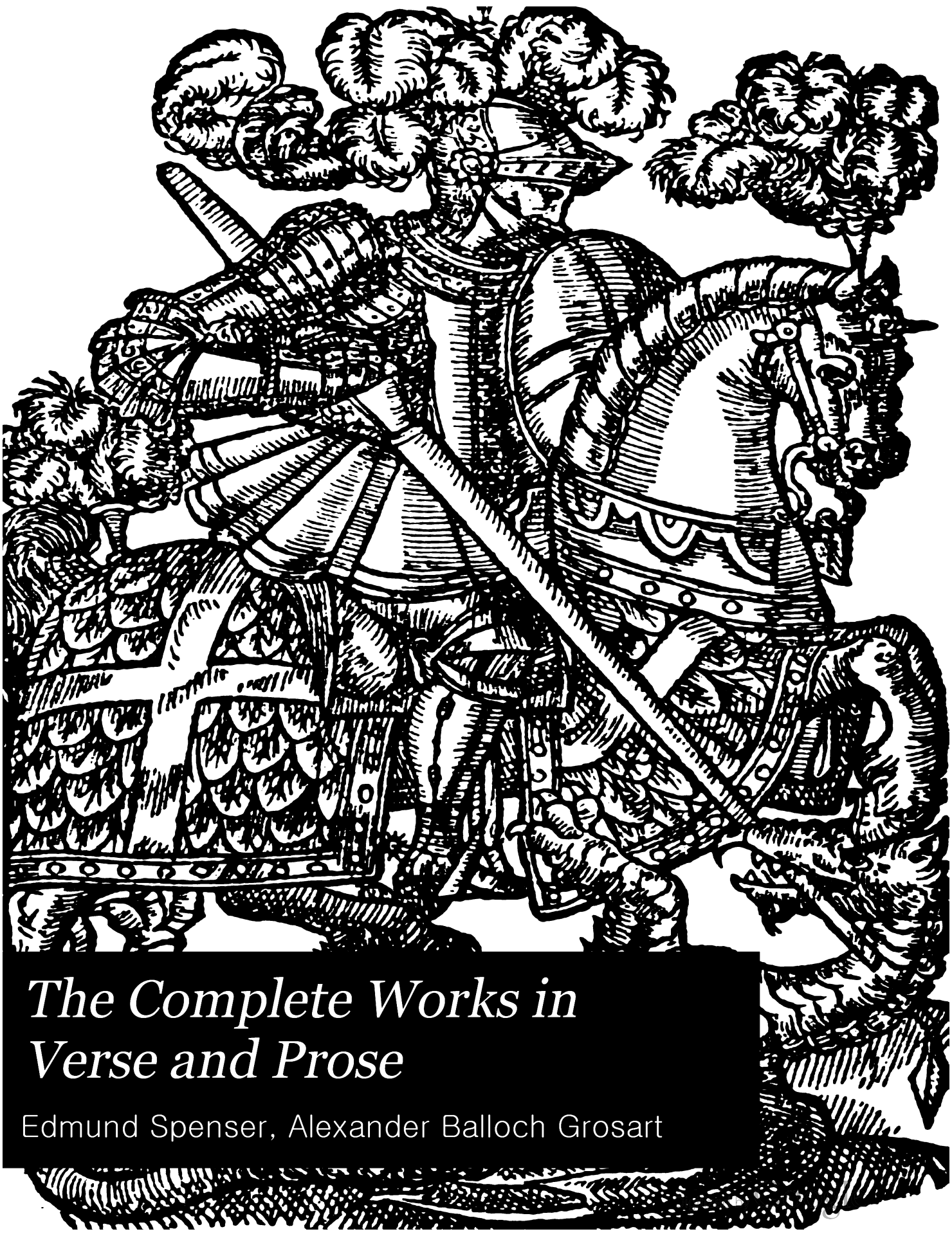
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The Complete Works in Verse and Prose

Edmund Spenser, Alexander Balloch Grosart



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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. V.

THE FAERIE QUEENE:
BOOK I., AND BOOK II. CANT. i.—vii.
1590-96.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

*EDITED, WITH A NEW LIFE, BASED ON ORIGINAL RESEARCHES
AND A GLOSSARY EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.*

BY THE

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ETC.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

THE FAERIE QUEENE:

BOOK I., AND BOOK II. CANT. i.—vii. (1596.)

WITH VARIOUS READINGS OF 1590, ETC., ETC.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

1882.

100 copies only.]



Printed by Hazell, Watson, and Viney, London and Aylesbury.

CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

	PAGE
I. NOTE, WITH TITLE-PAGES, ETC.	1-6
II. THE FAERIE QUEENE	7

BOOK I.

CONTAYNING THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE REDCROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

Canto	I.		9
"	II.		28
"	III.		44
"	IV.		59
"	V.		77
"	VI.		96
"	VII.		113
"	VIII.		132
"	IX.		150
"	X.		170
"	XI.		194
"	XII.		214

BOOK II.

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

Canto	I.		234
"	II.		256
"	III.		272
"	IV.		289
"	V.		306
"	VI.		320

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Tail-piece (fac-simile)	229
St. George and the Dragon (fac-simile)	230

IX.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

1590—1596

AND

VARIOUS READINGS.

V.

I

NOTE.

In the Stationers' Registers (Arber II. 536) the first entry relative to the 'Faerie Queene' is as follows :—

"Primo Die Decembris, [1589.]
Maſter Ponſonbye. Entered for his Coppye, a booke intytuled the *ſayre Queene*
dyſpoſed into xij bookes, &c. Authoryſed vnder handes of the
Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY and bothe the wardens. . . vjth."

This was published accordingly in 1590. The title-page thus runs :—

THE FAERIE
QVEENE.

Diſpoſed into twelue booke,

Faſhioning

XII. Morall vertues.

Vbique Floret.

LONDON :

Printed for William Ponſonbie.

1590. (4to A—Qq 4 in eights.)

Notwithstanding the title-page, which announces "*twelue* booke," the volume contained only "three" booke. The next entry (Arber III. 57) is as follows :—

"20^o die Januarij [1596]
Maſter Ponſonbye. Entered for his Copie vnder the handes of the Wardens, *The ſecond* parte of the *ſſairy Quene* containing the 4. 5. and 6.
booke vjth."

This was published in 1596 (4to, A—Kk 4 in eights). Its title-page is as follows :—

NOTE.

3

THE SECOND
PART OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing
The Fourth,
Fifth, and
Sixth Bookes.

By Ed. Spenser.

Spes Anchora.

Imprinted at London for VVilliam
Ponfonby. 1596.

For the general title-page of both parts, see page 5. The second volume also contained only 'three books,' but these additional to the former three of 1590. As everybody knows, the intended and promised 'twelue books' never appeared, and all but certainly never were written, except fragmentarily. The only addition made to the 'Faerie Queene' was the "Two Cantoes of Mvtabilitie, which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the Faerie Queene vnder the Legend of Constance. Neuer before imprinted." This first appeared in the folio of 1609 published by Matthew Lownes. On 3rd September, 1604, "Master Waterfon," among other entries for his copies which had been "Master Ponfonbie's," was "*The fayrie queene*, both partes by Spenser" (Arber III. 269): and on 5th November of same year Matthew Lownes among other copies that had been Waterson's enters "*The fairie Quene* both partes by Spenser" (Arber III. 274). It was to the enterprise of the new publisher as now proprietor of the Spenser copyrights, the world owed the "Two Cantoes of Mvtabilitie." They must have been recovered between the publication of the folio of 1604 and that of 1609.

In the volume of 1590 B. i.-iii. occupy (a) title-page and dedication on *verso* 1 leaf: (b) pp. 1—589 (*verso* blank): then succeeds, (c) 'A Letter of the Authors expounding his *whole intention in the course of the worke*,' etc., pp. 591—595: (d) Laudatory Sonnets, etc., to Spenser, pp. 596—600: (e) Sonnets to Noblemen by Spenser, pp. 601—605: (f) Faults escaped in the Print, p. 606: (g) Additional Sonnets by Spenser, pp. 607—614 [unpaged]. Dr. Morris, though his text is that of 1590, *prefixes* these appendices, herein following the (bad) example of later editions. I unhesitatingly recur to the original arrangement of appending (though necessarily at the close of the whole).

Our text—as being the last published during the author's life-time—is of 1596; but beneath, will be found the Various Readings, etc., of 1590—so far as they go. Occasionally Various Readings are also added from other early editions—in each case carefully noted. In a small number of instances corrections of 1596 from 1590 and others, are accepted: but recorded in the places.

For a full BIBLIOGRAPHY of the 'Faerie Queene' the reader is referred to our new Life of Spenser, in Vol. I.

Throughout, my anxious endeavour has been to reproduce my text of 1596 with the same integrity as in the Minor Poems (Vols. II.—IV.), and to exhibit the minutest variations underneath. I have adhered to the Author's own form of printing his stanza, as well as to his own punctuation—the latter deplorably modernized and finically rather than intelligently altered since the quartos. It has been customary to number the stanzas. I prefer continuing the original omission of such numbering; but for reference, each 10th line is marked in the margin. I am not at all afraid of any genuine Spenserian undervaluing the pains taken by me, while I am equally confident that human slips will be by such most readily forgiven.

On the CHANGES in the text of 1596, punctuation, spelling, and all related matters, those interested will turn to the Life (as before). NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS must be sought for in the Glossary of the closing volume.

A. B. G.

THE FAERIE QVEENE

Disposd into twelue bookes,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.



LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonbie.

1596.



TO
THE MOST HIGH,
MIGHTIE
and
MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE RENOVV-
MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
TUE, AND ALL GRATIOVS
GOVERNMENT ELIZABETH BY
THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE
OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE AND
IRELAND AND OF VIRGI-
NIA, DEFENDOVV OF THE
FAITH, &. HER MOST
HVMBLE SERVANT
EDMVND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HV-
MILITIE DEDI-
CATE, PRE-
SENT
AND CONSECRATE THESE
HIS LABOVRS TO LIVE
WITH THE ETERNI-
TIE OF HER
FAME.

In the original edition (1590) the Dedication is as follows :—

TO THE MOST MIGH-
TIE AND MAGNIFI-
CENT EMPRESSE ELI-
ZABETH; BY THE
GRACE OF GOD QUEENE
OF ENGLAND, FRANCE,
AND IRELAND
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH,
&c.

Her most humble

Seruant :

Ed. Spenser.





THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning
THE LEGENDE OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,
OR
OF HOLINESSE.

L O I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a far vnfitter taske, II
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds ;
Whose prayfes hauing slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng :
Fierce warres and faithfull loues shall moralize my song.

. Unless otherwise stated, the various readings, etc., belong to the original edition of 1590. See note prefixed.

l. 1, 'The first Booke of' Roman, not cap.: l. 3, 'the Faerie Queene' *ibid.*: l. 5, 'Legende,' *ibid.*: l. 6, 'of the Red Crosse,' italics: l. 8, 'Of Holinesse,' *ibid.*: l. 9, 'whylome': l. 10, comma after 'taught'—accepted: l. 11, 'farre': l. 12, : after 'reeds': l. 13, comma after 'deeds': l. 14, 'praises': l. 16, 'broade.'

Helpe then, ô holy Virgin chiefe of nine,
 Thy weaker Nouice to performe thy will,
 Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scryne 20
 The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still, /
 Of Faerie knights and fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
 That I must rue his vnderferued wrong :
 O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Ioue*,
 Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
 At that good knight so cunningly didst roue,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart, 30
 Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
 And with thy mother milde come to mine adye :
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
 In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,
 After his murderous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

And with them eke, ô Goddesse heauenly bright.
 Mirrour of grace and Maiestie diuine,
 Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like *Phœbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne, 40
 And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile :
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, ô dearest dred a-while. /

l. 18, 'O . . . virgin . . . nyne' : l. 31, 'bowe' : l. 32, 'mylde' : l. 34,
 'arraid' : l. 35, 'spoyles . . . bloudie' : l. 38, 'Ladie' : l. 40, 'mine' :
 l. 41, 'thoughtes' : l. 44, 'O . . . dred a while.'

Canto I.



A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and filuer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloudy felde ;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield : 10
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much difdayning to the curbe to yield :
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did fitt,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his breft a bloudie Croffe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete fake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as liuing euer him ador'd :
Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For foueraigne hope, which in his helpe he had : 20
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne fad ;
Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydrad. /

l. 4, 'entrappe' for 'entrape'—accepted: l. 8, 'woundes': l. 9, 'bloody':
l. 15, 'bloodie.'

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
 That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
 That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
 To winne him worship, and her grace to haue, /
 Which of all earthly things he most did craue ;
 And euer as he rode, his hart did earne
 To proue his puiffance in battell braue 30
 Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Vpon a lowly Assē more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And ouer all a blacke stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mournd : so was she sad,
 And heauie sat vpon her palfrey flow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had, 40
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
 And by descent from Royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subiection held ;
 Till that infernall feend with foule vprorē
 Forwafted all their land, and them expeld : 49
 Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far cōpeld.

l. 26—in 1590 'Faults escaped in the Print' is 'Glorius glorious,' but the misspelling must have been sent out in only a few copies, as 'Glorious' is the text of all of 1590 that I have collated. So too in l. 17: *ibid.*, 'Faery': l. 27, 'worshippe': l. 28, 'things': l. 39, 'fate,' and : after 'flow': l. 42, 'and' for 'an'—accepted : l. 47, , for ;.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd in being euer last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was fuddeine ouercast,
 And angry *Ioue* an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That euery wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud thêfelues were fain.

Enforst / to seeke some couert nigh at hand, 60
 A shadie groue not far away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand :
 Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad that, heauens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starre :
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farre :
 Faire harbour that them seemes ; so in they entred arre.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony, 70
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
 The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

l. 58, '*euerie*' : l. 65, '*flarr*' : l. 67, '*farr*' : l. 68, comma after '*seemes*,'
 and '*ar*' : l. 73, '*can*'—Spenser frequently uses '*can*' as = '*gan*', as Chaucer
 before him. See Glossary s.v. : *ib.*, '*praise*' : l. 75, '*propp*.'

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets fage, the Firre that weepeth still,
 The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours, 80
 The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
 The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
 The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
 The caruer Holme, the Maple feeldom inward found.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Vntill the bluftring storme is ouerblowne ;
 When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,/
 But wander too and fro in wayes vnknowne, 91
 Furtheft from end then, when they neereft weene,
 That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne :
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt they been.

At last refoluing forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollow caue, 101
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
 Eftfoones difmounted from his courser braue,
 And to the Dwarfe awhile his needleffe spere he gaue.

l. 91, 'waies' : l. 93, 'thē' : l. 101, 'hollowe.'

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Leaft suddaine mischiefe ye too rash prouoke :
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts : Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show : therefore your stroke
Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made. 110
Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to reuoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade :
Vertue giues her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late,
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate : 120
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe :) this is no place for liuing men.

But / full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in : his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine, 130
Most lothfom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

l. 109, '*hardy stroke*'—*sic* in both 1590 and 1596, but '*hardy*' marked in
'Faults escaped' to be 'deleted': l. 110, '*tryall*': l. 125, '*darksom*.'

And as she lay vpon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking vpon her poisonous duges, each one
 Of fundry shapes, yet all ill faoured :
 Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and fuddain all were gone. 140

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her curfed head, whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
 Armed to point, fought backe to turne againe ;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,
 Ay wont in defert darknesse to remaine,
 Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'ed, he leapt 150
 As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay :/
 Therewith enrag'd, she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduaunst,
 Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay :
 Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst :
 The stroke down frō her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

l. 135, comma after 'bred': l. 138—Dr. Morris inadvertently gives '96
 reading as 'shape': l. 148, 'darknes': l. 150, 'perceiu'd': l. 154, comma
 after 'enrag'd'—accepted: l. 156, 'angrie': l. 158, no . after 'glaunst.'

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her felfe she gathered round, 160
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high aboue the ground :
Tho wrapping vp her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine :
God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

His Lady sad to see his fore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint : 170
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loofe her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke 180
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping fought way in the weedy gras :
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

l. 160, no comma after 'rage': l. 161, 'bodie': l. 166, 'stirr': l. 171,
'els': l. 176, 'cōstraine': l. 179, 'lumps.'

As / when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
 With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,
 His fattie waues do fertile slime outwell,
 And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale :
 But when his later spring gins to auale, 190
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly female of his fruitfull feed ;
 Such vgly monstrous shapes elfwhere may no man reed.

The fame so fore annoyed has the knight,
 That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
 Whose corage when the seend perceiu'd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish finke
 Her fruitfull curfed spawne of serpents small, 200
 Deformed monstres, fowle, and blacke as inke :
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred fore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepheard in fweete euen-tide,
 When ruddy *Phabus* gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes which do byte their hasty supper best ;
 A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
 All striuing to infixe their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest, 210

l. 190, '*spring*'—misprinted originally '*ebbe . . . t' auale*'—corrected in '*Faults escaped*': l. 192, no comma after '*creatures*': l. 193, '*femall*': l. 197, '*lenger*' for '*longer*'—accepted, cf. l. 238: l. 198, '*perceius'd*': l. 200, : for , : l. 204, '*euentide*': l. 207, '*doe*,' and , for ; : l. 208, '*cumbrous*' and '*doe*': l. 209, '*stinges*.'

But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He bruseth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Refolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
And strooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull head without remorse ; 220
A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed frō her corse.

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth : but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood, 229
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

That detestable fight him much amazde,
To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst,
Deuoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,
Hauing all fatisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,

l. 211, comma after '*wings*' : l. 212, for the first '*oft*' Mr. J. P. Collier would read '*off*'—not to be accepted : l. 214, '*certeine*' : l. 216, '*Relolud*' : Page 10 is misnumbered '18' in '96 : l. 218, '*stroke*' : l. 220, '*heade*' ; 1609 reads '*rest*' : l. 221, '*blood*' : l. 228, , for . —accepted : l. 229, '*bloud*.'

And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst ;
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend, (contend.
 His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should

His Ladie seeing all, that chaunſt, from farre 240
 Approcht in haſt to greet his victorie,
 And ſaid, Faire knight, borne vnder happy ſtarre,
 Who ſee your vanquiſht foes before you lye :
 Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
 Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
 And proou'd your ſtrength on a ſtrong enimie,
 Your firſt aduenture: many ſuch I pray,
 And henceforth euer wiſh, that like ſucceed it may.

Then / mounted he upon his Steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward fought to wend ; 250
 That path he kept, which beaten was moſt plaine,
 Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
 But ſtill did follow one vnto the end,
 The which at laſt out of the wood them brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend)
 He paſſeth forth, and new aduenture fought ;
 Long way he trauelled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunſt to meet vpon the way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray, 260
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;
 Sober he ſeemde, and very ſagely ſad,

l. 240, 'Lady': l. 242, 'happie': l. 244, 'Armory': l. 252, 'by way':
 l. 257, 'traueiled.'

And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was :
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas. 270
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred euill ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare. /
Of such (saide he) I chiefly do inquere, 280
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a curfed creature liues so long a space.

Far hence (quoth he) in waftfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.

l. 264, 'voide': l. 265, no comma after 'prayed': l. 275, 'fits'—sic in 1590 and 1596, but a clear misprint for 'fits,' and so given in 1609—accepted, but cf. Glossary s.v.: l. 277, 'homebredd euill'—in '96 'euill' is twice printed, by oversight: l. 279, 'countrie': l. 280, 'saide': l. 281, 'rewards.'

Now (fayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all for wearied be : for what so strong, 290
 But wanting rest will also want of might ?
 The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waues emong.

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin :
 Vntroubled night they say giues counsell best.
 Right well Sir knight ye haue aduised bin,
 (Quoth then that aged man ;) the way to win
 Is wisely to aduise : now day is spent ;
 Therefore with me ye may take vp your In 300
 For this same night. The knight was well content :
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In trauell to and froe : a little wyde
 There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things each morne and euentide :
 Thereby a Christall streame did gently play, 310
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriued / there, the little house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was :

l. 288, '*fai*de . . . *Ladie*' : l. 298, no () : l. 303, '*little*' : l. 309, '*things*' : l. 310, '*christall*' : *ib.*, 96 misprinted '*genly*' : l. 312, no comma after '*there*,' and '*little*.'

Rest is their feaft, and all things at their will ;
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With faire discourse the euening so they pas :
 For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas ;
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and euermore
 He strowd an *Aue-Mary* after and before. 320

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humour loading their eye liddes
 As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
 Sweet slobring deaw, the which to sleepethem biddes.
 Vnto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes :
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his study goes, and there amiddes
 His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
 He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepey mindes.

Then choofing out few wordes most horrible, 330
 (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
 With which and other spelles like terrible,
 He bad awake blacke *Plutoes* griesly Dame,
 And cursed heauen, and spake reprochfull fham
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light ;
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
 At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

l. 314, 'things': l. 317, 'olde': l. 318, , for ; : l. 319, 'euermore' for
 'euemore'—accepted: l. 322, 'humor': l. 324, 'sleep': l. 327, 'studie':
 l. 328, 'magick . . . fundrie': l. 329, 'minds': l. 330, 'words': l. 334,
 'reprochful': l. 335, , for ; : l. 337, 'prince . . darknes': l. 338, no ,
 after 'quakes.'

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
 Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes 340
 Fluttring about his euer damned hed,
 A-waite whereto their seruice he applyes,
 To aide his friends, or fray his enimies :
 Of thofe he chofe out two, the falseft twoo,
 And fitteft for to forge true-feeming lyes ;
 The one of them he gaue a meffage too,
 The other by him felfe ftaide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through fperfed ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To *Morpheus* houfe doth haftily repaire. 350
 Amid the bowels of the earth full fteepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth neuer peepe,
 His dwelling is ; there *Tethys* his wet bed
 Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* ftill doth fteepe
 In filuer deaw his euer-drouping hed,
 Whiles fad Night ouer him her mātle black doth fpred

Whofe double gates he findeth locked faft,
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory,
 The other all with filuer ouercaft ;
 And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye, 360
 Watching to banifh Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
 By them the Sprite doth paffe in quietly,
 And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowfie fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe.

L. 339, 'darknes dredde' : l. 340, 'little' : l. 341, 'hedd' : l. 342, 'A waite' :
 l. 343, 'friendes' : l. 360, 'wakeful . . . doe' : l. 362, cap. S for f—accepted.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe
 And euer-drizling raine vpon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the fowne
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a fwowne: 370
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

The / messenger approaching to him spake,
 But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake. 380
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
 Is toft with troubled fights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
 Of *Hecate*: whereat he gan to quake,
 And lifting vp his lompish head, with blame
 Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame, 390

l. 368, 'euery' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped': l. 374, 'enimy' :
 l. 375, 'Meffenger': l. 376, 'waste': l. 378, 'thrust' misprinted 'trust'
 in '96—accepted: l. 382, 'fights'—misprinted 'fighes' in '90, but corrected
 in 'Faults escaped': l. 387, 'lompish' accepted for 'lumpish': l. 388,
 'angrie': l. 389, 'Hether.'

He bids thee to him fend for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obeyde, and calling forth straightway
A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, deuoide of carefull carke,
Whose fences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore 400
In hast vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So liuely, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker fence it could haue rauisht quight :
The maker felse for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly fight :
Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
Cast a blacke stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit. 410

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of euill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In fort as he him schooled priuily :
And that new creature borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guile, with vsage fly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned hew.

l. 417, 'guyle' and no ,

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haft, 420
 And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one vpon his hardy head him plaft,
 And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy :
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy,
 Her chaft hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures toy.

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
 Faire *Venus* seemde vnto his bed to bring 430
 Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
 To be the chafest flowre, that ay did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loofe Leman to vile seruice bound :
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen id Hymen, dauncing all around,
 Whilst freshest *Flora* her with Yuie girlond crownd.

In / this great passion of vnwonted lust,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
 He started vp, as seeming to mistrust, 440
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his :
 Lo there before his face his Lady is,
 Vnder blake stole hyding her bayted hooke,
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 With gentle blandishment and louely looke,
 Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

L. 420, 'hafte' : l. 422, 'hardie . . . plaft' : l. 428, 'chafte' : l. 430, 'Fayre' : l. 432, 'aye' : l. 437, 'Why/ft', and 'with' before 'Yuie' inadvertently dropped in 1596—accepted : l. 440, 'starteth' : l. 442, 'Ladie.'

All cleane difmayd to see so vncouth fight,
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guife,
 He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight :
 But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wife, 450
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
 To proue his sence, and tempt her fained truth.
 Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wife,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
 Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate ? 460
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 Die is my dew : yet rew my wretched state
 You, whom my hard auenging destinie
 Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaue
 My Fathers kingdome,—There she stopt with teares ;
 Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereaue,
 And then againe begun, My weaker yeares /
 Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde : 470
 Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus difmayd ?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd ?

l. 449, , for (:): l. 449, 1611 reads characteristically 'He thought t' haue':
 l. 450, 'haflie': l. 454, 'can'=gan—see Glossary s.v.: l. 455, 'blood':
 l. 456, 'fayd': l. 466, — added by me: l. 468, 'begonne': l. 469, no,
 after 'feares': l. 470, 'fayth': l. 471, 'die.'

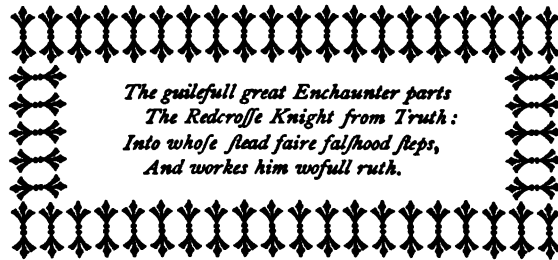
Loue of your selfe, she said, and deare constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but waft the wearie night
In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth : yet since no' vntruth he knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight 480
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rew,
That for my sake vnknowne such grieffe vnto you grew.

Affure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound ;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chuse but please, 490
So flying softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearinesse of former fight
Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight :
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe. 500

L. 475, 'waſte' : L. 498, 'ladies'.

Cant. II.



BY this the Northerne wagoner had set
His feuenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre : 10
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In haft was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night :
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might

l. 2, period (.) after 'parts' : l. 4, 'steps' for 'stead,' but corrected in
'Faults escaped' : l. 5, 'wefull' : l. 10, 'al' : l. 12, 'Phœbus' : *ib.*, comma
(,) after 'carre.'

Deluded fo, gan threaten hellish paine 20
 And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright.
 But when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty-hed./
 His wanton dayes that euer loofely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight :
 Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed, 30
 Couered with darknesse and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haft
 Vnto his guesst, who after troublous fights
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
 As one aghast with seends or damned sprights,
 And to him cals, Rise rise vnhappy Swaine,
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Haue knit themselues in *Venus* shamefull chaine ; 40
 Come see, where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

All in amaze he suddenly vp start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went ;
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely ment

l. 23, 'baleful bookes': l. 27, 'lusty hed': l. 28, 'daies': l. 30, 'secrete':
 l. 31, 'darkenes': l. 35, no , after 'dreames': l. 36, 'fearful': l. 40,
 'shameful': l. 41, 'honor.'

In wanton lust and lewd embracement :
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
 The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
 And would haue slaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged fire. 50

Returning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguish of his guiltie fight,
 He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
 And waft his inward gall with deepe despight,
 Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
 At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie
 Had spent his lampe, & brought forth dawning light,
 Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily ;
 The Dwarfe him brought his steed : so both away do fly.

Now / when the rosy-fingred Morning faire, 60
 Weary of aged *Tithones* saffron bed,
 Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
 And the high hils *Titan* discouered,
 The royall virgin shooke off drowfy-hed,
 And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre ;
 Then gan she waile & weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede
 As her slow beast could make ; but all in vaine : 70
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,

l. 57, 'lāp, and' : l. 59, 'dwarfe' : l. 60, 'rosy fingred' : l. 64, 'drowfy hed' : l. 67, 'dwarfe . . . houre' : l. 68, 'waile and . . . woefull' : l. 70, 'stowre.'

That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine ;
 Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
 But euery hill and dale, each wood and plaine
 Did search, fore grieued in her gentle brest,
 He so vngently left her, whom she loued best.

But subtill *Archimago*, when his guefts
 He saw diuided into double parts,
 And *Vna* wandring in woods and forrests, 80
 Th'end of his drift, he praisd his diuelish arts,
 That had such might ouer true meaning harts ;
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke vnto her further smarts :
 For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise ;
 For by his mightie science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make :/ 90
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O who can tell
 The hidden power of herbes, and might of Magicke spell?

But now seemde best, the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest :
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon :
 And filuer shield vpon his coward brest

l. 75, 'hil': l. 77, 'loued'—accepted for '96 misprint 'louest': l. 78, no, after 'Archimago': l. 82, : for ; : l. 88, 'mighty': l. 93, 'ofte': l. 95, 'spel.'

A bloody crosse, and on his crauen crest 100
 A bounch of haire discolour'd diuerfly :
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and well adrest,
 And when he fate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would haue deemed him to be.

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
 The true *Saint George* was wandered far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare ;
 Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete vpon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point, 110
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy : full large of limbe and euery ioint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

He had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purfl'd with gold and pearle of rich assay,
 And like a *Persian* mitre on her hed
 She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
 The which her lauish louers to her gaue ;
 Her wanton palfrey all was ouerspred 120
 With tinsell trappings, wouen like a waue,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses braue.

With / faire disport and courting dalliaunce
 She intertaine her louer all the way :
 But when she saw the knight his speare aduaunce,
 She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,

l. 101, 'heares' : l. 102, 'wel' : l. 110, 'armde' : l. 118, 'crowns' :
 l. 126, 'Shoe . . . of'.

And bad her knight addresse him to the fray :
 His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
 And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
 Forth spurred fast : adowne his courfers side 130
 The red bloud trickling staine the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride :
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
 And eke themselues too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Do backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land. 140

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Do meete, that with the terrour of the shooke
 Astonied both, stand fencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
 So stood these twaine, vn moued as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* fore daunted with the buffe 150
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff :
 Each others equall puissaunce enuies,

l. 128, 'pricke' : l. 129, period (.) after 'day' : l. 138, 'doe' : l. 140,
 'Doe . . . rebutte . . . ech . . . yealdeth' : l. 144, 'terror' : l. 145,
 'stands,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped.'

And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to perce : repining courage yields
 No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
 As from a forge out of their burning shields,
 And streames of purple bloud new dies the verdāt fields.

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
 That keepses thy body from the bitter fit ; 160
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it :
 But yet I warne thee now assured fitt,
 And hide thy head. Therewith vpon his crest
 With rigour so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest, (blest.
 And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of natue vertue gan estsoones reuiue,
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark, 170
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did riue,
 And cleft his head. He tumbling downe aliue,
 With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his graue : his grudging ghost did striue
 With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules do fly of men, that liue amis.

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
 But from him fled away with all her powre ; 180

l. 154, '*cruelties*' in 1590, 1596, and 1609, etc., though in 1590 '*cruell spies*' is placed as a correction in '*Faults escaped*': l. 158, '*streams*'—*sic* 1590 and 1596, but '*die*' in 1609 ; l. 159, '*qd.*': l. 160, '*fitt*': l. 162, '*itt*': l. 165, '*rigor*': l. 170, '*haughty*': l. 176, '*whether . . . doe.*'

Who after her as haftily gan fcowre,
 Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
 The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conqueroure.
 Her foone he ouertooke, and bad to stay,
 For preſent cauſe was none of dread her to diſmay.

She / turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,
 Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchſafe to ſhow
 On ſilly Dame ſubieſt to hard miſchaunce,
 And to your mighty will. Her humbleſſe low
 In ſo rich weedes and ſeeming glorious ſhow, 190
 Did much emmoue his ſtout herotcke heart,
 And ſaid, Deare dame, your ſuddein ouerthrow
 Much rueth me ; but now put feare apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

Melting in teares, then gan ſhe thus lament ;
 The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heauens liſt to lowre,
 And fortune falſe betraide me to your powre,
 Was, (O what now auailleth that I was !) 200
 Borne the ſole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide Weſt vnder his rule has,
 And high hath ſet his throne, where *Tiberis* doth paſ.

He in the firſt flowre of my freſheſt age,
 Betrothed me vnto the onely haire
 Of a moſt mighty king, moſt rich and ſage ;
 Was neuer Prince ſo faithfull and ſo faire,

l. 182, '*dwarfe*' : l. 183, comma for period : l. 186, '*Shee*' : l. 189, '*wil*' :
 l. 194, '*tel*' : l. 195, '*hee*' : l. 199, '*thy*' : l. 200, '?' for '!'.

Was neuer Prince so meeke and debonaire ;
 But ere my hoped day of spoufall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire, 210
 Into the hands of his accursed fone,
 And cruelly was flaine, that shall I euer mone.

His blessed body spoild of liuely breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid
 And fro me hid : of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to me vnhappy maid, /
 O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind 220
 With loue, long time did languish as the striken hind.

At last it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*,
 To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could neuer win
 The Fort, that Ladies hold in foueraigne dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
 Who whiles he liu'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad fire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
 And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate, 231
 Now miserable I *Fideffa* dwell,
 Crauing of you in pittie of my state,
 To do none ill, if please ye not do well.

L. 210, 'honors': L. 226, 'dishonor': L. 227, 'liude': L. 230, 'born':
 L. 234, 'doe.'

He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More bufying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
 Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell ;
 And faid, faire Lady hart of flint would rew
 The vnderferued woes and forrowes, which ye shew.

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest, 240
 Hauing both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe, that did you molest :
 Better new friend then an old foe is faid.
 With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
 Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-faid,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And she coy lookes : so dainty they say maketh derth.

Long / time they thus together traueiled,
 Till weary of their way, they came at last, 250
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouercast,
 And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
 Made a calme shadow far in compasse round :
 The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
 Vnder them neuer fat, ne wont there found
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'vn lucky ground.

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
 For the coole shade him thither haftly got :

l. 236, 'eies' : l. 237, , for ; : l. 244, 'cheare' : l. 245, 'fal . . . cien' :
 l. 248, 'hee' : l. 250, 'Til' : l. 258, 'can' = 'gan', *ut freq.* : l. 259, 'him'
 is dropped in 1596 in error : in 1609 'shadow thither.'

For golden *Phæbus* now ymounted hie, 260
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
 Hurl'd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
 That liuing creature mote it not abide ;
 And his new Lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope themselues to hide
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes there as they fit :
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that liued yit ; 270
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
 And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rift there came
 Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
 Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender fides in this rough rynd embard,
 But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare /
 Least to you hap, that happened to me heare, 280
 And to this wretched Lady, my deare loue,
 O too deare loue, loue bought with death too deare.
 Aftond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
 And with that suddein horror could no member moue.

l. 260, '*Phæbus*': *ib.*, '*that mounted*,' but corrected in '*Faults escaped*'
 to '*y-mounted*,' though not put right in '96: l. 266, , for .: l. 274, '*rijte*':
 l. 275, '*Smal . . . down*': l. 276, '*voice*': l. 283, '*heare*.'

At laft whenas the dreadfull paffion
 Was ouerpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his fence, he thus bespake ;
 What voyce of damned Ghost from *Limbo* lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire, 290
 Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare ?

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he,)
 Nor guilefull sprite, to thee these wordes doth speake,
 But once a man *Fradubio*, now a tree,
 Wretched man, wretched tree ; whose nature weake,
 A cruell witch her curfed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plapt in open plaines,
 Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleake, 300
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines :
 For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
 Quoth then the knight, by whose mischieuous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
 He oft finds med'cine, who his grieffe imparts ;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striueth to suppressse.
 The author then (saide he) of all my smarts,

l. 289, 'voice': l. 291, 'doe': l. 292, 'doubtful': l. 293, 'ruefull' is misprinted 'tuefull,' and 'plaints' is misprinted 'plants' in '90—the former only being corrected in 'Faults escaped': *ib.*, 'guiltlesse' is misprinted 'guilleffe' in '96: *ib.*, 'blood': l. 294, 'deep . . . qd.': l. 295, 'guileful . . . words': l. 302, 'seme . . . &': l. 304, 'Qd.'

Is one *Dueſſa* a falſe forcereſſe, 310
That many errât knights hath brought to wretchedneſſe.

In / prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree
Firſt kindled in my brest, it was my lot
To loue this gentle Lady, whom ye ſee,
Now not a Lady, but a ſeeming tree ;
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his fyde,
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Dueſſa* hyde. 320

Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre ;
I in defence of mine did likewise ſtand,
Mine, that did then ſhine as the Morning ſtarre :
So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my ſpeare : ſuch is the dye of warre :
His Lady left as a priſe martiall,
Did yield her comely perſon, to be at my call.

So doubly lou'd of Ladies vnlike faire, 330
Th'one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeede,
One day in doubt I caſt for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede ;
A Roſy girlond was the victors meede :
Both ſeemde to win, and both ſeemde won to bee,
So hard the diſcord was to be agreede.

l. 312, '*hott*' : l. 314, '*lott*' : l. 315, '*whome*' : l. 317, '*whome*' : l. 320,
'*Lyke*' : l. 322, '*exceded*' : l. 325, '*batteill*' : l. 330, '*ladies*.'

Fræliſſa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And euer falſe *Dueſſa* ſeemde as faire as ſhee.

The wicked witch now feeling all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to ſway, 340
What not by right, ſhe caſt to win by guile,
And by her helliſh ſcience raiſd ſtreightway /
A foggy miſt, that ouercaſt the day,
And a dull blaſt, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties ſhining ray,
And with foule vgly forme did her diſgrace :
Then was ſhe faire alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cride ſhe out, fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whoſe borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine 350
To haue before bewitched all mens fight ;
O leaue her foone, or let her foone be flaine.
Her loathly viſage viewing with diſdaine,
Eſtfoones I thought her ſuch, as ſhe me told,
And would haue kild her ; but with faigned paine,
The falſe witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold ;
So left her, where ſhe now is turnd to treen mould.

Thensforth I tooke *Dueſſa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time,
Ne euer wiſt, but that ſhe was the ſame,
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime, 360

l. 347, '*fayre*': l. 357, '*Thensforth*' is misprinted '*Then forth*' in 1590 and 1596, though corrected '*Thens*' in '*Faults eſcaped*' of the former ; ſo too l. 370 : l. 360, '*cuerie*.'

When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That euer to haue toucht her I did deadly rew.

Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would beleue to bee.
 Thensforth from her most beastly companie 370
 I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
 Soone as appeard safe oportunitie :
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

The / diuelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
 Perceiu'd my thought, and drownd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
 My bodie all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaued quight :
 Then brought she me into this desert waste, 380
 And by my wretched louers fide me pight,
 Where now enclofd in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from liuing wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
 Are you in this misformed house to dwell ?
 We may not chaunge (quoth he) this euil plight,
 Till we be bathed in a liuing well ;

l. 371, 'slipp' : l. 373, 'assurd' : l. 383, 'daies' : l. 385, 'hous' : l. 386,
 'euill.'

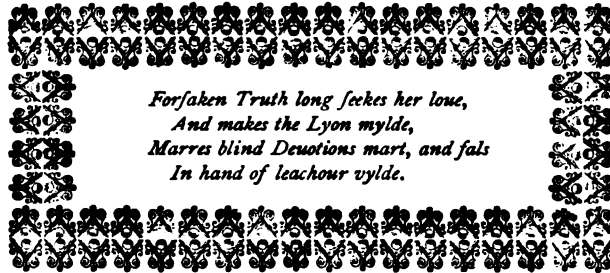
That is the tearme prescribed by the spell.
O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well? 390
Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall vs restore, none else from hence may vs vnbynd.

The false *Dueffa*, now *Fideffa* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound : 400
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew /
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
At last she vp gan lift : with trembling cheare
Her vp he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did
beare. 410

l. 389, 'sayd' : l. 399, 'blood' : l. 401, 'found.

Cant. III.



Nought is there vnder heau'ns wide hollownesse,
That moues more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'vnworthy wretchednesse
Through enuies snares or fortunes freakes vnkind :
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind, 10
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
Which I do owe vnto all woman kind,
Feele my heart perft with so great agonie,
When fuch I see, that all for pittie I could die.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest *Vnaes* sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handling,

l. 4, '6': l. 8, 't'vnworthie': l. 10, 'brightnes blynd'—misprinted
'brightne' in 1590, in 'Faults escaped' is corrected 'brighten brightnes':
l. 11, 'fealty': l. 12, 'womankynd': l. 13, 'hart . . . agony': l. 14,
'pitty . . . dy': l. 17, 'frayle': l. 18, 'guylefull'

Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire, 20
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight diuorced in despaire
 And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches share.

Yet / she most faithfull Ladie all this while
 Forfaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
 Farre from all peoples prease, as in exile,
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight ; who subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision, which th' Enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd, 30
 Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily fought ;
 Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her vnhaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight,
 And on the graſſe her daintie limbes did lay
 In ſecret ſhadow, farre from all mens fight :
 From her faire head her fillet ſhe vndight,
 And laid her ſtole aſide. Her angels face
 As the great eye of heauen ſhyned bright,
 And made a ſunſhine in the ſhadie place; 40
 Did neuer mortall eye behold ſuch heauenly grace.

It fortun'd out of the thickeſt wood
 A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddainly,

l. 20, 'fayre': l. 22, 'deſpayre': l. 23, 'deriu'd . . . ſhayre':
 l. 26, 'preace': l. 28, 'ſubtilly': l. 31, 'waſtneſs': l. 32, 't' in 'vnto'
 reversed: l. 35, 'limbs': l. 37, 'fayre': l. 38, 'layd': l. 40, 'ſhady':
 l. 43, 'ſuddainly.'

Hunting full greedie after saluage blood ;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corfe :
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloudie rage affwaged with remorfe,
 And with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forfe. 50

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O how can beautie maister the most strong, /
 And simple truth subdue auenging wrong ?
 Whose yeelded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

The Lyon Lord of euery beaft in field 60
 Quoth she, his princely puiffance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
 But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her that him lou'd, and euer most adord,
 As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhord ?

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ; 70

l. 44, 'greedy': l. 47, 'deuour'd': l. 49, 'bloody . . . affwaged': l. 56, 'yielded pryde.'

And fad to see her sorrowfull constraint
 The kingly beaft vpon her gazing stood ;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At laft in clofe hart shutting vp her paine,
 Arofe the virgin borne of heauenly brood,
 And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
 To feeke her ftrayed Champion, if fhe might attaine.

The Lyon would not leaue her defolate,
 But with her went along, as a ftrong gard
 Of her chaft perfon, and a faithfull mate 80
 Of her fad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still when fhe fleep, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when fhe wakt, he waited diligent,
 With humble feruice to her will prepard :
 From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
 And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

Long / fhe thus traueiled through deferts wyde,
 By which fhe thought her wandring knight fhould pas,
 Yet neuer fhe w of liuing wight efpyde ;
 Till that at length fhe found the troden gras, 90
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Vnder the fteepe foot of a mountaine hore ;
 The fame fhe followes, till at laft fhe has
 A damzell fpyde flow footing her before,
 That on her fhoulders fad a pot of water bore.

To Whom approching fhe to her gan call,
 To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;

l. 74, 'payne': l. 76, 'agayne': l. 77, 'attayne': l. 80, 'faythfull':
 l. 85, 'fayre . . . commandement.'

But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand ;
 Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand, 100
 With suddaine feare her pitcher down she threw,
 And fled away : for neuer in that land
 Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,
 And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behynd,
 As if her life vpon the wager lay,
 And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
 Sate in eternall night : nought could she say,
 But suddaine catching hold, did her difmay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare : 110
 Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
 Dame Vna, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere.

Which when none yeelded, her vnruely Page
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
 And let her in ; where of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment, /
 She found them both in darkefome corner pent ;
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent ; 120
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* euery day,
 And thirfe nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to fay.

l. 98, 'answerd' : l. 101, 'suddaine' : l. 103, 'fayre' : l. 104, 'dredd' :
 l. 109, 'suddaine,' and no, after 'hold' : l. 113, 'weary.'

And to augment her painefull pennance more,
 Thrife euery weeke in ashes she did fit,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrife three times did fast from any bit :
 But now for feare her beads she did forget.
 Whose needleffe dread for to remoue away,
 Faire *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit :
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray, 130
 That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

The day is spent, and commeth drowfie night,
 When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe ;
 Sad *Vna* downe her laies in wearie plight,
 And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe :
 In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
 For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
 And fighes, and grones, and euermore does sleepe
 Her tender breft in bitter teares all night,
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie 141
 About the shynie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare ;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That readie entrance was not at his call :
 For on his backe a heauy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths and pillage feuerall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

l. 123, '*penaunce*': l. 124, '*she . . . fitt*': l. 125, '*sackcloth*': l. 126, '*bit*': l. 127, '*forgett*': l. 129, '*count'naunce fitt*': l. 131, no , after '*small*': l. 134, '*weary*': l. 135, '*fete*': l. 141, '*hye*': l. 142, '*shinie*': l. 143, '*lye*': l. 146, '*ready entraunce*': l. 149, '*purchas*.'

He / was to weete a stout and sturdie thiefe, 150
 Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
 And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
 Which giuen was to them for good intents ;
 The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
 And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept ;
 Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
 Vnto this houle he brought, and did bestow 160
 Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa daughter of *Corceca* flow,
 With whom he whoredome vfd, that few did know,
 And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
 And plentie, which in all the land did grow ;
 Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings :
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
 Yet of those fearefull women none durst rize,
 The Lyon frayed them, him in to let : 170
 He would no longer stay him to aduize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is ; when that disdainfull beast,
 Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
 And seizing cruell clawes on trembling breft,
 Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

l. 150, '*sturdy*': l. 161, '*daughter*': l. 165, '*plenty*': l. 168, '*best*':
 l. 169, '*fearfull*': l. 170, '*lett*': l. 174, '*sudden*.'

Him booteth not refist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
 And quite dismembred hath : the thirstie land / 180
 Drunke vp his life ; his corse left on the strand.
 His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
 The heauie hap, which on them is alight,
 Affraid, leaft to themselues the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discouered has,
 Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,
 And on their former iourney forward pas,
 In wayes vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines farre passing that long wandring *Greeke*,
 That for his loue refused deitie ; 191
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
 That blind old woman and her daughter deare
 Came forth, and finding *Kirrapine* there slaine,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their brefts, and naked flesh to teare.
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill
 Then forth they ranne like two amazed deare, 201
 Halfe mad through malice, and reuenging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

l. 187, '*lyon*': l. 189, '*waies*': l. 191, '*deitye*': l. 193, '*flye*': l. 194,
 '*nye*': l. 195, '*fearfull twayne*': l. 196, '*dear*': l. 197, '*slayne*': l. 201,
 '*ran*.'

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity ;
 And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
 That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery 210
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might euer stray.

But / when she saw her prayers nought preuaile,
 She backe returned with some labour lost ;
 And in the way as she did weepe and waile,
 A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging boist,
 But subtill *Archimag*, that *Vna* fought
 By traynes into new troubles to haue toft :
 Of that old woman tydings he befought, 220
 If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
 That cauld her shed so many a bitter teare,
 And so forth. told the story of her feare :
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
 And after for that Ladie did inquire ;
 Which being taught, he forward gan aduaunce 229
 His faire enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

l. 204, '*Whome*': l. 205, '*howling*': l. 210, '*mischiefs*': l. 214, '*shee retourned*': l. 215, , after '*way*': l. 216, '*mett*': l. 219, '*tofte*': l. 221, '*Lady*': l. 224, '*harlott*': l. 228, '*Lady . . . inquire*'—the latter accepted for '*inquire*': l. 230, '*fair*.'

Ere long he came, where *Vna* traueild flow,
 And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde :
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
 Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
 Vnto an hill ; from whence when she him spyde,
 By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde :
 Approching nigh, she wist it was the same,
 And with faire fearefull humbleffe towards him shee came.

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord, 240
 Where haue ye bene thus long out of my fight ?
 Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might, /
 That should as death vnto my deare hart light :
 For since mine eye your ioyous fight did mis,
 My chearefull day is turnd to cheareleffe night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is ;
 But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
 Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will, 250
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leaue, that haue me loued still,
 And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth :
 The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skill
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
 Then I leaue you, my lief, yborne of heauenly berth.

l. 233, 'Whome . . . hee' : l. 235, 'hil' : l. 236, no , after 'shield' : l. 237, 'ride' : l. 238, , after 'wist' : l. 244, 'heart' : l. 250, 'wil,' and so all the rhyme-words in stanza, one 'l' : l. 257, 'yborn . . . heuenly.'

And ffooth to fay, why I left you fo long,
 Was for to feeke aduenture in ftrange place,
 Where *Archimago* laid a felon ftrong 260
 To many knights did daily worke difgrace;
 But knight he now fhall neuer more deface:
 Good caufe of mine excufe; that mote ye pleafe
 Well to accept, and euermore embrace
 My faithfull feruice, that by land and feas
 Haue vowd you to defend. Now then your plaint appeafe.

His louely words her feemd due recompence
 Of all her paffed paines: one louing howre
 For many yeares of forrow can difpence:
 A dram of fweet is worth a pound of fowre: 270
 She has forgot, how many a wofull ftowre
 For him fhe late endur'd; fhe fpeakes no more
 Of paff: true is, that true loue hath no powre
 To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
 Before her ftands her knight, for whom fhe toyl'd fo fore.

Much / like, as when the beaten marinere,
 That long hath wandred in the *Ocean* wide,
 Oft fouft in fwelling *Tethys* faltifh teare,
 And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
 With bluftring breath of heauen, that none can bide,
 And fcorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound, 281
 Soone as the port from farre he has efpi'de,
 His chearefull whistle merrily doth found (round.
 And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledg a-

l. 259, '*ftaunge*': l. 263, , for;: l. 266, '*defend*. Now' for 'defend,
 nowe' of '96—accepted: l. 270, '*fwete*': l. 271, , after '*weary*,' and
 '*wofull*': l. 272, '*endurd*': l. 278, '*Ofte*': l. 280, '*Heauē*': l. 282,
 '*far*': l. 283, '*chearfull* . . . merrily.'

Such ioy made *Vna*, when her knight she found ;
 And eke th'enchauter ioyous seemd no lesse,
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
 His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse,
 He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth bleffe :
 So forth they pafte, and all the way they spent 290
 Discourfing of her dreadfull late diftreffe,
 In which he afkt her, what the Lyon ment :
 Who told her all that fell in iourney as she went.

They had not ridden farre, when they might fee
 One pricking towards them with haftie heat,
 Full strongly armd, and on a courfer free,
 That through his fiercenesse fomed all with fweat,
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
 When his hot ryder fpurd his chauffed fide ;
 His looke was fterne, and seemed ftill to threat 300
 Cruell reuenge, which he in hart did hyde,
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
 And faw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire, and gan eftfoones prepare
 Himfelfe to battell with his couched fpeare. /
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
 To tafte th'vntryed dint of deadly fteele ;
 But yet his Lady did fo well him cheare,
 That hope of new goodhap he gan to feele ; 310
 So bent his fpeare, and fpurd his horfe with yron heele.

ll. 288, 294, '*far*' : l. 297, '*fierfneffe*' : l. 302, '*bloody*' : l. 306, '*battleill*' :
 l. 307, '*fea*' in '96 : l. 311, '*fpurd*' is in '96 misprinted '*fpurnd*.'

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
 And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
 Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce,
 And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,
 Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare :
 Yet so great was the puiſſance of his puſh,
 That from his ſaddle quite he did him beare :
 He tombling rudely downe to ground did ruſh, 319
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did guſh.

Diſmounting lightly from his loſtie ſteed,
 He to him lept, in mind to reauue his life,
 And proudly ſaid, Lo there the worthie meed
 Of him, that ſlew *Sansfoy* with bloudie knife ;
 Henceforth his ghooſt freed from repining ſtrife,
 In peace may paſſen ouer *Lethe* lake,
 When morning altars purgd with enemies life,
 The blacke infernall *Furies* doen aſlake :
 Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookſt, *Sanſloy* ſhall frō thee take.

Therewith in haſte his helmet gan vnlace, 330
 Till *Vna* cride, O hold that heauie hand,
 Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place :
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquiſht ſtand
 Now at thy mercy : Mercie not withſtand :
 For he is one the trueſt knight aliue,
 Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
 And whileſt him fortune fauoured, faire did thriue
 In bloudie field : therefore of life him not depriue.

l. 313, '*sharphead*': l. 314, '*vainly . . . perce*': l. 315, '*steed . . . shrunke*': l. 316, '*body*': l. 318, '*saddle*': l. 322, '*minde*': l. 324, '*bloody*'
 l. 327, '*enemies*': l. 334, '*Mercy*': l. 336, '*lye*': l. 337, '*fayre*': l. 338,
 '*bloudy*.'

Her / piteous words might not abate his rage,
 But rudely rending vp his helmet, would 340
 Haue slaine him straight : but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
 His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
 And halfe afhamed, wondred at the fight :
 For that old man well knew he, though vntold,
 In charmes and magicke to haue wondrous might,
 Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lifts to fight.

And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklesse fyre,
 What doe I see ? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre ? 350
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 In stead of foe to wound my friend amis ?
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloud of death did sit. Which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay.

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
 Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee : 360
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie ;
 Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

l. 341, '*slayne . . . freight*' : l. 343, '*hasty*' : l. 345, '*that*' is misprinted 'the' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected to 'that' in 'Faults escaped' in the former : l. 346, '*magick*' : l. 350, '*hether*.'

But her fierce seruant full of kingly awe
 And high disdaine, whenas his foueraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same 370
 Haue reft away with his sharpe rending clawes:
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that frō his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeem'd, and forth his sword he drawes.

O then too weake and feeble was the forſe
 Of ſaluage beaſt, his puiſſance to withſtand:
 For he was ſtrong, and of ſo mightie corſe,
 As euer wielded ſpeare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wiſely vnderſtand.
 Eſtſoones he perced through his chaufed cheſt 380
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his Lordly hart: with death oppreſt
 He roar'd aloud, whiles life forſooke his ſtubborne breſt.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging ſpoile of lawleſſe victors will?
 Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope diſmaid,
 Her ſelfe a yeelded pray to faue or ſpill.
 He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches, and diſdainfull ſpight
 Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill, 390
 Beares her away vpon his courſer light:
 Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

l. 366, '*fiers . . . aw*': l. 368, '*saw*': l. 374, '*redeemd*': l. 383, '*ror'd*': l. 387, '*yielded*': l. 388, '*field*'—misprinted '*fied*' in '96: l. 389, '*disdaineſul*.'

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaints she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riuen haue in twaine,
And all the way she wets with flowing teares :
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her seruile beast yet would not leaue her so,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe, 400
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Cant. / I III.

*To sinfull house of Pride, Dueffa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brothers death to wreak Sansfioy
doth challenge him to fight.*

Young knight, what euer that doſt armes profeſſe,
And through long labours hunteſt after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſſe,
In choice, and change of thy deare loued Dame,
Leaſt thou of her beleewe too lightly blame, 10
And raſh miſweening doe thy hart remoue :
For vnto knight there is no greater ſhame,

l. 394, 'plaintes': l. 396, 'wetts': l. 399, 'far of'
l. 2, 'hous': l. 3, 'guydes': l. 5, 'chaleng': l. 9, 'chaunge': l. 10,
'belisne.'

Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue ;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights enfample plainly proue.

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her sted had borne,
Called *Fidefs'*, and so supposd to bee ;
Long with her traueild, till at last they see
A goodly building, brauely garnished, 20
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee :
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traueiled.

Great troupes of people traueild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace, /
Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bad him bend his pace : 30
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid :
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre ouer laid,

ll. 18, 21, 'de' : l. 24, 'thetherward' : l. 27, 'beggerie' : l. 28, 'care,'
but corrected in 'Faults escaped' : l. 30, 'Thether . . . badd' : l. 31,
'toilfom' : l. 39, 'far.'

Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres ; 40
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit ;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation euer fit :
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That euery breath of heauen shaked it :
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly. 50

Arriued there they passed in forth right ;
For still to all the gates stood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald *Maluenù*, who entrance none denide :
Thence to the hall, which was on euery side
With rich array and costly arras dight :
Infinite forts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished fight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

By / them they passe, all gazing on them round, 60
And to the Prefence mount ; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound :
In liuing Princes court none euer knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew ;
Ne *Perfia* selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like euer faw. And there a noble crew

l. 43, 'witt' : l. 45, 'fitt' : l. 46, 'flitt' : l. 48, 'itt' : l. 49, 'partes' :
l. 57, 'fortes.'

Of Lordes and Ladies stood on euery side,
Which with their prefence faire, the place much beautifide.

High aboue all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day, 70
On which there fate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In gliftring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As enuying herselfe, that too exceeding shone.

Exceeding shone, like *Phæbus* fairest childe,
That did perfume his fathers fire wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steeds vnwonted wilde 80
Through highest heauen with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and aduancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdayne,
And fitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo vnderneath her scornfull feete, was layne / 90
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,

l. 68. 'fayre': l. 74, 'perelesse': l. 78, 'fayrest': l. 79, 'fyrie': l. 82,
'vayne': l. 84, 'playne': l. 86, 'fayrely.'

And in her selfe-lou'd semblance tooke delight ;
For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell ;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse wroth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre, 101
Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell :
For to the higheft she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it defyre.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natiue soueraintie,
But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold : 110
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong aduizement of six wifards old,
That with their counfels bad her kingdome did vphold.

Soone as the Elfing knight in prefence came,
And false *Duessa* seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire :
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyffance, did the cause declare, 120

l. 106, 'a' dropped in error in '96 : l. 115, 'fayre' : l. 118, 'flayre' :

l. 120, 'obeyffance.'

Why they were come, her royall state to fee,
To proue the wide report of her great Maieſtee.

With / loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke ſo low,
She thanked them in her diſdaineſfull wife,
Ne other grace vouchſafed them to ſhow
Of Princeſſe worthy, ſcarſe them bad ariſe.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while deuife
Themſelues to ſetten forth to ſtraungers fight :
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guiſe,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight 130
Their gay attire : each others greater pride does ſpight.

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to haue increaſt their crew :
But to *Duefs* each one himſelfe did paine
All kindneſſe and faire courteſie to ſhew ;
For in that court whylome her well they knew :
Yet the ſtout Faerie mongſt the middeſt crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princeſſe too exceeding prowde,
That to ſtrange knight no better countenance allowd. 140

Suddein vprifeth from her ſtately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call :
All hurtlen forth, and ſhe with Princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the Eaſt the dawning day doth call :
So forth ſhe comes : her brightneſſe brode doth blaze ;

l. 121, '*roiall*' : l. 123, '*lowe*' : l. 124, '*thancked*' : l. 125, '*ſhowe*' :
l. 129, '*heare*' : l. 131, '*attyre*' : l. 132, '*entertayne*' : l. 133, '*payne*' :
l. 137, '*Faery*' : l. 142, '*roiall*' : l. 143, '*hurtlen*' 1590 and 1596 is
'hurlen' in 1609 (bad) : l. 146, '*brightnes*.'

The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
 Do ride each other, vpon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme, 150
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
 And stroue to match, in royall rich array, /
 Great *Iuno*s golden chaire, the which they say
 The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To *Ioues* high house through heauens bras-paued way
 Drawne of faire Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of fix vnequall beafts,
 On which her fix sage Counsellours did ryde, 160
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kinds applyde :
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish *Idlenesse* the nourse of sin ;
 Vpon a slouthfull Ass he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the seruice to begin.

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little red,
 For of deuotion he had little care, 170
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded ;

l. 149, '*glitterand*' misprinted in '96 '*glitter and*': *ib.*, '*eyes*': l. 153,
 '*royall*': l. 154, '*chayre*': l. 156, '*hous*': l. 157, '*fayre*': l. 158,
 '*tayles*': l. 162, '*kinder*': l. 169, '*redd*': l. 171, '*daies dedd*.'

Scarfe could he once vphold his heauie hed,
 To looken, whether it were night or day :
 May feeme the wayne was very euill led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himfelfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercife,
 For euery worke he chalenged effoyne,
 For contemplation sake : yet otherwise, 180
 His life he led in lawlesse riotife ;
 By which he grew to grievous malady ;
 For in his lustlesse limbs through euill guife
 A shaking feuer raignd continually :
 Such one was *Idleneffe*, first of this company.

And / by his fide rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie fwyne,
 His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne, 190
 With which he swallowd vp excessiue feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne ;
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad ;
 For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
 And on his head an yuie girland had,
 From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweate :

l. 172, 'hedd' : l. 174, 'ledd' : l. 179, 'euerie' : l. 188, 'vpblowne,'
 and ; for , : l. 192, , for ; .

Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can, 200
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his feat
 His dronken corse he scarfe vpholden can,
 In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke vnhable once to sitre or go,
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned fo,
 That from his friend he feldome knew his fo:
 Full of diseafes was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropfie through his flesh did flow : 210
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew :
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
 Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
 And whally eyes (the figne of gelofy,
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare :/
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
 Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye ;
 Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by : 220
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy ?

202, '*course*' in '90 is placed among 'Faults escaped' for 'corse':
 l. 204, '*wordly*' in '90, though not put among 'Faults escaped': l. 208,
 '*frend . . . feldome*': l. 210, '*drie dropfie*—Upton actually would read
 'dire,' and Mr. J. Payne Collier 'hydropfy'—strangely wooden and
 needless emendations: l. 214, '*Gote . . . heare*': l. 215, '*whally*'—Dr.
 Morris singularly asks '*walled* (?)' in I suppose relation to the deformity
 of 'wall' eyes; but '*whally*' indubitably is the intended word.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse :
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
 And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
 And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
 And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes. 230

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
 And lusted after all, that he did loue,
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
 But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and proue
 If from their loyall loues he might them moue ;
 Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
 Of that fowle euill, which all men reprove,
 That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine :
 Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride, 240
 Vpon a Camell loaden all with gold ;
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious mettall full, as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heape of coine he told ;
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
 And vnto hell him selfe for money fold ;
 Accursed vsurie was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

l. 230, 'waies' : l. 234, , after 'tempt'—accepted : l. 236, 'lewdnes' :
 l. 237, 'foule' : l. 238, 'rotts' : l. 239, 'Lechery' : l. 243, 'metall' : l. 244,
 'heap' : l. 245, 'pelfe' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' : l. 247,
 'vsury.

His life was nigh vnto deaths doore yplast,
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware, 250
 Ne scarfe good morfell all his life did tast,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare ;
 Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none
 To leaue them to ; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
 Whose need had end, but no end couetise, 260
 Whose wealth was want, whose plēty made him pore,
 Who had enough, yet wished euer more ;
 A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full fore,
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand :
 Such one was *Auarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

And next to him malicious *Enuie* rode,
 Vpon a rauinous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw ; 270
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbours wealth, that made him euer sad ;
 For death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
 But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

l. 249, 'dore . . . yplaste' : l. 250, 'hee' : l. 251, 'taste' : l. 254,
 'childe' : l. 261, 'welth' : l. 262, 'yett' : l. 265, 'goc' : l. 266, 'forth' :
 l. 267, 'Enuy' : l. 270, 'chaw' 1609 corrects into 'jaw' : l. 272, 'neibors
 welth.'

All in a kirtle of discoloured fay
 He clothed was, y painted full of eyes ;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes /
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes. 280
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Couetyse,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse, that any like did vse,
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse ;
 So euery good to bad he doth abuse :
 And eke the verse of famous Poets witt 290
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all, that euer writt :
 Such one vile *Enuie* was, that fitt in row did fitt.

And him beside rides fierce reuenging *VVrath*,
 Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led ;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed ;
 His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all, that him beheld,
 As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded ; 300
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hafty rage, whē choler in him sweld.

l. 277, '*eies*' : l. 283, '*felicitie*' : l. 284, '*companee*' : l. 287, '*gratious*' :
 l. 293, '*Enuy*' : *ibid.*, '*fitt*' is misprinted '*first*' in '90, and '*fift*' in '96,
 but corrected '*fifte*' in 'Faults escaped' : l. 298, '*eies* . . . *sparkles*' : l. 302,
 '*Trebling* . . . *when*.'

His ruffin raiment all was staine with blood,
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through vnaduized rashnesse woxen wood ;
 For of his hands he had no gouernement,
 Ne car'd for blood in his auengement :
 But when the furious fit was ouerpast,
 His cruell facts he often would repent ;
 Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecast, 310
 How many mischieues should ensue his heedlesse haft.

Full / many mischieues follow cruell *VVrath* ;
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
 And fretting grieve the enemy of life ;
 All these, and many euils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palfey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire :
 Such one was *VVrath*, the last of this vngodly tire. 320

And after all, vpon the wagon beame
 Rode *Sathan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laefie teme,
 So oft as *Slowth* still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showting for ioy, and still before their way
 A foggy mist had couered all the land ;
 And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead sculs & bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

l. 305, '*rashnes*': l. 307, '*blood*': l. 308, '*fit*': l. 313, '*bloodshed*':
 l. 323, '*laefy*': l. 329, '*sculls*.'

So forth they marchen in this goodly fort, 330
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselues to sport :
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The fowle *Duess*a, next vnto the chaire
 Of proud *Lucifer*', as one of the traine :
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far vnfit for warlike swaine.

So hauing solaced themselues a space
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed 340
 They backe returned to the Princely Place ;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yceled, /
 And heathnisch shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find :
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
 And nourish bloudy vengeance in his bitter mind.

Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans foy*
 He spide with that same Faery champions page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy 350
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage
 He to him leapt, and that same enuious gage
 Of victors glory from him snatcht away :
 But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
 And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

l. 334, 'fowle': l. 335, '*Lucifer*' for '*Lucifera*' of '96 accepted: l. 341, '*princely*': l. 344, '*writt*': l. 346, '*hardy hed*': l. 347, '*bloody*': l. 349, '*Fary*': l. 352, '*lept*.'

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clafh their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
 Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine 361
 Of high displeasure, that enfewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
 And if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lifts they should the morrow next it fight.

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
 Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
 Whom great grieve made forget the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight, 370
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
 The prowest knight, that euer field did fight,
 Euen stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?)
 Whose shield he beares renuerst, the more to heape
 disdayn.

And / to augment the glorie of his guile,
 His dearest loue the faire *Fideffa* loe
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
 Who reapes the haruest sown by his foe,
 Sown in bloody field, and bought with woe :
 That brothers hand shall dearely well requight 380
 So be, O Queene, you equall fauour showe.
 Him litle answerd th'angry Elfin knight ;
 Heneuer meant with words, but fwords to plead his right.

l. 366, 'qd.', and no (): l. 367, 'error': l. 368, 'Whome . . . forgett':
 l. 369, 'recreant': l. 371, 'shameful': l. 374, 'renuerst' in 1590 and '96
 is printed in 1609 're'nuerst': l. 379, 'bloodie': l. 381, 'O.'

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
 His cause in combat the next day to try :
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
 To be aueng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall ;
 For Steward was excessiue *Gluttonie*, 390
 That of his plenty poured forth to all : (call.
 Which doen, the Chamberlain *Slowth* did to reft them

Now whenas darkefome night had all displayd
 Her coleblacke curtein ouer brightest skye,
 The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
 But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Vp-rose *Dueffa* from her resting place, 400
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with filent pace.

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
 Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoues with speaches seeming fit :
 Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next dearest to *Sans foy*, /
 Cause of my new grieve, cause of my new ioy,
 Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greeu'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and cheualrye ;
 Lo his *Fideffa* to thy secret faith I flye. 410

l. 384, 'pledg' : l. 386, 'edg' : l. 390, 'Gluttony' : l. 402, 'findes . . .
 fit' : l. 404, 'fit' : l. 406, 'my' (2nd) is dropped in '90 and '96 ; though
 placed among 'Faults escaped' in the former, but under page 50 by mistake :
 l. 408, 'greeud.'

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
 And bad say on the secret of her hart.
 Then fighting soft, I learne that litle sweet
 Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart :
 For since my breft was launcht with louely dart
 Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Haue wasted, louing him with all my powre,
 And for his sake haue felt full manie an heauie stowre.

At last when perils all I weened past, 420
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes vnweeting I was cast,
 By this false saytor, who vnworthy ware
 His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped flew, and brought to shamefull graue,
 Me filly maid away with him he bare,
 And euer since hath kept in darksome caue,
 For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans-foy* I gaue.

But since faire Sunne hath sperft that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light, 430
 Vnder your beames I will me safely throwd
 From dreaded storme of his difdainfull spight :
 To you th'inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his loue.
 Let not his loue, let not his restlesse spight
 Be vnreueng'd, that calles to you aboue
 From wandering *Stygian* shores, where it doth endlesse
 moue.

l. 423, '*vnworthie*': l. 424, '*worthie*': l. 428, '*Sansfoy*.'

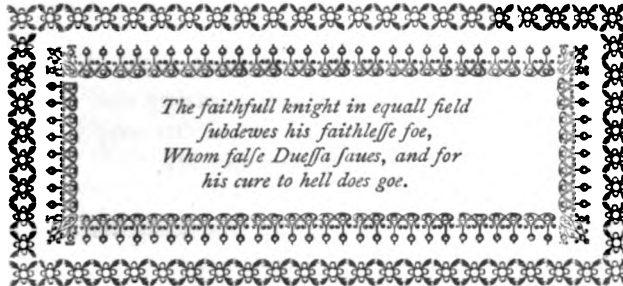
Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismaid
 For sorrowes past ; their grieve is with them gone :
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid ; 440
 For needlesse feare did neuer vantage none,
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is *Sans-foy*, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greeued ghost for vengeance deepe do grone :
 He liues, that shall him pay his dewties last,
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
 Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
 Why dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer bee,
 Where both do fight alike, to win or yield ? 450
 Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
 Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
 Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

But faire *Fideffa*, fithens fortunes guile,
 Or enimies powre hath now captiued you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
 Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
 And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew. 460
 Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
 With proud foes fight my sorrow to renew :
 Where euer yet I be, my secret aid
 Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

l. 443, '*Sansfoy*': l. 446, '*blood*': l. 450, '*doe*': l. 460, '*Sansfoyes*':
 l. 463,, '*aide*'.

Cant. / V.



THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
 And is with child of glorious great intent,
 Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
 Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent :
 Such restlessse passion did all night torment 10
 The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
 Deuizing, how that doughtie turnament
 With greatest honour he atchieuen might ;
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last the golden Orientall gate,
 Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,
 And *Phæbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire :
 And hurld his gliftring beames through gloomy aire.

l. 7, 'childe': l. 14, 'he' dropped in error in '96: l. 16, 'fayre': l. 17,
 'Phæbus . . . brydegrome': l. 18, 'hayre': l. 19, 'hurld' is 'hurls' in
 '90, but placed among 'Faults escaped': *ibid.*, 'beams . . . ayre.'

Which when the wakeful Elfeperceiu'd, streight way 20
 He started vp, and did him felfe prepaire,
 In fun-bright armes, and battailous array :
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
 Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
 To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
 There many Minsttrales maken melody,
 To/driue away the dull melancholy,
 And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voyces cunningly, 30
 And many Chroniclers, that can record
 Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
 In wouen maile all armed warily,
 And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
 Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
 They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
 And daintie spices fetcht from furtheft *Ynd*,
 To kindle heat of corage priuily :
 And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd 40
 To obserue the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene,
 With royall pomp and Princely maiestie ;
 She is ybrought vnto a paled greene,
 And placed vnder stately canapee,

l. 20, 'whē . . . percciud' : l. 21, 'prepayre' : l. 22, 'sunbright'
 l. 30, 'voices.'

The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
 On th'other side in all mens open vew
Dueffa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his shield is hangd with bloudy hew :
 Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew. 50

A shrilling trumpet fownded from on hye,
 And vnto battaill bad them selues addresse :
 Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
 And burning blades about their heads do blesse,
 The instruments of wrath and heauinesse :
 With greedy force each other doth assayle,
 And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
 Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle ;
 The yron walles to ward their blowes are weake & fraile.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong, 60
 And heaped blowes like yron hammers great :
 For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
 The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat :
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat :
 For all for prayfe and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
 And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right :
 As when a Gryfon seized of his pray, 70
 A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,

l. 49, '*Sansfoy* . . . bloody' : l. 51, '*trompett*' : l. 54, '*heades*' : l. 57, '*doe*' : l. 62, '*blood*' : l. 63, , for (:): l. 65, '*praise*' : l. 66, '*stryke* . . . doe' : l. 68, '*hewen helmets*.'

That would his rightfull rauine rend away :
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce fo fore, that they the heauens affray :
 The wife Southfayer seeing so fad fight,
 Th'amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right,
 And each to deadly shame would driue his foe :
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight 80
 In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down flow,
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde :
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunft to cast his eye,
 His fuddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Vpon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre, 90
 And/said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
 Doeft thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
 Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
 And sluggish german doeft thy forces flake,
 To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake ?

Goe caytiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
 And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe ;
 Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield haue quit from dying foe.

l. 74, 'horror' : l. 77, 'telles' : l. 81, 'blood' : l. 92, 'blacks' : l. 93,
 'Whylest' : l. 97, , for ;.

Therewith vpon his crest he stroke him so, 100
 That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall ;
 End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
 The false *Dueffa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

Soon as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
 Out of his frowning dreame he gan awake,
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
 Tho mou'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies fake,
 Of all attonce he cast auengd to bee, 110
 And with so'exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe vpon his knee ;
 Had he not stouped so, he should haue clouen bee.

And to him said, Goe now proud Mifcreant,
 Thy felfe thy message doe to german deare,
 Alone he wandring thee too long doth want :
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
 Therewith his heauie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to haue slaine ; when loe a darkefome clowd
 Vpon him fell : he no where doth appeare, 120
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him cals alowd,
 But answer none receiues : the darknes him does shrowd./

In haste *Dueffa* from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prowest knight,
 That euer Ladie to her loue did chose,
 Let now abate the terror of your might,

l. 102, '*bataille*' : l. 110, '*bee*' : l. 124, '*sayd*' : l. 126, '*terroure*.'

And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloudie vengeance ; lo th'infernall powres
 Couering your foe with cloud of deadly night, 129
 Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

Not all fo fatisfide, with greedie eye
 He fought all round about, his thirftie blade
 To bath in bloud of faithlesse enemy ;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :
 He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
 At last the trumpets, Triumph found on hie,
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that foueraine Queene, 141
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his seruice seene :
 Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
 Greatly aduauncing his gay cheualree.
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed : 150
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
 To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide

l. 128, 'bloodie': l. 132, 'greedy': l. 133, 'thristy': l. 134, 'bathe . . .
 blood . . . enemy': l. 149, 'ayre.'

And / softly can embalme on euery side.
 And all the while, most heauenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
 Him to beguile of griefe and agony :
 And all the while *Dueffa* wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traueller that strayes
 By muddy shore of broad seuē-mouthed *Nile*, 160
 Vnweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full fore, and sheddeth tender teares :
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while
 His mournefull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

So wept *Dueffa* vntill euentide,
 That shyning lampes in *Ioues* high house were light :
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide, 170
 But comes vnto the place, where th'Hethen knight
 In slombring frownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
 Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
 But to the easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where griefly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phæbus* chearefull face durst neuer vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darkefome mew, 180

l. 154, 'euerie': l. 162, 'meste': l. 167, 'an others': l. 175,
 'wofull': l. 176, 'Easterne': l. 179, 'pitchy': l. 180, 'dark some.'

Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Alreadie harnesssed for iourney new ;
 And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood./

Who when she saw *Dueffa* funny bright,
 Adorned with gold and iewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the fight,
 And th'vnacquainted light began to feare :
 For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare, 190
 And would haue backe retyred to her caue,
 Vntill the witches speech she gan to heare,
 Saying, yet ô thou dreaded Dame, I craue
 Abide, till I haue told the meffage, which I haue.

She stayd, and foorth *Dueffa* gan proceede,
 O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
 More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
 Which waft begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world vnmade, 200
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin fword, most shamefully betrade ?
 Lo where the stout *Sansfoy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold *Sansfoy* shrink vnderneath his speare ;
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor laid on groning beare,

l. 190, 'brightnes' : l. 193, 'O' : l. 194, 'Abyde.'

That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old *Aueugles* sonnes so euill heare? 210
 Or who shall not great *Nightes* children scorne,
 When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne?

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
 Go gather vp the reliques of thy race,
 Or else goe them auenge, and let be seene,
 That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,
 And / can the children of faire light deface.
 Her feeling speeches some compassion moued
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face :
 Yet pittie in her hart was neuer proued 220
 Till then : for euermore she hated, neuer loued.

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successe, which their foes enfew :
 But who can turne the streame of destinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to *Ioues* eternall feat?
 The sonnes of Day he fauoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great :
 To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat. 230

Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt :
 And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
 Shall with his owne bloud price that he hath spilt.

l. 213, 'darknes' : l. 217, 'fayre' : l. 218, 'speeches . . . mou'd' : l. 220, 'pitty . . . prou'd' : l. 221, 'for' (1590) is misprinted 'and' in 1596 corrected : *ib.*, 'lou'd' : l. 227, . for ? : l. 234, 'blood.'

But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt ?
 I that do seeme not I, *Dueffa* am,
 (Quoth she) how euer now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came ;
Dueffa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kift 240
 The wicked witch, saying ; In that faire face
 The false resemblance of Deceit, I wift
 Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace,
 It carried, that I scarce in darkefome place
 Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
 Of falshood, and root of *Dueffaes* race.
 O welcome child, whom I have longd to fee,
 And now haue seene vnwares. Lo now I goe with thee./

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle welfauourd witch : 250
 Through mirkefome aire her readie way she makes.
 Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich,
 Did softly fwim away, ne euer stampe,
 Vnlesse she chaust their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
 Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
 And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Vnto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,

l. 236, 'ame': l. 237, no (): l. 241, , for ;: *ib.*, 'fayre': l. 242, 'resemblaunce': l. 244, 'darkfome': l. 246, 'fashood,' though not included in 'Faults escaped': *ib.*, 'roote': l. 248, 'goe': l. 254, 'stampe': l. 256, 'champe': l. 257, 'ramp.'

Deuoid of outward fense, and natiue strength, 260
 Couerd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
 And fight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
 His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
 They binden vp so wifely, as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be healed :
 So lay him in her charet, clofe in night concealed.

And all the while she stood vpon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did neuer ceafe to bay,
 As giuing warning of th'vnwonted found,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray, 270
 And her darke griesly looke them much difmay ;
 The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle
 With drearie shriekes did also her bewray ;
 And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in filence soft they stole,
 And brought the heauie corse with easie pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus* hole.
 By that same hole an entrance darke and bace
 With / smoake and fulphure hiding all the place, 280
 Descends to hell : there creature neuer past,
 That backe returned without heauenly grace ;
 But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braft,
 And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men
 aghaft.

l. 263, 'congeald': l. 265, 'heald': l. 266, 'charett . . . concealed':
 l. 272, 'owle': l. 273, 'dreary': l. 274, 'wolves': l. 277, 'heavy . . .
 easy': l. 279, 'entraunce': l. 280, 'sulphur': l. 282, 'retourned.'

By that fame way the direfull dames doe driue
 Their mournfull charet, fild with rusty blood,
 And downe to *Plutoes* house are come biliue :
 Which passing through, on euery side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide 290
 With stonie eyes ; and all the hellish brood
 Of feends infernall flockt on euery side,
 To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They pas the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
 Where many foules sit wailing woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharpe shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
 Curfing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endlesse paine is built thereby, 300
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The curfed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threhold dreadfull *Cerberus*
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venomous,
 And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong :
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, vntill dayes enemy
 Did him appeafe ; then downe his taile he hong
 And suffered them to passen quietly : 310
 For she in hell and heauen had power equally. /

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to fin ;

l. 286, 'charett' : l. 291, 'stonie eyes' : l. 293, 'erthly' : l. 308, 'Dayes.'

And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
 There thirstie *Tantalus* hong by the chin ;
 And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw ;
Typhæus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theſeus condemned to endlesse slouth by law,
 And fifty sifters water in leake vessels draw. 320

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come vnto the furthest part :
 Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, vneafie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad *Æsculapius* farre a part
 Emprifond was in chaines remedileſſe,
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was, 330
 That wont in charet chace the foming Bore ;
 He all his Peeres in beautie did surpas,
 But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore :
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
 But when she saw her offred sweets refused
 Her loue she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accused,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

Who all in rage his Sea-god fyre befought,
 Some curſed vengeance on his sonne to caſt : 340

l. 316, 'thrifty': l. 320, 'leake' is 'lete' in 1590, but corrected into 'leke' in 'Faults escaped,' though there printed 'let': l. 327, 'far': l. 331, 'charett . . . bore': l. 335, 'refuſd': l. 337, 'accuſd': l. 338, 'abuſd': l. 340, 'vengeaunce.'

Frô furing gulf two monsters straight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chafing steedes aghast,
 Both / charet swift and huntsman ouercast.
 His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chaft
 Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,
 That of *Hippolytus* was left no moniment.

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
 In death auowing th'innocence of her sonne. 350
 Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend
 His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend :
 Tho gathering vp the relicks of his smart
 By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolyts* frend,
 Them brought to *Æsculape*, that by his art
 Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine
 When *Ioue* auizd, that could the dead reuiue,
 And fates expired could renew againe,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive, 360
 But vnto hell did thrust him downe aliuie,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded fore :
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
 Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,
 And flake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

l. 341, '*Möster's . . . freight*': l. 342, '*chacing*': l. 343, '*charett swifte*': l. 344, '*cliffs*'—in '90 and '96 '*clifts*,' but '*cliffs*' given in '*Faults escaped*': l. 347, '*lefte*': l. 349, '*daies*': l. 352, '*heare . . . hasty tong*': l. 357, '*rain*': l. 358, '*reviue*': l. 359, '*again*': l. 365, '*fire*' is misprinted *fire* in '90, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*.'

There auncient Night arriuing, did alight
 From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes
 To *Æsculapius* brought the wounded knight :
 Whom hauing softly difarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes, 370
 Befeeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies. /

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vaine,
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that thrust from heauen dew
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay, 380
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke ? Can Night defray
 Thewrath of thundring *Ioue*, thatrules bothnightandday?

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heauens king
 From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of euerlasting Night ?
 Goe to then, ð thou farre renowned sonne
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might 390

l. 367, '*weary wayne*'—1590 supplies 'nigh' for the misprint 'high' of 1596 here—accepted': l. 369, '*Whome . . . difaraid*': l. 375, '*qd.*': l. 380, '*penaunce*': l. 381, '*vengeaunce*': l. 384, '*qd.*': l. 389, '*O . . . farrenowned*,' but corrected in '*Faults escaped*.'

In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, & greater praife, both neuer to be donne.

Her words preuaild : And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach :
Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aueugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilst *Phæbus* pure 400
In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure.

The false *Dueffa* leauing noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pride ;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide
Not / throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away ;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide,
Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytiue wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

A ruefull fight, as could be seene with eie ; 411
Of whom he learned had in secret wife
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to *Couetise*,

l. 392, 'pains, and' : l. 395, 'els' : l. 397, 'dredd darknesse' : l. 399,
'retourning' : l. 400, 'ronne . . . *Phæbus*' : l. 401, 'weary' : l. 403,
'Pryde' : l. 405, 'albe . . . wyde' : l. 406, 'vnready . . . ryde' : l. 408,
'spyde' : l. 409, 'dungeon . . . numbers.'

Through waftfull Pride, and wanton Riotife,
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse
 Proukt with *VVrath*, and *Enuies* false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercileffe,
 Where they should liue in woe, & die in wretchednesse.

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*, 420
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call vpon,
 Till through celestially doome throwne out of dore,
 Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore :
 There also was king *Cræsus*, that enhaunf
 His heart too high through his great riches store ;
 And proud *Antiochus*, the which aduaunf
 His curf hand gainf God, and on his altars daunf.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
 That first the world with fword and fire warrayd ; 430
 And after him old *Ninus* farre did pas
 In princely pompe, of all the world obayd ;
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd
 Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
 That name of natie fyre did fowle vpbrayd,
 And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,
 Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he didc./

All these together in one heape were throwne,
 Like carkafes of beafts in butchers stall.

l. 417, '*Enuies*': l. 419, '*wo . . . dye*': l. 423, '*throwne*': l. 424,
 '*transformd*': l. 426, '*hart . . . richesse*': l. 428, '*altares*': l. 431
 '*far*': l. 432, '*pomp*': l. 439, '*beaflies*.'

And in another corner wide were strowne 440
 The antique ruines of that *Romaines* fall :
 Great *Romulus* the Grandfyre of them all,
 Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
 Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hanniball*,
 Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,
 High *Cæsar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

Amongst these mighty men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke :
 The bold *Semiramis*, whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes owne blade, her fowle reproches spoke ;
 Faire *Sthenobæa*, that herselfe did choke 451
 With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will ;
 High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
 Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill :
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill.

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralls,
 Which thither were assembled day by day,
 From all the world after their wofull falles,
 Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay,
 But most of all, which in the Dongeon lay 460
 Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
 Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
 And lastly throwne themselues into these heauy stowres.

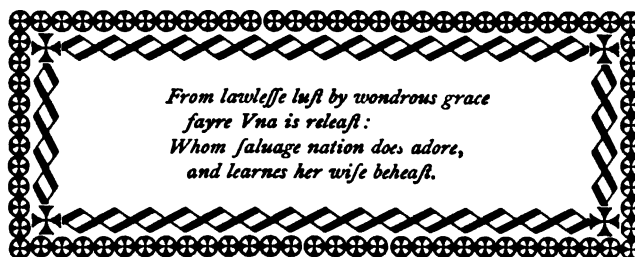
l. 441, '*Antique ruins that the Romanes*'—both in 1590 and 1596 'the,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped' in the former by 'that' : l. 446, '*fiers*' : l. 447, '*mightie*' : l. 451, '*Foyre*' : l. 456, '*routes*' : l. 457, '*thether*' : l. 459, '*welthes*' : l. 461, '*courtes*' : l. 462, '*yde*' : l. 464, '*throwm*'.

Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
 And made ensample of their mournfull fight
 Vnto his maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But / early rose, and ere that dawning light
 Discouered had the world to heauen wyde, 470
 He by a priuie Posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no enuious eyes he mote be spyde :
 For doubtlesse death enfewd, if any him descryde.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corfes, like a great Lay-stall
 Of mured men which therein strowed lay,
 Without remorse, or decent funerall :
 Which all through that great Princeesse pride did fall
 And came to shamefull end. And them beside
 Forth ryding vnderneath the castell wall, 480
 A donghill of dead carkases he spide,
 The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of *Pride*.

l. 466, 'mournfull' : l. 469, 'early' : l. 473, 'enfewd' : l. 478, 'al' :
 l. 479, 'besyde' : l. 481, 'Donghill . . . spyde' : l. 482, 'Pryde.'

Cant. VI.



AS when a ship, that flyes faire vnder saile,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares 10
 To ioy at his foole-happie ouerfight :
 So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
 The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
 Hauing escaped so fad ensamples in his fight. /

Yet fad he was, that his too haftie speed
 The faire *Duefs*' had forst him leaue behind ;
 And yet more fad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
 Her truth had staine with treason so vnkind ;
 Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
 But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake, 20
 She wandred had from one to other *Ynd*,

l. 6, '*fayre* . . . *saile*': l. 10, 'in' is misprinted 'it' in '90 and '96, though
 corrected in 'Faults escaped': l. 11, '*foolhappie*': l. 13, '*corage*': l. 15,
 after '*was*,' accepted: l. 16, '*fayre*': l. 18, '*slaynd*': l. 19, '*cryme*':
 l. 20, '*owne*.'

Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sansloy* did ouertake.

Who after *Archimagoes* fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forrest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
With beaftly fin thought her to haue defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yilde : 30
For greater conquest of hard loue he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And looking louely, and oft fighting fore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile :
But wordes, and lookes, and fighes she did abhore,
As rocke of Diamond stedfast euermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before ;
Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest skye, 40
And burnt his beaftly hart t'efforce her chafteite.

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fayle,
And subtile engines bet from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And / with rich spoile of ranfackt chafteite.
Ah heauens, that do this hideous act behold,
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,

l. 23, '*fiers*': l. 25, '*forrest*': l. 26, '*fyre*': l. 30, '*persuade*': l. 36,
, after '*wordes*' accepted: l. 37, '*rock*': l. 40, '*shyne*': l. 43, '*bett*':
l. 46, '*chafteite*': l. 47, '*doe*'.

How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Paynim bold ?

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse, 51
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phæbus* flying so most shamefull fight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight ?

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought, 60
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way :
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her shrill outcries and shriekes so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd ;
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arber fownd.

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In hast forsooke their rurall meriment, 70
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.

l. 50, 'vpo': l. 51, 'mayden': l. 52, 'and': l. 53, 'wemens': l. 54,
'plaintes': l. 55, 'doe': l. 58, 'hydes . . . witt': l. 59, 'quitt': l. 63,
'gryped': l. 64, 'shrieks': l. 70, 'haste': l. 71, 'towards.'

Vnto the place they come incontinent :
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride. /

The wyld woodgods arriued in the place,
 There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face, 80
 As her outrageous foe had left her late,
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate ;
 All stand amazed at so vncouth fight,
 And gin to pittie her vnhappie state,
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes vnworthie of so wofull plight.

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell ;
 And euery tender part for feare does shake :
 As when a greedie Wolfe through hunger fell
 A feely Lambe farre from the flocke does take, 90
 Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
 A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in haft he does forsake,
 Which quit from death yet quakes in euery lim
 With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fit affaid her trembling hart,
 Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had :

l. 74, 'espyde': l. 75, 'mishappen': l. 76, 'byde': l. 77, 'ryde': l. 79.
 'doolfull': l. 80, 'fayre': l. 86, 'unworthy': l. 89, 'greedy': l. 90,
 'Lamb far . . . flock': l. 91, 'bloody': l. 94, 'quitt': l. 96, 'fitt.'

The saluage nation feele her secreet smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
 Their frowning foreheads with rough hornes yclad, 100
 And rusticke horror all a side doe lay,
 And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her, and feare to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
 Her single person to their barbarous truth,
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
 Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th.
 They / in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie soueraine, 110
 Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,
 And all prostrate vpon the lowly plaine, (faine.
 Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
 And yieldes her to extremitie of time ;
 So from the ground she feareleffe doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
 They all as glad, as birdes of ioyous Prime,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and finging all a shepheards ryme, 120
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her, as Queene, with oliue girland croud.

And all the way their merry pipes they found,
 That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,

l. 100, 'forheades': l. 101, 'rustick': l. 105, 'commit': l. 107, 'fitt':
 l. 108, 'hasty': l. 110, 'souerayne': l. 112, 'playne': l. 113, 'fayne':
 l. 118, 'Pryme.'

And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring ;
 Who with the noyse awaked, commeth out,
 To weet the cause, his weake steps gouerning,
 And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout, 130
 And with an yuie twyne his waist is girt about.

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
 If *Bacchus* merry fruit they did inuent,
 Or *Cybeles* franticke rites haue made them mad ;
 They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
 That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
 The God himselfe vewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent ;
 His owne faire *Dryope* now he thinkes not faire,
 And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth compaire. /

The woodborne people fall before her flat, 141
 And worship her as Goddesse of the wood ;
 And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood ;
 Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see,
 But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood ;

Page 78 is succeeded by p. 81 in 1596 in error, though the text is continuous and accurate : so too in 1590, but in it p. 80 is correctly given, and p. 81. but *verso* p. 84, and next p. 85 and *verso* p. 84, and then p. 85 and *verso* p. 88, and p. 89 and *verso* p. 88, and p. 89 and *verso* p. 92, and p. 93 and *verso* p. 92, and p. 93 and *verso* p. 96, and pp. 95-6 and so onwards : l. 125. 'doe' : l. 131, 'wafte' : l. 133, 'If' is misprinted 'Of' in 1596—1590 has 'Or'—'If' was doubtless the author's intended correction for 1596, and so is given in the text : ll. 139, 144, 'fayre.'

Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,
But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue 150
His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he flew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blisse ;
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguish and felse-wild annoy.

The wooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*
Her to behold do thither runne apace, 160
And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,
Flocke all about to see her louely face :
But when they vewed haue her heauenly grace,
They enuie her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :
But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

Glad of such lucke, the luckeleffe lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that saluage people staid, 170
To gather breath in many miseries.
During / which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worhipt her in vaine,
And made her th'Image of Idolatryes ;

l. 148, 'be' : l. 153, 'fayre' (*bis*) : l. 158, 'felfewild' : l. 160, 'thether' :
l. 164, 'enuy' : l. 168, 'mayd' : l. 170, 'stayd' : l. 171, 'miseryes.'

But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
Frô her own worship, they her Affe would worship fayn.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserued name : 180
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And euer lou'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge aduenture as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Faire *Thyamis* the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde 190
To *Therion*, a loose vnruly fwayne ;
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chafe the saluage beaft with bufie payne,
Then serue his Ladies loue, and waft in pleasures vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loues longing burne,
And could not lacke her louers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery :
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find, 200
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,

l. 175, '*restrayne*' : l. 189, '*Fayre*' : l. 190, '*bandes*' : l. 194, '*& waite*' :
l. 200, '*finde*.'

The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbind,
And made her perfon thrall vnto his beaftly kind. /

So long in fecret cabin there he held
Her captiue to his fenfuall defire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly fweld,
And bore a boy vnto that faluage fire :
Then home he fuffred her for to retire,
For ranfome leauing him the late borne childe ;
Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire, 210
He nourifled vp in life and manners wilde,
Emongft wild beafts and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banifh cowardize and baftard feare ;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
And from the fhe Beares teats her whelps to teare ;
And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare ;
And the Robuckes in flight to ouertake, 220
That euery beaft for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby fo feareleffe, and fo fell he grew,
That his owne fire and maifter of his guife
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduife,

l. 202, 'links . . . vnbinde' : l. 205, 'defyre' : l. 207, 'fyre' : l. 208,
'retyre' : l. 209, 'late-borne' : l. 210, 'afpyre' : l. 211, 'nourifled' is in
1590 'noufled' : l. 212, 'beaftes' : l. 213, no, after 'ymp' : l. 221, 'euerie' :
l. 223, 'fyre.'

The angry beafts not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to prouoke ; for he would learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
 Leaue roaring, when in rage he for reuenge did earne.

And for to make his powre approued more, 231
 Wyld beafts in yron yokes he would compell ;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell ;
 The / Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell ;
 And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
 Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared, as tyrans law,

His louing mother came vpon a day 240
 Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne ;
 And chaunst vnwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
 When after him a Lyoneffe did runne,
 That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne :
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the fight,
 And turning backe, gan fast to fly away, 250
 Vntill with loue reuokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perfwaded was to stay,

l. 226, '*beafts*': l. 232, '*beafts*': l. 235, '*fierce and fell*'—in '90, '*swift and cruell*,' but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' by '*fiers and fell*.'

And then to him these womanish words gan say ;
 Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,
 For loue of me leaue off this dreadfull play ;
 To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
 Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

In these and like delights of bloudy game
 He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
 And there abode, whilst any beaft of name 260
 Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force : and then his courage haught
 Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge aduentures fought :
 In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,
 But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown. /

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
 After long labours and aduentures spent,
 Vnto those natiue woods for to repaire,
 To see his fire and offspring auncient. 270
 And now he thither came for like intent ;
 Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,
 Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
 Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wifedome heauenly rare,
 Whose like in womens wit he neuer knew ;
 And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad forrowes rew,

l. 258, '*delights . . . bloody*': l. 260, '*whylf*': l. 261, '*forrest*':
 l. 263, '*Desyrd*': l. 267, '*maner*': l. 270, '*fyre*': l. 271, '*thether*':
 l. 275, '*frō*': l. 277, '*witt*.'

Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw, 280
 And ioyd to make prooffe of her crueltie
 On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew :
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

But she all vowd vnto the *Redcrosse* knight,
 His wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her wit in secret counfels spent,
 How to escape. At last in priuie wife 290
 To *Satyran* she shewed her intent :
 Who glad to gain such fauour, gan deuise,
 How with that peniue Maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
 To do their seruice to *Sylvanus* old,
 The gentle virgin left behind alone
 He led away with courage stout and bold.
 Too / late it was, to Satyres to be told,
 Or euer hope recouer her againe :
 In vaine he seekes that hauing cannot hold. 300
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the woods are past, & come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day,
 They traueild had, when as they farre espide
 A wearie wight forwandring by the way,
 And towards him they gan in haft to ride,

l. 281, 'cruelty' : l. 284, 'verity' : l. 289, 'witt' : l. 290, 'prisy' :
 l. 295, 'doe' : l. 296, 'behinde' : l. 297, 'corage' : l. 302, 'woods' : l. 304,
 'far' : l. 305, 'weary.'

To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
 Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.
 But he them spyng, gan to turn afide,
 For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse ; 310
 More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

A filly man, in simple weedes forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandales were with toilesome trauell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had traueild many a sommers day,
 Through boyling sands of *Arabie* and *Ynde* ;
 And in his hand a *Iacobs* staffe, to stay
 His wearie limbes vpon : and eke behind,
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd 321
 Tydings of warre, and of aduentures new ;
 But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd.
 Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
 That in his armour bare a croflet red.
 Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew
 To tell the sad fight, which mine eies haue red :
 These eyes did see that knight both liuing and eke ded. /

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild, 330
 That fuddein cold did runne through euery vaine,
 And stony horror all her fences fild
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.

l. 307, 'weede': l. 312, 'weeds': l. 314, 'toilesome': l. 319, 'weary
 limbs': l. 327, 'qd.': l. 329, 'eies': l. 331, 'ronne': l. 333, 'fitt.'

The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe :
 Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further proceffe of her hidden grieve ;
 The leffer pangs can beare, who had endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I euer rew, 340
 To see two knights in trauell on my way
 (A fory fight) arraung'd in battell new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew :
 My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That drunke with blood, yet thrifed after life : (knife.
 What more ? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with Paynim

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne ?
 Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see 350
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne ?
 Where is (saide *Satyrane*) that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest ?
 Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (clef.
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in haft,
 Whiles *Vna* with huge heauinesse opprest,

l. 338, 'chief' : l. 342, 'batteil' : l. 344, 'feareful' : l. 346, 'dronke . .
 blood' : l. 347, 'slain' : l. 348, 'qd.' and ll. 350 and 354 : l. 353, 'refte' :
 l. 354, 'she' : l. 355, 'lefte' : l. 356, 'bloody.'

Could not for forrow follow him so fast ;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest, 360
 Whereas / that *Pagan* proud him selfe did reft,
 In secreet shadow by a fountaine side :
 Euen he it was, that earst would haue supprest
 Faire *Vna* : whom when *Satyrane* espide,
 With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

And said, Arise thou curfed Miscreant,
 That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 That good knight of the *Redcrosse* to haue slain :
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain 370
 Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
 The Sarazin this hearing, rofe amain,
 And catching vp in hast his three square shield,
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborne Elfe,
 In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
 Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe :
 Yet ill thou blamest me, for hauing blent
 My name with guile and traiterous intent ;
 That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie, I neuer slew, 380
 But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
 Th'enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew :
 But thou his errour shalt, I hope now prouen trew.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fierfly to affaile

l. 371, 'els' : l. 377, 'wreak.'

Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perft both plate and maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their flefhes fraile,
 That it would pittie any liuing eie.
 Large floods of bloud adowne their fides did raile;
 But floods of bloud could not them fatisfie : 391
 Both hungred after death : both chofe to win, or die. /

So long they fight, and fell reuenge purfue,
 That fainting each, themfelues to breathe let,
 And oft refreshed, battell oft renue :
 As when two Bores with rancling malice met,
 Their gory fides frefh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Till breathlefse both them felues afide retire,
 Where foming wrath, their cruell tufkes they whet,
 And trample th'earth, the whiles they may refpire; 400
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fierfly, when thefe knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight returne, increafing more
 Their puiffant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped ftrokes more hugely, then before,
 That with their drerie wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, fcarfely could be known.
 By this fad *Vna* fraught with anguifh fore, [thrown :
 Led with their noife, which through the aire was
 Arriu'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud had
 fown. 410

l. 386, , after 'other' accepted : l. 387, 'S' : ll. 390, 391, 'blood' :
 l. 392, 'hongred' : l. 393, 'fell'—in 1590 'full' (bad) : l. 394, 'lat' :
 l. 395, 'ofte' : l. 396, 'met' : l. 397, 'frett' : l. 399, 'whett' : l. 403,
 'retourne' : l. 406, 'drery . . . bloody' : l. 407, 'bee' : l. 410, 'blood.'

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan reuiue the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted fin,
 And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie :
 But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other bufinesse plie,
 Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid :
 Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad 420
 Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fate ?
 Were it not better, I that Lady had,
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late ?
 Most / fencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
 To loue another. Lo then for thyne ayd
 Here take thy louers token on thy pate.
 So they to fight ; the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim fore afrayd.

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that leafing told,
 Being in deed old *Archimage*, did stay 430
 In secreet shadow, all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloudy fray :
 But when he saw the Damsell passe away
 He left his stond, and her purfewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.

l. 413, 'leud' : l. 414, 'lefte' : l. 419, 'al' : l. 421, 'fate'—misprinted
 'fete' in 1596 : l. 427, 'to' : l. 432, 'bloody.'

Cant. VII.



WHat man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to descry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,
 To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame ; I I
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine ?
 Great maiestresse of her art was that false Dame,
 The false *Duesssa*, cloked with *Fideffaes* name. /

Who when returning from the dreary *Night*,
 She fownd not in that perilous house of *Pryde*,
 Where she had left, the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
 Her hoped pray ; she would no lenger bide,

l. 6, 'witt' : l. 7, 'discry' : l. 9, 'died' : l. 10, 'truth' : l. 16, 'hous' :
 l. 17, 'Redcrofs' : l. 18, 'byde.'

But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie fate, 20
 To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
 Difarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

He feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trëbling leaues full gently playes
 Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet mufick, to delight his mind :
 The Witch approching gan him fairely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnesse vnkind 30
 Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet.
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of folace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
 Which shiielded them against the boyling heat,
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made ;
 Whose bubbling waue did euer freshly well,
 Ne euer would through feruent sommer fade :
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell, 40
 Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.

The cause was this : one day when *Phæbe* fayre
 With all her band was following the chace,

l. 21, 'fyde' : l. 25, 'wynd' : l. 27, 'chearefull . . . kynd' : l. 28, 'mynd' : l. 29, 'witch . . . fayrely' : l. 30, 'carelesnes vnkynd' : l. 39, no punctuation after 'fade' : l. 41, 'faueur.'

This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
 Sat downe to rest in middest of the race :
 The / goddesse wrath gan fowly her disgrace,
 And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and flow,
 And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle knight vnweeting was, 51
 And lying downe vpon the sandie graile,
 Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas,
 Estfoones his manly forces gan to faile,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
 His chaunged powres at first them selues not felt,
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
 And chearefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame, 60
 Poured out in loofnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sound, [bownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing, did re-
 That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th'Else therewith astownd,
 Vpstarted lightly from his looser make,
 And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

l. 45, 'fats': l. 46, 'her'—misprinted 'he' in 1596: l. 47, 'badd':
 l. 49, 'waxed': l. 53, 'Dronke . . . cristall': l. 54, 'jayle': l. 55,
 'frayle': l. 57, 'assaile': l. 58, 'blood . . . fayntnes': l. 65, 'terror.'

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy 70
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his fight,
 An hideous Geant horrible and hye,
 That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye,
 The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed ;
 His liuing like saw neuer liuing eye,
 Ne durst behold : his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall feed. /

The greatest Earth his vncouth mother was,
 And blustering *AEolus* his boasted fire,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire, 81
 And fild her hidden caues with stormie yre,
 That she conceiu'd ; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women do expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
 Puft up with emptie wind, and fild with sinfull crime.

So growen great through arrogant delight
 Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne. 90
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse : his stalking steps are stayde
 Vpon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

l. 70, 'gett' : l. 73, 'talnesse' : page 94 in 1590 is misprinted 92 : l. 79,
 'fyre' : l. 81, 'inspyre' : l. 84, 'women doe expyre' : l. 85, 'slyme' : l. 86,
 'wynn . . . cryme.'

That when the knight he spide, he gan aduance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce ;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse ; all in vaine
 Did to him pace, fad battaile to darrayne, 100
 Disarmd, disgraft, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
 That scarfely could he weeld his bootlesse fingle blade.

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could haue ouerthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not heauenly grace, that him did blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre :
 But / he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly lept from vnderneath the blow : 110
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
 That with the wind it did him ouerthrow,
 And all his fences stound, that still he lay full low.

As when that diuelish yron Engin wrought
 In deepest Hell, and framd by *Furies* skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill
 Conceiueth fire, the heauens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will, 120

l. 96, 'spyde' : l. 101, 'disgraste' : l. 102, 'vayne' : l. 103, 'fontaine' :
 page 95 is in 1590 misprinted 93 : ll. 110, 111, no punctuation after 'blow'
 or 'powre' : l. 112, 'winde' : l. 113, 'stound' : l. 117, 'bollet round' : l. 118,
 'fyre.'

Through smouldry cloud of duskyish stincking smoke
 That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the
 (stroke.

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
 His heauie hand he heaued vp on hye,
 And him to dust thought to haue battred quight,
 Vntil *Dueffa* loud to him gan crye ;
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest under skye,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslaue make, 130
 And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new found make.
 Then vp he tooke the flombred fencelesse corse,
 And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorfe. /

From that day forth *Dueffa* was his deare, 141
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
 He gaue her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endowd with royall maiestye :
 Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,

l. 121, 'smok': l. 123, , after 'knight' accepted: l. 129, 'doe':
 l. 140, 'deep': l. 147, 'hartes . . . terror.'

A monstrous beaft ybred in filthy fen
 He chofe, which he had kept long time in darksome
 den.

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake 150
 Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* flew,
 Long foftered in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
 Whofe many heads out budding euer new,
 Did breed him endleffe labour to fubdew :
 But this fame Monster much more vgly was ;
 For feuen great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron breft, and backe of fcaly bras,
 And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did fhine as glas.

His tayle was fretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the houle of heauenly gods it raught, 160
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd ftrength,
 The euer-burning lamps from thence it braught,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught ;
 And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
 The fared things, and holy heafte foretaught.
 Vpon this dreadfull Beaft with feuenfold head
 He fet the falfe *Dueffa*, for more aw and dread.

The wofull Dwarfe, which faw his maifters fall,
 Whiles he had keeping of his grafiing fteed,
 And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall, 170
 When all was pafte, tooke vp his forlorne weed,

l. 148, 'ybredd' : l. 149, 'darkfom' : l. 153, 'heades' : l. 154, 'labor' :
 l. 157, 'back' : l. 158, 'blood' : l. 160, 'houe' : l. 162, 'euer burning' :
 l. 162, 'braught' for 'brought' of 1596—accepted : l. 163, so 'naught' for
 'nought' : l. 165, 'heafte' : l. 167, 'fett.'

His / mightie armour, missing most at need ;
 His filuer shield, now idle maisterlesse ;
 His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
 The rueful monuments of heauineffe,
 And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

He had not trauaild long, when on the way
 He wofull Ladie, wofull *Vna* met,
 Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilest *Satyrane* him from purfuit did let : 180
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
 And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And liuely breath her fad brest did forsake,
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

The messenger of so vnhappy newes,
 Would faine haue dyde : dead was his hart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes :
 At last recouering hart, he does begin
 To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin, 190
 And euerie tender part does tosse and turne :
 So hardly he the flitted life does win,
 Vnto her natiue prison to retourne :
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

l. 172 : in 1596 edition p. 96 ends with 'forlorne weed, His.' Next properly continues 'His mightie Armour,' etc., but is again numbered as p. 95, and the next as p. 96. Then 97-8, 99-100 regularly. Because of this the binder of several copies of the 1596 edition has cancelled the second 95-6, and so cut out ll. 172-234. It may be further noted that there are no pp. 79-80 in '96, though the matter goes on correctly from 78 to 81 : *ib.*, 'armour' : l. 175, 'ruefull' : l. 178, 'Lady' : l. 179, 'that' : l. 181, 'Dwarfe' : l. 182, 'tydings' : l. 190, 'rub' l. 194, ' &c.'

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull fight,
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds vnfold,
 The which my life and loue together tyde ? 200
 Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through euery fide,
 And let eternall night so fad [fight] fro me hide. /

O lightfome day, the lampe of highest Ioue,
 First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon droue,
 Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
 And shut vp heauens windowes shyning wyde :
 For earthly fight can nought but sorow breed,
 And late repentance, which shall long abyde. 210
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But feeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

Then downe again she fell vnto the ground ;
 But he her quickly reared vp againe :
 Thrife did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
 And thrife he her reuiued with busie paine :
 At last when life recouer'd had the raine,
 And ouer-wrestled his strong enemye,
 With faltring tong, and trembling euery vaine,
 Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedie, 220
 The which these reliques fad present vnto mine eie.

l. 199, 'threds' : l. 201, 'sencelesse' : l. 202, 'euerie' : l. 203, 'hyde' : l. 216,
 'reuiu'd' : l. 218, 'enimy' : l. 219, 'euerie' : l. 220, 'Tragedy.'

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart ;
 Thy fad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,
 Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart :
 Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
 If death it be, it is not the first wound,
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound ;
 If lesse, then that I feare, more fauour I haue found. 230

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
 The subtill traines of *Archimago* old ;
 The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* fayre,
 Bought with the bloud of vanquisht Paynim bold :
 The / wretched payre transform'd to treen mould ;
 The house of Pride, and perils round about ;
 The combat, which he with *Sanfioy* did hould ;
 The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
 Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

She heard with patience all vnto the end, 240
 And stroue to maister sorrowfull assay,
 Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway ;
 And loue fresh coles vnto her fire did lay :
 For greater loue, the greater is the losse.
 Was neuer Ladie loued dearer day,

l. 221, 'eye': l. 224, 'tong': l. 226, 'ech': l. 230, , accepted from '90 after
 'feare': l. 232, 'subtile': l. 234, 'blood': page 99 is in 1596 paged 97 as
 in 1590, the mispaging of it (pp. 95-6) having misled the printer: l. 236,
 'Pryde . . . perilles': l. 238, 'Gyaunt': l. 246, 'Lady.'

Then she did loue the knight of the *Redcrosse* ;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

At last when feruent sorrow flaked was,
She vp arose, resoluing him to find 250
A liue or dead : and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarf the way to her assynd :
And euermore in constant carefull mind
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale ;
Long toft with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High ouer hils, and low adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arayed meet : 260
His glitterand armour shined farre away,
Like glauncing light of *Phæbus* brightest ray ;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
Athwart his brest a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare./
That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most pretious

And in the midft thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like *Hesperus* emongst the lesser lights, 270
And stroue for to amaze the weaker fights ;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yuory sheath, ycaru'd with curious flights ;

L. 254, '*tedd*' : l. 256, '*hills* . . . *lowe*' : l. 260, '*Squyre*' : l. 261,
'*far*' : l. 266, '*shind* : *stones*'

Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred ;
For all the creft a Dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spred
His golden wings : his dreadfull hideous hed 280
Closely couched on the beuer, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
That suddaine horror to faint harts did show ;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

Vpon the top of all his loftie creft,
A bunch of haire discoloured diuersly,
With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for iollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone, 290
With blossomes braue bedecked daintily ;
Whose tender locks do tremble euery one
At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene ;
Not made of Steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed bene :

Page 100 is misprinted '98' in 1596, and so forward in error : l. 275, 'perle' : l. 276, 'Helmet' : l. 277, 'bredd' : l. 279, 'spredd' : l. 280, 'winges . . . hedd' : l. 282, 'sparkles fiery redd' : l. 283, 'horror . . . hartes' : l. 284, 'back' : l. 286, 'bounch . . . heares' : l. 288, 'seemd' : l. 290, 'Selinis' (italics) : l. 292, 'Her' for 'Whose' : l. 293, 'euerie' : l. 296, 'stele' is misprinted 'steeld' in 1590, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' : l. 297, 'beene.'

But / all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massie entire mould, 299
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it neuer percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance would.

The same to wight he neuer wont disclose,
 But when as monsters huge he would difmay,
 Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heauens he would affray ;
 For so exceeding shone his gliftring ray,
 That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay ;
 And filuer *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint, 310
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
 But all that was not fuch, as seemd in fight,
 Before that shield did fade, and fuddeine fall :
 And when him list the raskall routes appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transfmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all ;
 And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds, 321
 For he that made the same, was knowne right well
 To haue done much more admirable deedes.
 It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell

l. 299, 'massy' : l. 309, no punctuation after 'ouer-lay' : l. 310, 'faynt'
 l. 313, 'bloody' : l. 321, 'seeme'—misprinted 'seene' in 1590, but corrected
 in 'Faults escaped.'

All liuing wightes in might of magicke spell :
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell ;
 But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought/

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire 330
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmefull head thrice heated in the fire,
 Had riuen many a brest with pikehead square ;
 A goodly person, and could menage faire,
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
 Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
 And chaufft, that any on his backe should sit ;
 The yron rowels into frothy fume he bit.

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
 With louely court he gan her enttaine ; 340
 But when he heard her answeres loth, he knew
 Some secet sorrow did her heart distraine :
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humour fitting purpose faire,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray ;
 Wherewith emmou'd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing speach
 Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deepe,

l. 327, , for ; : l. 328, 'Faery' : l. 332, 'thrife' : l. 335, 'bitt' : l. 336,
 'amble' : l. 337, 'chanst,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped' : *ib.*, 'fitt' :
 338, 'bitt' : l. 339, 'Lady' : l. 341, 'answers' : l. 345, 'humor' : l. 347,
 emmou'd 349, 'hart . plung'd . . . deep'.

And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach ? 350
The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale :
Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,
Then rip vp grieve, where it may not auaille,
My laft left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I weene, your grieve is wondrous great ;
For wondrous great grieve groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat; 360
But / wofull Ladie let me you intrete,
For to vnfold the anguish of your hart :
Mishaps are maistered by aduice discrete,
And counsell mittigates the greatest smart :
Found neuer helpe, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O but (quoth she) great grieve will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought, then said.
Right so ; (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer : will to might giues greatest aid.
But grieve (quoth she) does greater grow displaid, 370
If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire.
Despaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

l. 351, 'creep' : l. 352, 'sleep' : l. 354, 'keep' : l. 357, 'Lady . . .
qd.' : l. 358, 'ween . . . grief' : l. 361, 'woefull Lady' : l. 365, 'help' :
l. 366, 'qd.', and o ll. 368, 370, 373, 374 : l. 371, 'breeds,' and so
l. 372.

His goodly reafon, and well guided fpeech
 So deepe did fettle in her gracious thought,
 That her perfwaded to difclofe the breach,
 Which loue and fortune in her heart had wrought,
 And faid ; faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquere the fecrets of my grieve, 380
 Or that your wifedome will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowefse can me yield reliefe :
 Then heare the ftorie fad, which I fhall tell you brieve.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue feene
 The laughing ftocke of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whofe parents deare, whileft equall deftinies
 Did runne about, and their felicities
 The fauourable heauens did not enuy,
 Did fspread their rule through all the territories, 390
 Which *Phifon* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
 And *Gehons* golden waues doe wafh continually. /

Till that their cruell curfed enemy,
 An huge great Dragon horrible in fight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
 With murtherous rauine, and deuouring might
 Their kingdome fpoild, and countrey wafte quight :
 Themfelues, for feare into his iawes to fall,
 He forft to caftle ftrong to take their flight,

l. 379, no punctuation after '*faid*' : l. 380, '*inquere*' from 1596 in preference to '*inquire*' of '96. So before *freq.* : l. 383, '*ftory*' : l. 384, '*cies*' : l. 386, '*onely*' : l. 387, '*whiles equal*' : l. 388, '*come*,' but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' to '*ronne*' : l. 390, '*fpred*' : l. 392, '*Gehons*'—misprinted '*Gebons*' in '96.

Where fast embard in mightie brafen wall, 400
He has them now foure yeres befiegd to make thê thrall.

Full many knights aduenturous and stout
Haue enterprizd that Monfter to subdew ;
From euery coast that heauen walks about,
Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard atchieuements still purfew,
Yet neuer any could that gírlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew :
All they for want of faith, or guilt of fin,
The pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie haue bin. 410

At last yledd with farre reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughtie knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhead,
Forthwith to court of *Gloriane* I sped,
Of *Gloriane* great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes feat *Cleopolis* is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliuer might.

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good) 420
There for to find a fresh vnproued knight,
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guiltie blood
Had neuer bene, ne euer by his might /

L. 400, 'mighty': L. 401, 'four years': L. 405, 'Martial': L. 406, 'harde': L. 410, 'fiers cruelty': L. 411, 'yled . . . far': L. 413, 'Fary': L. 414, 'maidenhead': L. 420, 'Yt . . . chaunce . . . chaunce': L. 422, 'hands'—misprinted 'hand' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped': *ib.*, 'imbrewd . . . guilty': L. 423, 'bene.'

Had throwne to ground the vnregarded right :
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight ;
 The groning ghosts of many one difmaide
 Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 His byting sword, and his deuouring speare, 430
 Which haue endured many a dreadfull stowre,
 Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule : now he hath left you heare,
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disauenturous deare :
 O heauie record of the good *Redcrosse*, (tosse ?
 Where haue you left your Lord, that could so well you

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 That he my captiue langour should redeeme,
 Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad 440
 His sence abufd, and made him to misdeeme
 My loyalty, not such as it did seeme ;
 That rather death desire, then such despight.
 Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lou'd, and loue with all my might,
 So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought aright.

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forfooke,
 To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,

l. 424, 'ground'—misprinted 'gtound' in 1590: l. 426, 'wines':
 l. 430, 'biting': l. 437, 'yee . . . lord': l. 439, 'langnor': l. 442, no
 punctuation after 'seeme': l. 447, 'forfooke'—misprinted 'forfooke' in '90.

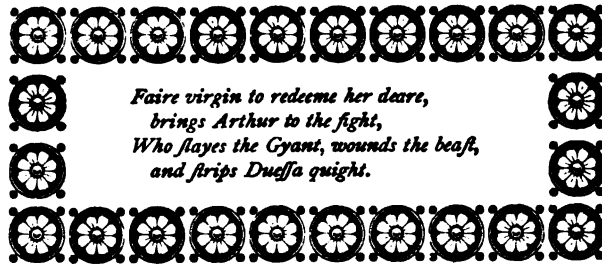
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread, 450
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead ;
 In which him chaunced false *Dueffa* meete,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweete,
 Inueigled him to follow her desires vnmeete. /

At last by subtile fleights she him betraid
 Vnto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
 Who him difarmed, diffolute, difmaid,
 Vnwares surprised, and with mightie mall
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall, 460
 Whose fall did neuer foe before behold ;
 And now in darkefome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold ;
 This is my cause of grieve, more great, then may be told.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
 Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take :
 For till I haue acquit your captiue knight, 470
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
 His chearefull words reuiu'd her cheareleffe spright,
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding euer right.

l. 450, 'foote' : l. 456, 'subtile' : l. 457, 'Gyaunt' : l. 459, 'mighty' :
 l. 466, , accepted after 'comforted' : l. 468, 'That' — Dr. Morris anno-
 tates 'All the early editions read *that*, but ? *the* '—a surprisingly erroneous
 suggestion, which only the Editor's insertion of semicolon (;) for comma (,) of
 the original after 'plaint' conceals : l. 470, 'acquitt' : l. 473, 'thē.'

Cant. VIII.



AY me, how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
 Were not, that heauenly grace doth him vphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
 Her / loue is firme, her care continuall, 10
 So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,
 Or weaknesse is to finfull bands made thrall:
 Else should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands haue dyde,
 For whose deliuerance she this Prince doth thither guide.

They sadly traueild thus, vntill they came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:

l. 4, 'the'—misprinted 'that' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of former: *id.*, 'Gyaunt': l. 7, 'that'—misprinted 'the' in 1590 and 1596, though corrected in 'Faults escaped' in the former: l. 9, : for period (.) : l. 11, 'thorough . . . own': l. 12, 'weaknes': l. 13, 'Els': l. 14, 'thether . . . guyd': l. 16, 'hye.'

Then cryde the Dwarfe, lo yonder is the fame,
 In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,
 Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie :
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay. 20
 The noble knight alighted by and by
 From loftie steede, and bad the Ladie stay,
 To see what end of fight should him befall that
 day.

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
 He marched forth towards that castle wall ;
 Whose gates he found fast shut, ne liuing wight
 To ward the fame, nor answere commers call.
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
 And tassels gay. Wyde wonders ouer all 30
 Of that fame hornes great vertues weren told,
 Which had approued bene in vses manifold.

Was neuer wight, that heard that shrilling sound,
 But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine ;
 Three miles it might be easie heard around,
 And Ecchoes three answered it selfe againe :
 No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was voide and wholly vaine :
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast, 40
 But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast. /

l. 18, 'ly' : l. 19, 'Gyaunts . . . tyranny' : l. 22, 'badd' : l. 25, 'to-wardes' : l. 26, 'found . . . shut' : l. 27, 'warde' : l. 30, 'tassiles' : l. 33, 'found' : l. 35, 'easy . . . around' : l. 39, 'void.'

The fame before the Geants gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the ground,
 And euery dore of freewill open flew.
 The Gyant felfe difmaied with that fownd,
 Where he with his *Dueffa* dalliance fownd,
 In haft came rufhing forth from inner bowre,
 With ftaring countenance fterne, as one aftownd,
 And ftaggering steps, to weet, what fuddein ftowre,
 Had wrought that horror ftange, and dar'd his dreaded
 powre. 50

And after him the proud *Dueffa* came,
 High mounted on her manyheaded beaft,
 And euery head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And euery head was crowned on his creaft,
 And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feaft.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie fhild
 Vpon his manly arme he foone addrest,
 And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
 And eger greedineffe through euery member thild.

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight, 60
 Inflam'd with fcornefull wrath and high difdaine,
 And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
 All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
 Him thought at firft encounter to haue flaine,
 But wife and warie was that noble Pere,
 And lightly leaping from fo monftrous maine,

l. 42, 'Geaunts': l. 43, 'ground': l. 45, 'Gyaunts': l. 46, 'dalliaunce':
 l. 55, 'bloody': l. 58, 'fierfly . . . corage': l. 61, 'Inflam'd': l. 63, 'arm'd':
 l. 65, 'wife'—misprinted 'wifft' in 1590, but corrected in 'Faults escaped':
ib., 'wary.'

Did faire auoide the violence him nere ;
It booted nought, to thinke, such thunderbolts to beare.

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might :
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way, 70
Missing the marke of his misfaymed fight
Did fall to ground, and with his heauie sway
So / deeply dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow vp did throw :
The sad earth wounded with so fore assay,
Did grone full grievous vnderneath the blow, (fhow.
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

As when almightie *Ioue* in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food, 80
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament ;
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angrie passage stay
And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe so light,
But that the knight him at auantage found,
And whiles he stroue his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright 91
He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
Did fall to ground, depriu'd of natiue might ;

l. 67, 'fayre' : l. 69, 'shonne' : l. 72, 'heauy' : l. 83, 'fers' : l. 85,
'angry' : l. 87, 'ground' : l. 89, 'found' : l. 92, 'smott of . . . block.'

Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rocke.

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly brayd with beaftly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe ;
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine 100
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring./

That when his deare *Dueffa* heard, and saw
The euill stownd, that daungerd her estate,
Vnto his aide she haftily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who fwolne with bloud of late
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands. 110
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with fingle sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud *Dueffa* full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to ouerthroe,

l. 94, 'blood . . . stock' : l. 96, 'Dismaied' : l. 97, 'payne' : l. 98, 'lowdly . . . sound' : l. 99, 'fieldes' : *ib.*, for ; : l. 102, 'Doe . . . milky' : l. 103, 'fieldes' : l. 104, 'neighbor . . . around' : *ib.*, 'murmur ring'—misprinted 'murmuring' in '90 and '96, though corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former : l. 108, 'blood' : l. 109, 'presumptuous' : l. 110, 'heades . . . brandes' : l. 112, 'fiers,' and so l. 115.

Scorning the let of so vnequall foe :
 But nathemore would that courageous fwayne
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe, 120
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes ;
 Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
 And secret poyson through their inner parts,
 Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts ;
 Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts ;
 Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd, 130
 And all his senses were with fuddeine dread difmayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his necke his bloudie clawes did feize,
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest :
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
 That / when the carefull knight gan well auise,
 He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprife ;
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

And high aduauncing his bloud-thirstie blade, 141
 Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,

l. 119, '*coragous*': l. 122, '*body*': l. 126, '*partes*,' and so l. 129: l. 130, '*corage*': l. 131, '*fuddein*': l. 133, '*neck . . . bloody*': l. 134, '*nigh*' misprinted '*night*' in '96: l. 141, '*blood*': l. 142, '*heades*.'

That of his puiffance proud enfample made ;
 His monftrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed fhape mif-shaped more :
 A fea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments ftaynd with filthy gore,
 And ouerflowed all the field around ;
 That ouer fhoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine, 150
 That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
 And fcourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
 Through great impatience of his grieued hed
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie fted
 Would haue caft downe, and trod in durty myre,
 Had not the Gyant foone her fuccoured ;
 Who all enrag'd with fmart and franticke yre,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forft the knight retyre.

The force, which wont in two to be difperft,
 In one alone left hand he now vnites, 160
 Which is through rage more ftrong then both were erft ;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigour fmites,
 That ftrongeft Oake might feeme to ouerthrow :
 The froke vpon his fhield fo heauie lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low
 What mortall wight could euer beare fo monftrous blow ?/

l. 143, 'puiffance': l. 145, 'miffhaped': l. 146, 'blood . . . wound':
 l. 148, 'around': l. 149, 'blood . . . grownd': l. 150, 'rored': l. 152,
 'trayne': l. 155, 'trodd . . . durty': l. 156, 'Gyaunt': l. 157, 'frantick':
 l. 158, 'fiers': l. 163, 'rigor.'

And in his fall his shield, that couered was,
 Did loofe his vele by chaunce, and open flew :
 The light whereof, that heauens light did pas, 170
 Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaued was on hye
 For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beaft, amaz'd
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durtye field, 180
 And seem'd himfelfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Vnto the Gyant loudly she gan call,
 O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or else we perish all.

At her so pitteous cry was much amou'd,
 Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd :
 But all in vaine : for he has read his end
 In that bright shield, and all his forces spend 190
 Themfelues in vaine : for since that glauncing fight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend ;
 As where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

l. 171, 'ayer' : l. 176, 'slain' : l. 179, 'dazd' : l. 181, 'seemd' : l. 184,
 'Gyaunt' : l. 185, 'els' : l. 189, 'redd' : l. 190, 'his' is misprinted 'their'
 in 1590 and 1596—'his' an obvious correction : l. 192, 'powre' : l. 194,
 'sences.'

Whom when the Prince, to battell new addrest,
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That / downe he tumbled ; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift, 200
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
 The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
 Doth rolle adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
 By subtile engins and malicious flight
 Is vndermined from the lowest ground
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
 At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,
 And yields it selfe vnto the victours might ; 210
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smot againe so fore,
 That headlesse his vnweldy bodie lay
 All wallowd in his owne foule bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store,
 But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas 220
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

l. 195, 'batteill': l. 216, 'bloody': l. 218, 'his'—misprinted 'her' in 1590, but not put in 'Faults escaped': *ib.*, 'breft.'

Whose grieuous fall, when false *Duessa* spide,
 Her golden cup she cast vnto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw aside ;
 Such percing grieve her stubborne hart did wound,
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
 But leauing all behind her, fled away :
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
 And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray. / 230

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
 In penfiue plight, and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,
 And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake ;
 Faire braunch of nobleffe, flowre of cheualrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paines, ye suffer for my sake ?

And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast, 240
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto deaths dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
 Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and seruice euermore ;
 And he that high does sit, and all things see
 With equall eyes, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
 And what I cannot quite, requite with vsuree.

l. 222, '*spyde*': l. 224, '*afyde*': l. 231, '*roiall*': l. 237, '*Fayre . . .
 cheualrie*': l. 239, '*paynes*': l. 240, '*budd*': l. 246, '*eye*.'

But fith the heauens, and your faire handeling
 Haue made you maister of the field this day, 250
 Your fortune maister eke with gouerning,
 And well begun end all so well, I pray,
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away ;
 For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
 My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
 O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

Forthwith he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
 That scarlot whore to keepen carefully ;
 Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire 260
 Into the Castle entred forcibly.
 Where / liuing creature none he did espye ;
 Then gan he lowdly through the houle to call :
 But no man car'd to answere to his crye.
 There raignd a solemne silence ouer all,
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
 An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guide his wearie gate both too and fro : 270
 For his eye sight him failed long ygo,
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
 The which vnused rust did ouergrow :
 Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
 But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

l. 252, '*begonne*': l. 258, '*Squyre*': l. 260, '*Whyles . . . desyre*': l. 261,
 , for . : l. 270, '*guyde*': l. 271, '*fayled*.'

But very vncouth sight was to behold,
 How he did fashion his vntoward pace,
 For as he forward moou'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,
 Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace, 280
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyant dead ;
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

His reuerend haires and holy grautie
 The knight much honord, as befeemed well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd, 290
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puiffaunce fell
 Had made his caytiue thrall ; againe he sayde,
 He could not tell : ne euer other anfwere made. /

Then asked he, which way he in might pas :
 He could not tell, againe he answered.
 Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,
 And said, Old fire, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it fits with that same filuer hed
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee :
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed 300
 With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
 Aread in grauer wife, what I demaund of thee.

l. 278, '*mooud*' : l. 283, '*Gyaunt*' : l. 285, '*grauitee*' : l. 292, ; for,
 —accepted : l. 297, '*fyre*' : l. 298, '*fitts*.'

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
 Whose fencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
 When as the noble Prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
 Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free entrance.
 Each dore he opened without any breach; 310
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arayd he found,
 With royall arras and resplendent gold.
 And did with store of euery thing abound,
 That greatest Princes prefence might behold.
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
 Which there were flaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
 And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new. 320

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An Altare, caru'd with cunning imagery,
 On which true Christians blood was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,
 With / cruell malice and strong tyranny :
 Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone
 To God for vengeance cryde continually,
 And with great grieve were often heard to grone,
 That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their piteous
 mone.

l. 313, , for period (.) : l. 317, 'blood' : l. 323, 'trew . . . blood.'

Through euery rowme he fought, and euery bowr, 330
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall :
 At last he came vnto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Emongst that bounch, to open it withall ;
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
 With all his powre, to weet, if liuing wight
 Were housd there within, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
 These piteous plaints and dolours did refound ; 340
 O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
 Of death, that here lye dying euery ffound,
 Yet liue perforce in balefull darkeness bound ?
 For now three Moones haue chāged thrice their hew,
 And haue beene thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
 Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
 O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings
 trew.

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
 Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled fore,
 And trembling horror ran through euery ioynt, 350
 For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore :
 Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore,
 With furious force, and indignation fell ;
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed euer forth a filthie banefull smell. /

l. 330, 'euerie' : l. 340, 'plaintes' : l. 341, 'bringes' : l. 348, 'whē.'
 v. 19

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale, and courage bold, 360
 After long paines and labours manifold,
 He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare ;
 Whose feeble thighes, vnhabable to vphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th'vnwonted funne to view ;
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty fides deceiued of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ; 370
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bows
 Were wont to riue steele plates, helmets hew,
 Were cleane confum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk vp like withered flowres.

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty ioy : to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said, Ah dearest Lord, what euill starre 380
 On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre ?

l. 360, 'corage' : l. 361, 'labors' : l. 366, 'cies' : l. 373, 'cleane' : l. 374,
 'al' : l. 375, 'Whome' : l. 381, 'frownd' : l. 383, 'maly.'

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose prefence I haue lackt too long a day ;
 And fye on Fortune mine auowed foe,
 Whose wrathfull wreakes them felues do now alay.
 And / for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good : good growes of euils priefe.
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay, 390
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieve ;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
 The things, that grieuous were to do, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight :
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare :
 But th'onely good, that growes of passed feare,
 Is to be wife, and ware of like agein.
 This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen, 400
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

Henceforth fir knight, take to you wonted strenght,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might ;
 Loe where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length,
 And loe that wicked woman in your fight,
 The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her liue, or dye.
 To do her dye (quothe *Vna*) were despight,

l. 385, '*haue*'—misprinted '*kaue*' in '96 : l. 386, '*ſie*' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected '*fye*' in '*Faults eſcaped*' in the former : l. 387, '*doe*' : l. 388, '*wronges*' : l. 394, '*doe*' : l. 396, '*delight*'—Dr. Morris queries here '*? diſlike*' (Upton), an emendation that would deſtroy the Poet's idea utterly. Cf. '*delight*' in l. 395 with this : l. 397, '*onely*' : l. 399, '*daies*' : l. 402, '*Sir*' : l. 404, '*lies*' : l. 407, '*die*,' and ſo l. 408 : l. 408, '*qd.*'

And shame t'auenge so weak an enemy ;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly. 410

So as she bad, that witch they difaraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid ;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoild her tire and call,
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her mishaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told. /

Her craftie head was altogether bald, 420
And as in hate of honorable eld,
Was ouergrowne with scurfe and filthy scald ;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld.
And her fowre breath abhominably smeld ;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld ;
Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would haue loathd all womankind.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chafter Muse for shame doth blush to write, 430
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight ;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in fight ;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight,

l. 412, 'royall': l. 415, 'despoild': l. 420, 'crafty.'

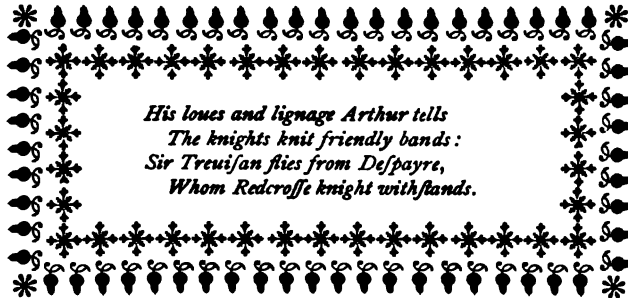
The other like a Beares vneuen paw :
More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature faw.

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then (said *Vna*) as she seemeth here, 440
Such is the face of falshood, such the fight
Of fowle *Dueffa*, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

She flying fast from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her discouered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From liuing eyes her open shame to hide, 450
And / lurkt in rocks and caues long vnespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selues, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

l. 436, 'beares' : l. 446, 'waies' : l. 447, 'she' : l. 451, 'lurkt'—mis-
printed 'lurket' in 1596 : l. 455, 'al.'

Cant. IX.



O Goodly golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in louely wize :
And noble minds of yore allyed were,
In braue poursuit of cheualrous emprise,
That none did others safety despise, 10
Nor aid enuy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others prayse deuize,
How to aduaunce with fauourable hands, (bands.
As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcrosse* knight from

Who when their powres empaired through labour long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captiue wight now wexed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leafure dwell,

l. 3, 'knitt' : *ib.*, 'bands'—misprinted 'hands' in 1590, but corrected in
'Faults escaped' : l. 4, 'Despayre' : l. 5, 'Redcros' : l. 6, 'chayne' : l. 8,
'mindes' : l. 9, 'poursuitt' : l. 12, 'praise' : l. 15, 'empayrd.'

But forward fare, as their aduentures fell,
 But ere they parted, *Vna* faire befought 20
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell ;
 Leaft so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die vnknown, & buried be in thanklesse thought. /

Faire virgin (faid the Prince) ye me require
 A thing without the compas of my wit :
 For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
 From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
 For all so foone as life did me admit
 Into this world, and shewed heauens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was vnfit : 30
 And streight deliuered to a Faery knight,
 To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath beene
 In warlike feates th'expertest man aliue,
 And is the wifest now on earth I weene ;
 His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
 Vnder the foot of *Rauran* mossy hore,
 From whence the riuer *Dee* as siluer cleene
 His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore : 40
 There all my dayes he traird me vp in vertuous lore.

Thither the great Magicien *Merlin* came,
 As was his vse, ofttimes to vifit me :

l. 23, 'thankles' : l. 24, 'yee' : l. 25, 'witt' : l. 26, 'certain' : l. 27,
 'mee . . . yitt' : l. 28, 'admitt' : l. 29, 'heuens' : l. 30, 'vnfit' : l. 31,
 'Fary' : l. 41, 'mee' : l. 42, 'Thether . . . magicien' : l. 43, 'mee.'

For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And Tutours nouriture to ouersee.
 Him oft and oft I askt in priuitie,
 Of what loines and lignage I did spring :
 Whose aunfwere bad me still assured bee,
 That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
 As time in her iust terme the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent, 51
 And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
 But what aduenture, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
 Aread / Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band ?
 Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
 The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand
 The secreet meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
 That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

For whither he through fatall deepe forefight 60
 Me hither sent, for cause to me vngheft,
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whilome doth rangle in my riuen breft,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by wayes yet neuer found,
 You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
 Ah curteous knight (quoth she) what secreet wound
 Could euer find, to grieue the gentlest hart on ground ?

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
 Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow, 70

¹ L. 45, '*Tutors*': L. 46, '*priuity*': L. 50, '*term*': L. 52, '*Tutors*': L. 54,
 '*hether . . . Faery*': L. 55, '*Arthure*': L. 56, '*qd.*': L. 59, '*waies*': L. 60,
 '*whether . . . fatal*': L. 65, '*hether*.'

Ne euer will their feruent fury flake,
 Till liuing moyfture into fmoke do flow,
 And wafte life do lye in afhes low.
 Yet fithens filence leffeneth not my fire,
 But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
 I will reuele, what ye fo much defire :
 Ah Loue, lay downe thy bow, the whiles I may refpire.

It was in freftest flowre of youthly yeares,
 When courage firft does creepe in manly cheft,
 Then firft the coale of kindly heat appears 80
 To kindle loue in euery liuing breft ;
 But me had warnd old *Timons* wife behest,
 Thofe creeping flames by reafon to fubdew,
 Before their rage grew to fo great vnrest,
 As miferable louers vse to rew, [new. /
 Which ftill wex old in woe, whiles woe ftill wexeth

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
 As loffe of time, and vertues enemy
 I euer fcornd, and ioyd to ftirre vp ftife,
 In middeft of their mournfull Tragedy, 90
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the fire, which them to afhes brent :
 Their God himfelfe, grieu'd at my libertie,
 Shot many a dart on me with fiers intent,
 But I them warded all with wary gouernment.

l. 73, 'doe': l. 77, 'down': *ib.*, 'the'—misprinted 'that' in 1590, but corrected in 'Faults efcafed': *ib.*, 'refpyre': l. 79, 'corage': l. 80, 'the'—misprinted 'that' in 1590, but corrected in 'Faults efcafed': *ib.*, 'cole': l. 82, '*Timons*'—misprinted '*Cleons*' in 1590, but corrected in 'Faults efcafed': l. 86, 'wo' (2nd): l. 87, 'yde': l. 93, 'grieu'd': l. 94, 'Shott.'

But all in vaine : no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshly breft can armed be so found,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or vnawares at disauantage found ; 100
 Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground :
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
 Doth sooneft fall in disauentrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours most despight.

Ensamble make of him your haplesse ioy,
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see ;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud auenging boy
 Did foone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
 For on a day prickt forth with iollitie 110
 Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd ;
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet faire displayd :
 Whiles / euery fence the humour sweet embayd,
 And flombring soft my hart did steale away, 120
 Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd

l. 98, 'found' : l. 100, 'vnawares'—misprinted 'vnwares' in '96: *ib.*,
 'found' : l. 101, 'ground' : l. 103, 'boastes . . . bound' : l. 109, 'liber-
 tee' : l. 110, 'iollitee' : l. 114, 'on'—misprinted 'at' in 1590 and 1596, but
 corrected in 'Faults escaped' of former : l. 115, 'sportes' : l. 118, 'helmett
 fayre.'

Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay :
So faire a creature yet saw neuer funny day.

Most goodly glee and louely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me loue her deare,
For dearely sure her loue was to me bent,
As when iust time expired should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was neuer hart so rauisht with delight,
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare, 130
As she to me deliuered all that night ;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

When I awoke, and found her place deuoyd,
And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,
I forrowed all so much, as earst I ioyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lou'd that face diuine ;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind,
To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne,
And neuer vowd to rest, till her I find, 140
Nine monethes I seeke in vaine yet ni'll that vow vnbind.

Thus as he spake, his vifage waxed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray ;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan say ;

l. 123, '*fayre*' : l. 125, '*badd*' : l. 132, '*Faries*' : l. 134, no, after '*gras*' :
l. 137, '*diuine*' : l. 138, '*mynd*' : l. 139, '*labor*' : l. 140, '*vowd*'—mis-
printed '*vow*' in 1596 : *ib.*, '*fynd*' : l. 141, '*Nyne . . . seek . . . vaine . . .*
vnbynd' : l. 144, '*Yett*.'

O happy Queene of Faeries, that haft found
 Mongft many, one that with his prowefle may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound :
 True Loues are oftē fown, but feldom grow on ground. /

Thine, O then, faid the gentle *Redcroffe* knight, 151
 Next to that Ladies loue, ſhalbe the place,
 O faireſt virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whoſe wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmeſt fixt in mine extremeſt caſe,
 And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace :
 For onely worthy you through prowes priefe
 Yf liuing man mote worthy be, to be her lief.

So diuerſly diſcourſing of their loues, 160
 The golden Sunne his gliſtring head gan ſhew,
 And ſad remembraunce now the Prince amoues,
 With freſh deſire his voyage to purſew :
 Als *Vna* earnd her traueill to renew.
 Then thoſe two knights, faſt frienſhip for to bynd,
 And loue eſtabliſh each to other trew,
 Gaue goodly gifts, the ſignes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

Prince *Arthur* gaue a boxe of Diamond ſure,
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament, 170
 Wherein were cloſd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,

l. 147, '*Faries . . . fownd*': l. 149, '*confownd*': l. 150, '*ground*':
 l. 153, '*ſayreſt*': l. 157, '*worthie*,' and ſo ll. 158 and 159 : l. 165, '*friend-
 ſhip*': l. 168, '*as*'—misprinted '*the*' in 1596.

That any wound could heale incontinent :
 Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gaue
 A booke, wherein his Saueours testament
 Was writ with golden letters rich and braue ;
 A worke of wondrous grace, and able foules to faue.

Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To feeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
 With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did pray. 180
 But she now weighing the decayed plight,
 And / shrunk synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course purfew,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recouered had his former hew :
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

So as they traueild, lo they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other grieved thing, that him agast. 190
 Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behind ;
 Als flew his steed, as he his bands had braft,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
 As he had beene a fole of *Pegasus* his kind.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
 To be vnarmd, and curld vncombed heares

l. 173, 'wound': l. 175, 'his'—misprinted 'this' in 1590, but corrected
 in 'Faults escaped': l. 190, 'agast': l. 191, 'fled': l. 192, 'bekynd':
 l. 193, 'bandes': l. 194, 'wynd': l. 195, 'kynd': l. 197, 'bee.'

Vpstartinge stiffe, dismayd with vncouth dread ;
 Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares
 Nor life in limbe : and to increase his feares, 200
 In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his gliftring armes does ill agree ;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd :
 There him he finds all fencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid ;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliuer might ; 210
 Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight :
 For neuer knight I saw in such misseeming plight. /

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
 Feare to his first amazement, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspid
 Infernall furies, with their chaines vntide.
 Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
 The gentle knight ; who nought to him replide, 220
 But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (shake.
 And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to

For Gods deare loue, Sir knight, do me not stay ;
 For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.

l. 199, 'blood' : l. 201, 'knighthoodes fayre' : l. 207, 'findes' : l. 214
 'wyde' : l. 217, 'afpyde' : l. 218, 'vntyde' : l. 219, 'yett' (bis) : l. 220,
 , for ; : ib., 'replyde' : l. 223, 'doe.'

Eft looking backe would faine haue runne away ;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secreet cause of his perplexitie :
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
 Could his bloud-frofen hart emboldned bee,
 But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach, 230
 Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein
 breach.

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
 From him, that would haue forced me to dye ?
 And is the point of death now turned fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history ?
 Feare nought : (quoth he) no daunger now is nye ?
 Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
 (Said he) the which with this vnlucky eye
 I late beheld, and had not greater grace
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place. 240

I lately chaunft (Would I had neuer chaunft)
 With a faire knight to keepen companee,
 Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe aduaunft
 In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
 But / not so happie as mote happie bee :
 He lou'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
 That him againe lou'd in the least degree:
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

l. 225, 'back': l. 227, 'secrete': l. 229, 'blood': l. 230, 'boldnes':
 l. 231, 'Yett . . . silence': l. 242, 'fayre': l. 244, 'affayres': l. 245,
 'happy' (bis): l. 246, 'Lady.'

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse, 250
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen (God from him me bleffe)
 That curled wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell, that cals himselfe *Despayre* :
 Who first vs greets, and after faire areedes
 Of tydings strange, and of aduentures rare :
 So creeping clofe, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
 Emboft with bale, and bitter byting grieffe, 260
 Which loue had launched with his deadly darts,
 With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,
 He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
 That earft vs held in loue of lingring life ;
 Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perfwade vs die, to stint all further strife :
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

With which sad instrument of hastie death,
 That wofull louer, loathing lenger light,
 A wide way made to let forth liuing breath. 270
 But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall fight,
 Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare :
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare :
 But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare. /

l. 250, 'retourning' : l. 254, 'calls . . . Despayre' : l. 255, 'fayre' :
 l. 256, 'tydinges straunge' : l. 266, 'dye' : l. 267, 'rusty' : l. 268, 'hasty' :
 l. 270, 'wyde' : l. 273, 'Fledd' : l. 275, 'infirmitie' : l. 276, 'speeches.'

How may a man (said he) with idle speech
 Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health ?
 I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth: 280
 His subtile tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h
 Into the hart, and seareth euery vaine,
 That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.
 O neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer reft
 Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride ;
 And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me vnto his cabin guide.
 I that hight *Treuisan* (quoth he) will ride 290
 Against my liking backe, to doe you grace :
 But nor for gold nor glee will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
 For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

Ere long they come, where that fame wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow caue,
 Farre vnderneath a craggie clift ypight,
 Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedie graue,

l. 279, 'tryall': l. 281, 'subtile tong': l. 282, 'heart': l. 284, 'weaknes': l. 286, 'sayd': l. 287, 'tryde': l. 289, 'guyde': l. 290, 'ryde': l. 292, 'glee'—sic in 1590 and 1596—corrected by Church into 'fee'—not accepted: *ib.*, 'abyde': l. 297, 'Far . . . craggy': *ib.*, 'yplight'—misprint not in 'Faults escaped'—Dr. Morris is wrong in recording 'clift' as in this line corrected by 'cliff.' It is 'cliff' in both 1590 and 1596, and is not among the 'Faults escaped,' though in l. 309 the correction is made: l. 298, 'driary . . . greedy.'

That still for carrion carcafes doth craue :
 On top whereof aye dwelt the ghaftly Owle, 300
 Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
 Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
 And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer seene,
 Did hang vpon the ragged rocky knees ;
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,
 Whose / carcafes were scattred on the greene,
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arriued there, 309
 That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
 Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare,
 But th'other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

That darkefome caue they enter, where they find
 That curfed man, low fitting on the ground,
 Mufing full fadly in his fullein mind ;
 His griefie lockes, long growen, and vnbound,
 Difordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as aftound ;
 His raw-bone cheekes through penurie and pine, 320
 Were shronke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

l. 300, 'ay' : l. 302, 'Far' : l. 303, 'wayle &' : l. 305, 'fruite' : l. 308, 'scattred'—misprinted 'scattered' in 1596 : l. 309, 'cliffs'—misprinted 'clifts' in 1590 and 1596, though corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former : l. 312, 'flaye' : l. 316, 'griefe'—so 1590 and 1596, but 1611 reads 'griefly,' which may or may not have been the Poet's own word : l. 321, 'Were'—misprinted 'Where' in '96 : *ib.*, 'dyne.'

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts ;
 And him beside there lay vpon the gras
 A drearie corse, whose life away did pas,
 All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh alas ;
 In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood. 330

Which piteous spectacle, approuing trew
 The wofull tale that *Treuisan* had told,
 When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
 Him to auenge, before his blood were cold,
 And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact, we here behold,
 What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (fight/
 With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught 340
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue ?
 What iustice euer other iudgement taught,
 But he should die, who merites not to liue ?
 None else to death this man despayring driue,
 But his owne guiltie mind deferuing death.
 Is then vniust to each his due to giue ?
 Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath ?
 Or let him die at ease, that liueth here vneath ?

l. 326, 'dreary': l. 327, 'own': l. 329, 'rusty': l. 335, 'blood':
 l. 337, 'authour': l. 338, 'blood' (his): l. 343, 'dye,' and so l. 347: l. 344,
 'els': l. 346, 'dew': l. 347, 'liuing'—misprinted 'lining' in '96.

Who trauels by the wearie wandring way,
 To come vnto his wished home in haste, 350
 And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him ouer past,
 Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
 Most enuious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
 And sond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

He there does now enioy eternall rest
 And happie ease, which thou doest want and craue,
 And further from it daily wandereft : 360
 What if some litle paine the passage haue,
 That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
 Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
 And layes the foule to sleepe in quiet graue?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
 And said, The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it ;
 The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted, 370
 Nor / leaue his stand, vntill his Captaine bed.
 Who life did limit by almightie doome,
 (Quoth he) knowes best the termes establisht ;

l. 349, '*trauailles*': l. 357, '*bancke . . . pas*': l. 359, '*happy*': l. 360, '*payne*,' and so l. 363: l. 361, '*frayle*': l. 368, '*is limited*' in '90 is misprinted '*life limited*,' and in '*Faults escaped*' is thus erroneously quoted '*life imited*,' and the correction given '*life is limited*,' so that probably in some copies of 1590 the misprint was '*imited*.'

And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth licenſe him depart at ſound of morning droome.

Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,
In heauen and earth ? did not he all create
To die againe ? all ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written ſure, and haue their certaine date. 380
Who then can ſtrive with ſtrong neceſſitie,
That holds the world in his ſtill chaunging ſtate,
Or ſhunne the death ordaynd by deſtinie ?
Whẽ houre of death is come, let none aſke whence, nor
why.

The lenger life, I wote the greater ſin,
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment :
All thoſe great battels, which thou boaſts to win,
Through ſtrife, and bloud-ſhed, and auengement,
Now prayſd, hereafter deare thou ſhalt repent :
For life muſt life, and bloud muſt bloud repay. 390
Is not enough thy euill life foreſpent ?
For he, that once hath miſſed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth ſtray.

Then do no further goe, no further ſtray,
But here lie downe, and to thy reſt betake,
Th'ill to preuent, that life enſewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loued make,

l. 380, '*certain*'; l. 382, '*holds*'--Dr. Morris inadvertently ſays 1590 reads '*hold*,' but it does not: l. 388, '*blood*,' and ſo l. 390 (*bis*): l. 393, period (.) for , in error: l. 394, '*doc*': l. 395, '*ly*.'

And giues not rather caufe it to forfake ?
 Feare, sickneffe, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake ;
 And euer fickle fortune rageth rife, 401
 All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life. /

Thou wretched man, of death haft greateft need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy ftate :
 For neuer knight, that dared warlike deede,
 More lucklefse difauntures did amate :
 Witneffe the dongeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life fhut vp, for death fo oft did call ;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then, would the like mishaps foreftall, 410
 Into the which hereafter thou maieft happen fall.

Why then doeft thou, O man of fin, defire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their laft degree ?
 Is not the meafure of thy finfull hire
 High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
 Againft the day of wrath, to burden thee ?
 Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
 Thou falſed haft thy faith with periurie,
 And fold thy ſelfe to ſerue *Dueſſa* vilde,
 With whom in all abuſe thou haft thy ſelfe defilde ? 420

Is not he iuſt, that all this doth behold
 From higheſt heauen, and beares an equall eye ?

l. 404, 'ballance': l. 405, 'deed': l. 406, 'difauntures': l. 407, 'wiltneſſe . . . dongeon': l. 411, 'maieſt': l. 412, 'O': l. 415, 'iniquitee': l. 417, 'Lady mild': l. 418, 'falſed'—misprinted 'falſeſt' in 1590: *ib.* 'periurie': l. 419, 'vild': l. 420, 'defild': l. 422, 'heuen . . . eie.'

Shall he thy fins vp in his knowledge fold,
 And guiltie be of thine impietie?
 Is not his law, Let euery finner die:
 Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger, till the glasse be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne.

The knight was much enmoued with his speach, 430
 That as a sword's point through his hart did perfe,
 And in his conscience made a secreet breach,
 Well knowing true all, that he did reherse,
 And / to his fresh remembrance did reuerse
 The vgly vew of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
 Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile, 440
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
 And hellish anguish did his foule affaile,
 To driue him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
 He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
 The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

l. 424, 'guilty': l. 425, 'law': l. 427, 'doe'—probably a misprint in 'go and '96 for 'die,' but as Spenser uses 'doe' freq., not changed in text: l. 428, 'glas': l. 429, 'faeries': l. 432, 'secrete': l. 433, 'trew': l. 434, 'remembraunce': l. 439, 'Miscreant': l. 441, 'daunt': l. 444, 'shewd.'

The fight whereof so throughly him difmaid,
 That nought but death before his eyes he faw,
 And euer burning wrath before him laid, 450
 By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law :
 Then gan the villein him to ouercraw,
 And brought vnto him fwords, ropes, poifon, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw ;
 And bad him choofe, what death he would defire :
 For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But when as none of them he faw him take,
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gaue it him in hand : his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene, 460
 And troubled bloud through his pale face was feene
 To come, and goe with tydings from the hart,
 As it a running meffenger had beene.
 At laft refolu'd to work his finall fmart,
 He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start. /

Which whenas *Vna* faw, through euery vaine
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a fwowne : but foone reliu'd againe,
 Out of his hand ſhe fnatcht the curfed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife, 470
 And to him faid, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
 What meaneft thou by this reprochfull strife ?
 Is this the battell, which thou vauntſt to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?

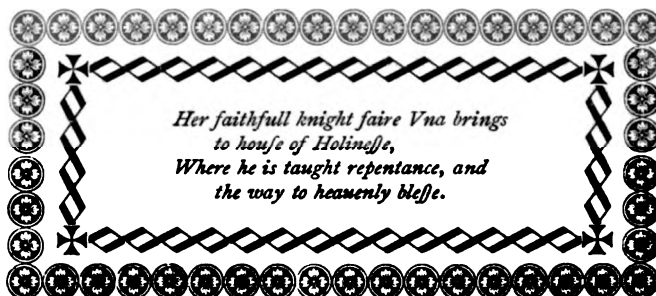
l. 449, '*cies*': l. 456, '*dew*': l. 461, '*blood*': l. 462, '*heart*': l. 463, '*ronning*': l. 466, '*whenas*'—misprinted '*when as*' in '96: *ib.*, '*faw*'—1590 has '*heard*': l. 468, '*rdiu'd*' (not '*reliv'd*,' as Dr. Morris) in 1590 and 1596—1611 stupidly reads '*reliev'd*': l. 471, '*hearted*': l. 473, '*battaille*.'

Come, come away, fraile, feely, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne diuelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 In heauenly mercies hast thou not a part? 478
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chofen art?
 Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface,
 Arise, Sir knight arise, and leaue this curfed place.

So vp he rofe, and thence amounted streight.
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would fave depart, for all his subtill sleight,
 He chofe an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hung himfelfe, vnbid vnbleft.
 But death he could not worke himfelfe thereby;
 For thoufand times he fo himfelfe had drest, 491
 Yet natheleffe it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his laft, that is eternally.

l. 475, '*feely*'—1590 has '*feble*': l. 480, '*greter*': l. 486, '*subtile*'.
 l. 488, '*hong*': l. 490, '*him felfe*.'

Cant. / X.



W^Hat man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
 And vaine assurance of mortality,
 Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight,
 Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
 Or from the field most cowardly doth fly ? 10
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gained victory.
 If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that, which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint ;
 And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
 Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
 Which he endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight : 20
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,

l. 4, 'repentaunce' : l. 10, 'felde' : l. 17, 'sinewes' : l. 20, 'vnfitt . . . bloody.'

She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auntient house not farre away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life : so well they say
It gouerned was, and guided euermore, /
Through wisedome of a matrone graue and hore ;
Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needes
Of wretched foules, and helpe the helpelesse pore :
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes, 31
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame *Cælia* men did her call, as thought
From heauen to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well vpbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercife :
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wife,
Fidelia and *Speransa* virgins were,
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize ;
But faire *Charissa* to a louely fere 40
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arriued there, the dore they find fast lockt ;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes : but when they knockt,
The Porter opened vnto them streight way :
He was an aged fyre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full flow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,

l. 24, 'auntient . . . far' : l. 34, 'thether.'

Hight *Humild.* They passe in stouping low ;
For streight & narrow was the way, which he did shew.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin, 51
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became,
For in his speeches and behauour hee
Did labour liuely to expresse the fame,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

There / fairely them receiues a gentle Squire, 60
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire ;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reuerence*. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat ; no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke vnfained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place : 70
Who all this while was busie at her beades :
Which doen, she vp arose with seemely grace,

l. 50, '*shew*': l. 52, '*spacious*': l. 53, '*pleasant*': l. 57, '*speeches*':
l. 60, '*fairly* . . . *Squire*': l. 61, '*mild* . . . *courtesie*': l. 62, '*attire*':
. 63, '*shewd* . . . *modestie*': l. 65, '*speeches*': l. 66, '*nicetie*': l. 67,
'*trav*': l. 68, '*Squire*': l. 69, '*afterwardes*': l. 70, '*Lady*': l. 71,
'*busy*.'

And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where when that fairest *Vna* she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,
 Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly fweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

And her embracing said, *o* happie earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
 Most vertuous virgin borne of heauenly berth, 80
 That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
 From tyrans rage, and euer-dying dread,
 Haft wandred through the world now long a day ;
 Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way ?
 Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hither stray ?

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place, or any other wight,
 That hither turns his steps. So few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right : / 90
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to go astray,
 And be partakers of their euill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way ;
 O foolish men, why hafte ye to your owne decay ?

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,
 O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,
 And this good knight his way with me addrest,
 Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,

l. 76, '*heart*': l. 78, '*O happy*': l. 84, '*Yet . . . weary*': l. 85,
 '*hether*,' and so ll. 86, 89: l. 87, '*strauinge*': l. 92, '*goe*': l. 95, '*hañ*':
 l. 96, '*limbes*': l. 97, '*hether*': l. 99, '*Ledd*.'

That up to heauen is blowne. The auncient Dame,
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise, 101
 And entertaynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'fies, that she could deuise.
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wife.

Thus as they gan of fundry things deuise,
 Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numberd euen steps and equall pace :
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight, 110
 Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
 That could haue dazd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like heauens light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water fild vp to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horror made to all, that did behold ;
 But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood :
 And in her other hand she fast did hold 120
 A booke, that was both fignd and seald with blood,
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

Her / younger sifter, that *Speranza* hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her befeemed well ;
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of fight,
 As was her sifter ; whether dread did dwell,

l. 100, 'heauen' : l. 101, 'guise' : l. 102, 'enterteynd' : l. 103, 'deuise' :
 l. 105, 'fondrie thinges' : l. 113, 'heuens' : l. 122, 'writt' : l. 123, 'Sifter.'

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell :
 Vpon her arme a filuer anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned euer, as befell :
 And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray, 130
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarued other way.

They feeling *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like courtesie :
 Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
 And greatly ioy each other well to see :
 Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne themselues, at *Vnaes* meeke request,
 And him salute with well befeeming glee :
 Who faire them quites, as him befeemed best,
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest. 140

Then *Vna* thus ; But she your sifter deare,
 The deare *Chariffa* where is she become ?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere ?
 Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come :
 For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
 And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
 That her to see should be but troublefome.
 Indeede (quoth she) that should her trouble fore,
 But thank't be God, and her encrease fo euermore.

Then said the aged *Cælia*, Deare dame, 150
 And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,

l. 130, 'heuen': l. 132, 'towards': l. 133, 'courtesie': l. 135, 'well'—
 1590 has 'for': l. 143, 'el/where': l. 148, 'Indeed': *ib.*, 'her'—in 1590
 and 1596 'be,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former: l. 150,
 'saide': l. 151, 'yours.'

And labours long, through which ye hither came,
 Ye both forwearied be : therefore a whyle /
 I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
 Then called she a Groome, that forth him led
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed ;
 His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresht with due repast, 160
 Faire *Vna* gan *Fidelia* faire request,
 To haue her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
 That of her heauenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisedome of her words diuine.
 She graunted, and that knight so much agrafte,
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,
 That none could read, except she did them teach,
 She vnto him disclofed euery whit, 170
 And heauenly documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
 Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
 For she was able, with her words to kill,
 And raife againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

b l. 152, 'labours . . . hether' : l. 155, 'ledd' : l. 157, 'bedd' : l. 158,
 'aredd' : l. 160, 'dew' : l. 161, 'Fayre' (bis) : l. 162, 'Schoolehouse' : l. 164,
 'wisedom' : l. 168, 'bloud ywritt' : l. 169, 'reade' : l. 170, 'whitt' : l. 172,
 'witt' : l. 175, 'able' in 1590 'hable' : ib., 'wordes' : l. 176, 'rayse.'

And when she list poure out her larger spight,
 She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from heauens hight ;
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could difmay, 180
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in tway ;
 And eke huge mountaines from their natiue seat
 She would commaund, themselues to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
 Almightye God her gaue such powre, and puiffance great.

The / faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heauenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore, 190
 Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his finnes so fore,
 That he desirde, to end his wretched dayes :
 So much the dart of finfull guilt the soule difmayes.

But wife *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Vpon her siluer anchor, as was meet ;
 Else had his finnes so great, and manifold
 Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agonie, 200
 When him his dearest *Vna* did behold,
 Disdeining life, defiring leaue to die,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

l. 178, '*hasty*': l. 179, '*heuens*': l. 181 first appeared in 1609, having been dropped somehow in 1590 and 1596: l. 188, '*heuenly*': l. 191, '*Greend*': l. 198, '*Fls*': l. 199, , after '*all*' (bad): l. 200, '*agony*': l. 202, '*dye*': l. 203, '*perplexity*.'

And came to *Cælia* to declare her smart,
 Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
 Which finfull horror workes in wounded hart,
 Her wifely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsell and aduifement right;
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great infight 210
 In that difeafe of griued conscience,
 And well could cure the fame; His name was *Patience*.

Who comming to that foule-difeafed knight,
 Could hardly him intreat, to tell his grieve:
 Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie fpright,
 Well fearcht, eftfoones he gan apply reliefe /
 Of falues and med'cines, which had paffing priefe,
 And thereto added words of wondrous might:
 By which to eafe him he recured brieve,
 And much affwag'd the paffion of his plight, 220
 That he his paine endur'd, as feeming now more light.

But yet the caufe and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption, and infected fin,
 Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
 And festring fore did rankle yet within,
 Clofe creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
 Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
 Downe in a darkefome lowly place farre in,
 Whereas he meant his corrofiues to apply,
 And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady. 230

l. 207, , after 'all' (bad): l. 213, 'fowle': l. 214, 'grief': l. 216,
 'relief' and . removed: l. 217, 'prief': l. 218, 'wordes': l. 219, 'brieve':
 l. 225, 'rankle': l. 228, 'darkfome . . . far.'

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
 His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
 And dieted with fasting euery day,
 The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
 And made him pray both earely and eke late :
 And euer as superfluous flesh did rot
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
 To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
 That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

And bitter *Penance* with an yron whip, 240
 Was wont him once to disple euery day :
 And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did pricke and nip,
 That drops of bloud thence like a well did play ;
 And sad *Repentance* used to embay,
 His bodie in salt water smarting fore,
 The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore (dore.
 The man that would not liue, but earft lay at deathes

In / which his torment often was so great,
 That like a Lyon he would cry and rore, 250
 And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
 His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
 His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
 Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
 For pittie of his paine and anguish fore ;
 Yet all with patience wifely she did beare ;
 For well she wist, his crime could else be neuer cleare.

l. 234, 'woundes' : l. 236, 'rott' : l. 238, 'fyrie whott' : l. 239, 'lefte . . . iott' : l. 240, 'Penance' : l. 242, 'pricke' : l. 243, 'blood' : l. 245, in 1590 runs—'His blamefull body in salt water fore' : l. 246, 'blottes . . . sinne' : l. 248, 'erft' : l. 255, 'payne' : l. 257, 'cryme . . . els.'

Whom thus recouer'd by wife Patience,
 And trew *Repentance* they to *Vna* brought :
 Who ioyous of his cured conscience, 260
 Him dearely kist, and fairely eke befought
 Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his carefull brest.
 By this *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest ;
 To her faire *Vna* brought this vnacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
 With goodly grace and comely perfonage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare ; 270
 Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare
 As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will ;
 Her necke and breasts were euer open bare,
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill ;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake & young,
 But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old : /
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold, 280
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire.
 Whose passing price vneath was to be told ;
 And by her side there sate a gentle paire
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yuorie chaire.

l. 259, '*Repentance*': l. 261, '*fayrely*': l. 266, '*fayre*': l. 268,
 '*bounty*': l. 273, '*brefts*': l. 278, '*weak*': l. 281, '*fayre*,' and so l. 285 :
 l. 283, '*fyde . . . payre*': l. 284, '*yuory chayre*.'

The knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
 And bid her ioy of that her happie brood ;
 Who them requites with court'fies seeming meet,
 And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
 Then *Vna* her besought, to be so good,
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight, 290
 Now after all his torment well withstood,
 In that sad house of *Penaunce*, where his spright
 Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iust request,
 And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
 Gan him instruct in euery good behest,
 Of loue, and righteoufnesse, and well to donne,
 And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
 And many foules in dolours had fordonne : 300
 In which when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to heauen she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wifedome well descride :
 Her name was *Mercie*, well knowne ouer all,
 To be both gracious, and eke liberall :
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,
 To lead aright, that he should neuer fall
 In all his wayes through this wide worldes waue, 310
 That Mercy in the end his righteous foule might faue.

l. 286, 'happy': l. 288, 'entertaynes': l. 294, 'ioyious': l. 296,
 'euerie': l. 297, 'righteoufnes': l. 302, 'heauē': l. 303, 'guyde': l. 305,
 'descryde': l. 306, 'Mercy': l. 309, 'leade': l. 310, 'waies.'

The /godly Matrone by the hand him beares
 Forth from her prefence, by a narrow way,
 Scattred with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
 Which still before him she remou'd away,
 That nothing might his ready passage stay :
 And euer when his feet encombred were,
 Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did vpbeare,
 As carefull Nourfe her child from falling oft does reare.

Eftfoones vnto an holy Hospitall, 321
 That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
 In which seuen Bead-men that had vowed all
 Their life to seruice of high heauens king
 Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing :
 Their gates to all were open euermore,
 That by the wearie way were traueiling
 And one fate wayting euer them before,
 To call in-commers by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them that eldest was, and best, 330
 Of all the house had charge and gouernement,
 As Guardian and Steward of the rest :
 His office was to giue entertainment
 And lodging, vnto all that came, and went :
 Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,
 And double quite, for that he on them spent,
 But such, as want of harbour did constraîne :
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was as Almner of the place,
 His office was, the hungry for to feed, 340

l. 325, 'daies' : l. 326, 'There'—*sic* in 1590 and 1596.

And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace :
 He feard not once him felfe to be in need, /
 Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede :
 The grace of God he layd vp still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede ;
 He had enough, what need him care for more ?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie, 350
 But clothes meet to keepe keene could away,
 And naked nature seemely to aray ;
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay ;
 And if that no spare cloths to giue he had,
 His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
 Poore prisioners to relieue with gracious ayd,
 And captiues to redeeme with price of bras,
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd,
 And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd, 361
 That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
 Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
 And he that harrowd hell with heauie stowre, (bowre.
 The faultie foules from thence brought to his heauenly

The fift had charge ficke perfons to attend,
 And comfort those, in point of death which lay ;

l. 348, '*custody*' : l. 350, '*winges . . . vanity*' : l. 355, '*clothes*' : l. 356, '*cote*' : ll. 361, 365, '*faulty*' : l. 366, '*sick*.'

For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When fin, and hell, and death do most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away. 370
 All is but lost, that liuing we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man haue mind of that last bitter throw ;
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer low.

The / fixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely fort their corfes to engraue,
 And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
 That to their heauenly spouse both sweet and braue
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made, all beasts to feare, and gaue
 All in his hand, euen dead we honour should. 382
 Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

The feuenth now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
 And widowes ayd, least they should be vndone :
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread : 390
 And when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin knight arriued was,
 The first and chiefeft of the feuen, whose care

l. 377, 'brydall' : l. 381, 'beastes' : l. 386, 'wydowes.'

Was guefts to welcome, towarde him did pas :
 Where feeing *Mercie*, that his steps vp bare,
 And alwayes led, to her with reuerence rare
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlineffe,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare :
 For of their order she was Patroneffe,
 Albe *Chariffa* were their chiefeft foundereffe. 400

There she awhile him stayes, him felfe to reft,
 That to the reft more able he might bee :
 During which time, in euery good beheft
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee /
 She him inſtructed with great induſtree ;
 Shortly therein ſo perfect he became,
 That from the firſt vnto the laſt degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteouſneſſe, without rebuke or blame. 410

Thence forward by that painfull way they paſſe,
 Forth to an hill, that was both ſteepe and hy ;
 On top whereof a ſacred chappell was,
 And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lye,
 That day and night ſaid his deuotion,
 Ne other worldly buſines did apply ;
 His name was heauenly *Contemplation* ;
 Of God and goodneſſe was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had ; 420
 For God he often ſaw from heauens hight,

l. 397, 'alwaies' : l. 403, 'able' is 'hable' in 1590 : l. 415, 'lie' : l. 418,
 'heuenly' : l. 419, 'goodnes.'

All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly fight,
 Yet wondrous quick and perfant was his spright,
 As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne :
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
 That his frayle thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
 Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed, 430
 As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
 Each bone might through his body well be red,
 And euery finew seene through his long fast :
 For nought he car'd his carcas long vnfed ;
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chaft.

Who / when these two approaching he aspidē,
 At their first presence grew agrieued fore,
 That forst him lay his heauenly thoughts aside; 440
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
 He would not once haue moued for the knight.
 They him saluted standing far afore ;
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

What end (quoth he) should cause vs take such paine,
 But that fame end, which euery liuing wight

l. 422, 'eien' : l. 424, 'perfaunt' : l. 425, 'cie' : l. 427, 'fraile . . .
 weary' : l. 429, 'find' : l. 431, 'hoary' : l. 440, 'heuenly' : l. 446, 'kight' :
 l. 447, 'qd. she.'

Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine ?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right 450
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
 With burning starres, and euerliuing fire,
 Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
 By wife *Fidelia* ? she doth thee require,
 To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

Thrife happy man, said then the father graue,
 Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way, his finfull soule to saue.
 Who better can the way to heauen aread, 460
 Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heauenly throne, where thousand Angels shine ?
 Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
 Present before the maiestie diuine,
 And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
 Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
 That neuer leads the traueiler astray, /
 But after labours long, and sad delay, 470
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright affoiled is,
 And haue her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

l. 453, '*keies*': l. 462, '*heuenly*': l. 463, '*praiers*': l. 464, '*maiesty*':
 l. 465, '*clemency*': l. 468, '*Faries*': l. 470, '*labors*': l. 471, '*Brings*'—
 an obvious correction of '*Bring*' in 1590 and 1596: *ib.*, '*them*'—qy.
 '*him*'? but it is '*them*' in both. Dr. Morris suggests '*travellers*' in
 l. 469.

That done, he leads him to the higheft Mount ;
 Such one, as that fame mighty man of God,
 That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
 On either fide difparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt fortie dayes vpon ; where writ in ftone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God, 480
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receiue, whiles flafhing fire about him fhone.

Or like that facred hill, whose head full hie,
 Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endleffe memory
 Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
 For euer with a flowring girlond crownd :
 Or like that pleafaunt Mount, that is for ay
 Through famous Poets verfe each where renownd,
 On which the thrife three learned Ladies play 490
 Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely
 lay.

From thence, far off he vnto him did fhew
 A litle path, that was both fteepe and long,
 Which to a goodly Citie led his vew ;
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and ftrong
 Of perle and precious ftone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
 Too high a ditty for my fimple fong ;
 The Citie of the great king hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happineffe doth dwell. 500

l. 476, 'blood' : l. 479, 'forty daies . . . writt' : l. 480, 'bloody' : l. 491,
 'heuenly' : l. 494, 'Citty' : l. 495, '&' : l. 499, 'Citty . . . greate.'

As / he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend
 From highest heauen, in gladsome companee,
 And with great ioy into that Citie wend,
 As commonly as friend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her loftie towres vnto the starry sphere,
 And what vnknown nation there empeopled were.

Faire knight (quoth he) *Hierusalem* that is, 510
 The new *Hierusalem*, that God has built
 For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
 His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt,
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On curfed tree, of that vnspotted lam,
 That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt:
 Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
 More deare vnto their God, then yoüglings to their dam.

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
 That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue beene, 520
 In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
 The fairest Citie was, that might be seene;
 And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing, that was:
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;

l. 503, 'heuen': l. 504, 'Citty,' and so ll. 522 and 526: l. 505, 'frend'
 (bis): l. 508, 'lofty': l. 510, 'qd.': l. 513, 'sinful': l. 514, 'pretious'—
 misprinted 'piteous' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped'
 of the former: *ib.*, 'blood': l. 515, 'al': l. 517, 'Citty': l. 518, 'dear':
 l. 521, 'Fary': l. 523, 'cleene.'

For this great Citle that does far furpas, (glas.
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of

Most trew, then faid the holy aged man ;
Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly frame,
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can : 530
And well befeemes all knights of noble name, /
That couet in th'immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that fame to haunt,
And doen their seruice to that foueraigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt :
For she is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How euer now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy seruice for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate foredonne. 540
But when thou famous victorie haft wonne,
And high emongst all knights haft hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wafh thy hands from guilt of bloody field :
For blood can nought but fin, & wars but forrowes yield.

Then seeke this path, that I to thee prefage,
Which after all to heauen shall thee send ;
Then peaceably to thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same *Hierusalem* do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end : 550

l. 529, '*frame*'—misprinted '*fame*' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' of the former : l. 530, '*cie*' : l. 532, '*couett*' : l. 536, '*heuenly*' : l. 541, '*victory*' : l. 543, '*switt*' : l. 544, '*bloody*' : l. 545, '*blood . . . forrowes*' : l. 546, '*seek*' : l. 549, '*doe*.'

For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
 And Patrone: thou Saint *George* shalt called bee,
 Saint *George* of mery England, the signe of victoree.

Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
 These that haue it attained, were in like cace
 (Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.
 But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
 And Ladies loue to leaue so dearly bought? 560
 What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
 (Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
 As for loose loues they are vaine, and vanish into nought.

O / let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
 Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
 But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
 Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.
 That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yit
 Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care, 570
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
 Till from her curfed foe thou haue her freely quit.

Then shall I soone, (quoth he) to God me grace,
 Abet that virgins cause disconfolate,

l. 555, 'qd.': l. 557, 'attaynd': l. 558, 'As wretched men, and liued
 in like paine': l. 562, 'bitter battailes all ate fought' [sic]: l. 563, 'they'
 dropped in 1596: *ib.*, '&': l. 566, 'aie': l. 567, 'voiage': l. 569, 'yett':
 l. 570, 'Forgoe . . . royal': l. 571, 'committ': l. 572, 'quilt': l. 573,
 'qd.': l. 574, 'abett.'

And shortly backe returne vnto this place,
 To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
 But now aread, old father, why of late
 Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
 Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?
 That word shall I (said he) auouchen good, 580
 Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
 Of *Saxon* kings, that haue with mightie hand
 And many bloudie battailes fought in place
 High reard their royall throne in *Britane* land,
 And vanquisht them, vnable to withstand :
 From thence a Faerie thee vnweeting reft,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
 Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries
 theft.

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond, 591
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
 Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
 As he his toylefome teme that way did guyde,
 And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to byde,
 Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name ;
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
 And proue thy puiffaunt armes, as seemes thee best be-
 came.

l. 575, 'back': l. 579, 'then' after 'doen' by error in 1596: l. 583,
 'kings': l. 584, 'bloody': *ib.*, 'place' in 1590 is 'face'; l. 585,
 'Britans': ll. 587, 591, 'Faery': l. 598, 'Fary.'

O holy Sire (quoth he) how fhall I quight 600
 The many fauours I with thee haue found,
 That haft my name and nation red aright,
 And taught the way that does to heauen bound ?
 This faid, adowne he looked to the ground,
 To haue returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
 Through paffing brightneffe, which did quite cōfound
 His feeble fence, and too exceeding fhyne.
 So darke are earthly things compard to things diuine.

At laft whenas himfelfe he gan to find,
 To *Vna* back he caft him to retire ; 610
 Who him awaited ftill with penfiue mind.
 Great thankes and goodly meed to that good fyre,
 He thence departing gaue for his paines hyre.
 So came to *Vna*, who him ioyd to fee,
 And after litle reft, gan him defire,
 Of hēr aduenture mindfull for to bee.
 So leaue they take of *Cælia*, and her daughters three.

l. 601, 'found' : l. 602, 'redd' : l. 603, 'bound' : l. 604, 'ground' :
 l. 606, 'brightnes' : l. 609, 'fynd' : l. 610, 'retyre' : l. 611, 'mynd' :
 l. 615, 'defyre.'

Cant. / XI.

*The knight with that old Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly :
The third him ouerthrowes, and gayns
most glorious victory.*

High time now gan it wex for *Vna faire*,
To thinke of those her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwafted kingdome to repaire :
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie words her knight ſhe gan to cheare, 10
And in her modeſt manner thus beſpake ;
Deare knight, as deare, as euer knight was deare,
That all theſe ſorrowes ſuffer for my ſake,
High heauen behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

Now are we come vnto my natiue soyle,
And to the place, where all our perils dwell ;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore thenceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.

l. 6, 'fayre': l. 8, 'repayre': l. 11, 'maner': l. 16, 'perilles': l. 17, 'hauntes': l. 18, 'bee': *ib.*, 'it,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped.'

The sparke of noble courage now awake, 20
 And striue your excellent selfe to excell ;
 That shall ye euermore renowmed make,
 Aboue all knights on earth, that batteill vndertake.

And pointing forth, lo yonder is (said she)
 The brafen towre in which my parents deare
 For dread of that huge feend emprisond be
 Whom I from far, see on the walles appeare /
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare, 30
 That ô my parents might I happily
 Vnto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
 That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
 And seemd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftfoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
 Where stretcht he lay vpon the sunny side,
 Of a great hill, himfelfe like a great hill.
 But all fo foone, as he from far descride
 Those gliftring armes, that heauen with light did fill,
 He rousd himfelfe full blith, and haftned them vntill. 41

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloofe,
 And to an hill her selfe with draw aside,

l. 20, 'corage': ll. 24—32 not in 1590: l. 33, 'fownd': l. 34, 'terror . . . wyde': l. 36, 'espyde': l. 37, 'stretcht'—misprinted 'stretch' in 1596: l. 39, 'descryde': l. 40, 'heuen': l. 41, 'blyth': l. 42, 'badd . . . aloof': *ib.*, 'his'—misprinted 'this' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former: l. 43, 'a/yde.'

From whence she might behold that battailes proof
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde :
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.
 Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Faire ympe of *Phæbus*, and his aged bride,
 The Nourse of time, and euerlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name; 50

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may aswage,
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd ;
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe neuer he so sownd,
 And scared nations doest with horreur sterne astownd.

Faire / Goddesse lay that furious fit aside, 60
 Till I of warres and bloudy *Mars* do finge,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horreur heauen and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse :
 But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

l. 46, 'little': l. 48, 'Fayre . . . bryde': l. 50, 'handes': l. 52, 'mightie': l. 54, 'hartes': l. 55, 'corage': l. 59, 'scared'—misprinted 'feared' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former: *ib.*, 'horror': l. 60, 'Fayre . . . fitt asyde': l. 61, 'bloody . . . doe': l. 62, 'Bryton fieldes . . . blood': l. 64, 'horror heuen': l. 66, 'lett.'

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
 Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haft, 70
 That with his largeness meafured much land,
 And made wide fhadow vnder his huge waft;
 As mountaine doth the valley ouercast.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monftrous, horrible, and vaft,
 Which to increafe his wondrous greatnesse more,
 Was fwolne with wrath, & poyfon, & with bloody gore.

And ouer all with brafen scales was armd,
 Like plated coate of Steele, fo couched neare,
 That nought mote perce, ne might his corfe be harmd
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare; 81
 Which as an Eagle, feeling pray appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
 So fhaked he, that horror was to heare,
 For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
 Such noyse his rouzd scales did fend vnto the knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did difplay,
 Were like two fayles, in which the hollow wynd
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
 And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd / 90
 Were like mayne-yards, with flying canuas lynd,
 With which whenas him lift the ayre to beat,
 And there by force vnwonted paffage find,

l. 70, 'hafte': l. 72, 'wafte': l. 73, 'ouercaste': l. 75, 'vaft,' in 1590
 'vafte,' is misprinted 'waft' in 1596: l. 76, 'greatnes': l. 77, 'fwoln . . .
 bloody': l. 78, , in 1590 and 1596 after 'ouer': l. 79, 'cote': l. 80, 'bee':
 l. 81, 'fwerd': l. 84, 'horror': l. 85, 'Armor': l. 87, 'winges': l. 91,
 'lynd' in 1590 misprinted 'kynd': l. 93, 'fynd.'

The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heauens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle wound vp in hundred foldes,
Does ouerspred his long bras-scaly backe,
Whose wreathed boughts when euer he vnfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does flacke.
Bespotted all with shields of red and blacke, 100
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke ;
And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending claws ;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What euer thing does touch his rauinous pawes,
Or what within his reach he euer drawes.
But his most hideous head my tounge to tell, 110
Does tremble : for his deepe deuouring iawes
Wide gaped, like the grievly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyffe all rauin fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,

l. 94, 'cloudes . . . fledd . . . terror' : l. 95, 'heuens' : l. 96, 'wound' :
l. 97, 'back' : l. 98, 'boughtes' : l. 99, 'slack' : l. 100, 'shields' : l. 103,
'stinges in fixed' : l. 104, 'sharp . . . farr' : l. 105, 'stinges' : l. 106,
'cruel' : l. 110, 'tongue' : l. 112, 'Wyde' : l. 113, 'abyffe' : l. 116,
'blood.'

That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare :
 Which to increafe, and as atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smoothing fmoke and sulphur feare 120
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with fmoke and stench did fill.

His / blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fyre ;
 As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
 Send forth their flames farre off to euery shyre,
 And warning giue, that enemies conspyre,
 With fire and sword the region to inuade ;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :
 But farre within, as in a hollow glade, 130
 Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull
 (shade,

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
 Forelifting vp aloft his speckled breft,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great ioyance of his newcome gwest.
 Eftsoones he gan aduance his haughtie creft,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,
 And shoke his scales to battell readie drest ;
 That made the *Redcrosse* knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare. 140

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might :

l. 119, 'as'—misprinted 'all' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former': l. 120, 'sulphure': l. 123, 'shieldes': l. 125, 'fieldes': l. 126, 'far,' and so l. 130: l. 127, 'enimies': l. 131, 'sett': l. 132, 'towards': l. 133, 'a loft': l. 135, 'ioyauce': l. 138, 'battai-ready': l. 140, 'defyaunce': l. 141, 'fayrely . . . steady': l. 142, 'fiercely.'

The pointed steele arriuing rudely theare,
 His hardier hide would neither perce, nor bight,
 But glauncing by forth passed forward right ;
 Yet fore amoued with so puissant push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush (rush.
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe, 150
 And fresh encounter towards him adress :
 But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to reft. /
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
 To be auenged of so great despight ;
 For neuer felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force, from hand of liuing wight ;
 Yet had he prou'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then with his wauing wings displayed wyde,
 Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground, 160
 And with strong flight did forcibly diuide
 The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
 Her flitting partes, and element vnfound,
 To beare so great a weight : he cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round :
 At last low stouping with vnweldie sway,
 Snatcht vp both horse & man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore aboue the subiect plaine,
 So farre as Ewghen bow a shaft may fend,

l. 144, 'hyde . . . nether' : l. 145, 'foorth' : l. 146, 'puissant' : l. 151,
 'towards' : l. 152, 'yde' : l. 161, 'diuysde' : l. 162, 'ayre' : l. 163,
 'parts' : l. 166, 'vnweldy' : l. 169, 'far.'

Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne, 170
 To let them downe before his flightes end :
 As hagdard hauke prefuming to contend
 With hardie fowle, aboue his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
 To trusse the pray too heauie for his flight ; (fight.
 Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayed
 In his bras-plated body to emboffe,
 And three mens strength vnto the stroke he layd ;
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd, 181
 And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
 Close vnder his left wing, then broad displayd.
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the vncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

He / cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
 When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
 The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her feat,
 And greedie gulfe does gape, as he would eat 190
 His neighbour element in his reuenge :
 Then gin the bluftring brethren boldly threat,
 To moue the world from off his stedfast henge,
 And boystrous battell make, each other to auenge.

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh,
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatched the wood,

l. 175, 'heauy' : l. 180, 'stroke' : l. 187, 'wrathful' : l. 190, 'greedy' :
 l. 194, 'battaille' : l. 195, 'stuck.'

And quite a funder broke. Forth flowed fresh
 A gushing riuer of blacke goarie blood,
 That drowned all the land, whereon he stood ;
 The streame thereof would driue a water-mill. 200
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth frō his large nosethrill.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striuing to loofe the knot, that fast him tyes,
 Himfelse in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
 That to the ground he is perforce conftaynd
 To throw his rider : who can quickly ryse 210
 From off the earth, with durty bloud distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he difdaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing feemd the puiffance could withstand :
 Vpon his creft the hardned yron fell, /
 But his more hardned creft was armd so well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take, 220
 But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

The knight was wrath to fee his stroke beguyld,
 And smote againe with more outrageous might ;

l. 198, 'gory' l. 202, 'sence' : l. 203, 'nosethril' : l. 207, 'knott' :
 l. 210, 'ryder' : l. 211, 'of . . . blood' : l. 215, 'puiffaunce' : l. 223,
 'smot.'

But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke, where it did light ;
 As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
 The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his wings to flye aboue the ground ;
 But his late wounded wing vnseruiceable found. 230

Then full of grieve and anguish vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
 And from his wide deuouring ouen sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
 Him all amazd, and almost made affeard :
 The scorching flame fore swinged all his face,
 And through his armour all his bodie feard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world, 240
 Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
 With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verses charm'd,
 As did this knight twelue thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
 That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

L. 224, '*sparckling*': l. 227. in '96 brought out from the others, like the first and last—in error: l. 229, '*winges*': *ib.*, '*flye*'—*qy.* flye?: l. 235, '*affeard*': l. 236, '*swinged*' 1590 and 1596—1609 reads '*singed*': l. 237, '*body*': l. 241, '*vaunt*' is misprinted '*daunt*' in 1596: l. 245, '*blood*' . . . *bloody*': l. 247, '*erst*' . . . *armd*,' and so l. 248: *ib.*, '*harmd*.'

Faint, / wearie, fore, emboyled, griued, brent
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire
 That neuer man such mischiefes did torment ; 250
 Death better were, death did he oft desire,
 But death will neuer come, when needes require.
 Whom so difmayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)
 Behind his backe vnweeting, where he stood,
 Of auncient time there was a springing well, 260
 From which fast trickled forth a siluer flood,
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
 Whylome, before that curfed Dragon got
 That happie land, and all with innocent blood
 Defyld those sacred waues, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

For vnto life the dead it could restore,
 And guilt of finfull crimes cleane wash away :
 Those that with sicknesse were infected fore,
 It could recure, and aged long decay 270
 Renew, as one were borne that very day.
 Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,
 And th'English *Bath*, and eke the german *Spau*,
 Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this well :
 Into the same the knight backe ouerthrowen, fell.

l. 249, '*Faynt*': l. 258, '*fayre*,' and , after '*befell*': l. 259, '*Behynd*':
 l. 264, '*happy*': l. 271, '*one*'—misprinted '*it*' (not '*its*' as Dr. Morris
 says) in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' of the former :
 l. 273, printed in 1596 out of line, like first and last of the stanza.

Now gan the golden *Phæbus* for to steepe
 His fierie face in billowes of the west,
 And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
 Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest, /
 When that infernall Monster, hauing keft 280
 His wearie foe into that liuing well,
 Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest,
 Aboue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his penfiue Ladie saw from farre,
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 As weening that the sad end of the warre,
 And gan to higheft God entirely pray,
 That feared chance from her to turne away ;
 With folded hands and knees full lowly bent 290
 All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
 Her daintie limbs in her sad dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
 That *Titan* rose to runne his daily race :
 But early ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,
 Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loued knight to moue his manly pace : 300
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

l. 282, '*Can*'—another example of '*can*' = gan, as in Chaucer, though '*gan*' is again used in l. 288—see Glossary, s.v. : l. 285, '*Lady*' : l. 289, '*chaunce*' : l. 292, '*dainty*' : l. 294, '*carely*,' and so l. 296 : l. 302, '*enimy*.'

At laft ſhe ſaw, where he vpſtarted braue
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay ;
 As Eagle freſh out of the Ocean waue,
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
 And deckt himſelfe with feathers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the ſkies,
 His newly budded pineons to affay,
 And marueiles at himſelfe, ſtill as he flies : 310
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new did riſe.

Whom / when the damned feend ſo freſh did ſpy,
 No wonder if he wondred at the fight,
 And doubted, whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new ſupplied knight.
 He, now to proue his late renewed might,
 High brandiſhing his bright deaw-burning blade,
 Vpon his creſted ſcalpe ſo fore did fmite,
 That to the ſcull a yawning wound it made :
 The deadly dint his dulled ſenfes all difmaid. 320

I wote not, whether the reuenging ſteele
 Were hardned with that holy water dew,
 Wherein he fell, or ſharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;
 Or other ſecret vertue did enſew ;
 Elſe neuer could the force of fleſhly arme,
 Ne molten mettall in his bloud embrew :
 For till that ſtownd could neuer wight him harme,
 By ſubtilty, nor flight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

l. 306, '*lefte . . . hory*' 307, '*feathers*': l. 310, '*merueiles . . .*
ſtil': l. 314, '*enimy*': l. 318, '*scalp*': l. 320, '*fences*': l. 326, '*Els*':
 l. 327, '*blood*.'

The cruell wound enraged him so fore, 330
 That loud he yelded for exceeding paine ;
 As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
 Whom rauenous hunger did thereto constraîne :
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so fore,
 That to his force to yeelden it was faine ;
 Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The fame aduauncing high aboue his head,
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot, 340
 That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead,
 Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot : /
 The mortall sting his angry needle shot
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seafd,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got :
 The grieve thereof him wondrous fore diseafd,
 Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeafd.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
 Then of the grieuous smart, which him did wring,
 From loathed foile he can him lightly reare, 350
 And stroue to loose the farre infixed sting :
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling.
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string

l. 331, 'yelded' in 1609 is 'yelled' : l. 332, 'Lions . . . seemd' : l. 340, 'smott' : l. 342, 'behott' : l. 343, 'shott' : l. 345, 'gott' : l. 347, 'ranckling' : l. 350, 'can'—see on l. 282 : l. 351, 'far' : *ib.*, 'sting'—misprinted 'string' in '96 : l. 353, 'hefte' : l. 354, 'string'—misprinted 'sting' in '96.

Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft,
Fiue ioynts thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skyes,
That all was couered with darknesse dire : 360
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He cast at once him to auenge for all,
And gathering vp himfelfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall,
Vpon his funne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talants to vnfold ;
For harder was from *Cerberus* greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw 370
To reauce by strength, the griped gage away ;
Thrise he assayed it from his foot to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

Tho / when he saw no power might preuaile,
His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid ;
As sparckles from the Anduile vse to fly, 380

l. 355, 'a sunder cleft': l. 356, 'ioints . . . & . . . left':
l. 357, 'cries': l. 358, 'foule': l. 359, 'skies': l. 361, 'yre': l. 365,
'grypt': l. 368, 'yett . . . talaunts': l. 369, 'For' of '90 and '96 is
'Nor' in 1609: *ib.*, 'greedy': l. 372, 'foote': l. 376, 'trusty': l. 377,
'fierfly'.

When heauie hammers on the wedge are fwaid ;
 Therewith at laft he forft him to vnty
 One of his grafping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foot, faft fixed on his shield
 Whenas no ftrength, nor ftroks mote him conftaine
 To loofe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He fmot thereat with all his might and maine,
 That nought fo wondrous puiffance might fustaine ;
 Vpon the ioynt the lucky Steele did light, 389
 And made fuch way, that hewd it quite in twaine ;
 The paw yet miſſed not his miniſht might,
 But hong ftill on the ſhield, as it at firſt was pight,

For grieve thereof, and diueliſh deſpight,
 From his infernall founace forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
 Enrold in duſkiſh ſmoke and brimſtone blew ;
 As burning *Aetna* from his boyling ſtew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrappt in coleblacke clouds and filthy ſmoke, 400
 That all the land with ſtench, and heauen with horror
 choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull peſtilence
 So fore him noyd, that forft him to retire
 A little backward for his beſt defence,
 To faue his bodie from the ſcorching fire, /

l. 381, 'heavy . . . wedg' : l. 383, 'thereby'—misprinted 'threby' in
 '90 : l. 384, 'foote' : l. 387, 'smott' : l. 388, 'wondrous . . . puiffance' :
 l. 389, 'ioint' : l. 391, 'yett' : l. 395, 'heuens' : l. 400, 'clouds' : l. 401,
 'ſtich, & heuen' : l. 404, 'litle backward' : l. 405, 'body.'

Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
 It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside, 411
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
 As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues ouer all were red :
 For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
 And life eke euerlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his almightie hand, and did it call
 The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be found, 420
 Saue in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did ouerthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof who so did eat, eftfoones did know
 Both good and ill : O mornefull memory :
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen vs all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
 A trickling streame of Balme, most foueraine 430

l. 408, '*recoiled backward*': l. 409, '*forwearied*': l. 412, '*rosy redd*':
 l. 414, '*redd*': l. 415, '*happy* . . . *fedd*': l. 417, '*fledd*': l. 418, '*Al-*
mighty': l. 420, '*fownd*': l. 422, '*grownd*': l. 424, '*ouerthrow*' in
 1590 misprinted '*ouerthow*.'

And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And ouerflowed all the fertill plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine :
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gaue,
 And deadly woundes could heale and reare againe
 The fenselesse corse appointed for the graue.
 Into that fame he fell : which did from death him saue.

For / nigh thereto the euer damned beaft
 Durft not approch, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preferued, did detest : 440
 Yet he it oft aduentur'd to inuade.
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade
 And yeeld his room to sad fucceeding night,
 Who with her fable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth, and wayes of liuing wight,
 And high her burning torch fet vp in heauen bright.

When gentle *Vna* saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
 And faint through losse of bloud, mou'd not at all,
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight, 450
 Befmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
 Againe she stricken was with fore affright,
 And for his safetie gan deuoutly pray ;
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
 And faire *Aurora* from the deawy bed

l. 431, 'dainty': l. 434, 'gracious': l. 435, 'wounds': l. 436, 'fencelesse':
 l. 438, 'Beast': l. 443, 'roume': l. 448, 'weary': l. 449, 'blood...moon'd':
 l. 452, 'woundes': l. 457, 'fayre': *ib.*, 'the'—misprinted 'her' in '96.

Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
 With rofie cheekes, for fhame as blushing red ;
 Her golden lockes for hafte were loofely fhed 460
 About her eares, when *Vna* her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers fprede ;
 From heauen high to chafe the cheareleffe darke,
 With merry note her loud falutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly vp arofe the doughtie knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himfelfe to battell readie dight ;
 Whofe early foe awaiting him befide /
 To haue deuourde, fo foone as day he fpyde,
 When now he faw himfelfe fo freshly reare, 470
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
 He woxe difmayd, and gan his fate to feare ;
 Nathleffe with wonted rage he him aduanced neare.

And in his firft encounter, gaping wide,
 He thought attonce him to haue fwallowd quight,
 And ruft vpon him with outragious pride ;
 Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
 Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with fo importune might, 480
 That deepe emperft his darkfome hollow maw,
 And back retyrd, his life bloud forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanifht into fmoke and cloudes fwift ;

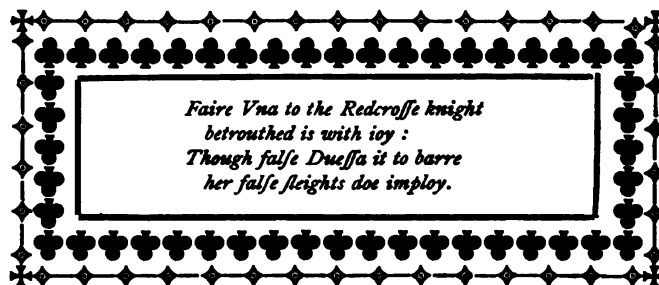
L. 459, '*refy*': L. 460, '*locks . . . haft*': L. 463, '*heuen . . . chafe*'
 L. 464, '*mery . . . loued*': L. 467, '*battaille ready*': L. 472, '*dif/maid*':
 L. 474, '*wyde*': L. 476, '*pryde*': L. 477, '*renountring*': L. 482, '*blood*'.

So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift ;
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whose false foundation waues haue washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth difmay ; 490
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd ;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeem'd,
But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end :
Then God she prayd, and thankd her faithfull knight,
That had atchieu'd so great a conquest by his might. 500

l. 489, 'poyse'—so '90 and '96—Dr. Morris queries 'noyse'? : l. 493, 'seemd' : l. 494, 'Lady' : l. 495, 'misdeemd' : l. 497, 'of shaking' : l. 500, 'atchieude.'

Cant. / XII.



BEhold I see the hauen nigh at hand,
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
 Vere the maine shete, and beare vp with the land,
 The which afore is fairely to be kend,
 And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend ; 10
 There this faire virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed be, now at her iourneyes end :
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
 Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

Scarfely had *Phæbus* in the glooming East
 Yet harnessed his fire-footed teeme,
 Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,

L 5, 'sleightes': L 9, 'fayrly': L 10, 'stormes': L 11, 'fayre': L 12,
 'bee': L 14, 'mery wynd': L 16, 'Yett . . . fyrie.'

That signe of laft outbreathed life did feeme,
 Vnto the watchman on the caſtle wall ; 20
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beaſt did deeme,
 And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
 To tell, how he had feene the Dragons fatall fall.

Vprofe with haſtie ioy, and feeble ſpeed
 That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
 Thoſe tydings were, as he did vnderſtand, /
 Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
 He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
 Which long time had bene ſhut, and out of hond 30
 Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his ſtate ;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompets found on hie,
 That ſent to heauen the ecchoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happie victorie
 Gainſt him, that had them long oppreſt with tort,
 And faſt imprifoned in ſieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in ſolemne feaſt,
 To him aſſembled with one full conſort,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beaſt, 40
 From whoſe eternall bondage now they were releaſt.

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,

l. 23, period (.) for , of 1590 and 1596 : l. 24, 'haſty' : l. 25, 'Syrre' :
 l. 26, 'indeed' : l. 27, 'tydings' : l. 28, 'trew . . . fond' : l. 29, 'badd
 . . . braſen' : l. 30, 'beene' : l. 33, 'hye' : l. 34, 'heuen' : l. 35,
 'victory' : l. 43, 'ground.'

And sad habiliments right well beseene ;
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of fage and sober Peres, all grauely gownd ;
 Whom farre before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to fownd,
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;
 Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land. 50

Vnto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
 And him before themfelues prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
 And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them all dauncing on a row
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene do grow,
 When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light :
 And in their hands sweet Timbrels all vpheld on hight.

And / them before, the fry of children young 60
 Their wanton sports and childifh mirth did play,
 And to the Maydens founding tymbrels fung
 In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull muficke all the way,
 Vntill they came, where that faire virgin stood ;
 As faire *Diana* in fresh sommers day,
 Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shadie wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in chriftall
 flood.

l. 45, 'round': l. 47, 'far': l. 50, 'victory': l. 54, 'laurell': l. 57,
 'doe': l. 59, 'handes': l. 60, 'yong': l. 61, 'sportes': l. 62, 'found-
 ing . . . song': l. 64, 'musicke': l. 66, 'feyre': l. 67, 'Beholdes . . .
 shady.'

So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew; who when to her they came, 70
 Themselues to ground with gracious humbleffe bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heauen her euerlasting fame:
 Then on her head they fet a girland greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
 Who in her selfe-refemblance well beseene,
 Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after, all the raskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement
 To see the face of that victorious man : 80
 Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,
 And gazd vpon with gaping wonderment.
 But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The fight with idle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faynd;
 One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest, / 90
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed;
 Another said, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

l. 71, 'gracious': l. 73, 'heuen': l. 74, 'sett . . . girland': l. 76,
 'self': l. 78, no, after 'after': l. 84, misprinted 'monstrous' in '96:
 l. 85, 'yde': l. 87, 'fled': l. 92, 'Dragonettes . . . seede': l. 93,
 'saide': l. 94, 'fyre . . . badd.'

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld
 Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe reuyld,
 And to her gossips gan in counsell fay ;
 How can I tell, but that his talants may 100
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand ?
 So diuerfly themselues in vaine they fray ;
 Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
 To proue how many acres he did spread of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
 The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
 Being arriued, where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasance did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
 With princely gifts of yuorie and gold, 110
 And thoufand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
 With shaumes, & trompets, & with Clarions sweet ;
 And all the way the ioyous people sings,
 And with their garments strowes the paved fstreet :
 Whence mounting vp, they find purueyance meet
 Of all, that royall Princes court became,
 And all the floore was vnderneath their feet 120

l. 96, 'foolehardy': l. 97, 'to': l. 99, 'gossips': l. 100, 'talants'—
 misprinted 'talants' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped,' though
 erroneously under p. 170 instead of p. 174 ; but so in l. 97: l. 101, no (?)
 but (.) : l. 102, 'them selues': l. 104, 'spred': l. 105, 'round': l. 108,
 'defeasance': l. 109, 'fayre . . . entertayne': l. 110, 'yuory': l. 111,
 'yeeldes': l. 114, 'bringes': l. 116, 'singes': l. 118, 'fynd purueyance.'

Befpred with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowly fit, and fitting purpofe frame.

What / needs me tell their feaft and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?
What needs of daintie difhes to deuize,
Of comely feruices, or courtly trayne ?
My narrow leaues cannot in them containe
The large difcourfe of royall Princes ftate.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine :
For th'antique world exceffe and pride did hate ; 130
Such proud luxurious pompe is fwollen vp but late.

Then when with meates and drinkes of euery kinde
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occafion finde,
Of ftraunge aduentures, and of perils fad,
Which in his trauell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed gueft :
Who then with vtt'rance graue, and count'nance fad
From point to point, as is before exprefst,
Discourft his voyage long, according his request. 140

Great pleasures mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull aduentures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklefse ftate,

l. 121, '*Be fpredd . . . fcarlet*': l. 122, '*fitt*': l. 123, '*needes*,' and
l. 125: l. 125, '*dainty*': l. 127, '*containe*'—in '90 '*untayne*' (non-
sense): l. 129, '*playn*': l. 130, '*pryde*': l. 139, '*poynt*' (*bis*): l. 143,
'*Whyles*.'

And often blame the too importune fate,
 That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes :
 For neuer gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes ;
 And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheeks.

Then said the royall Pere in sober wife ; 150
 Deare Sonne, great beene the euils, which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprife,
 That I note, whether prayse, or pittie more : /
 For neuer liuing man, I weene, so fore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest ;
 But since now safe ye seised haue the shore,
 And well arriued are, (high God be blest)
 Let vs deuize of ease and euerlasting rest.

Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
 Of ease or rest I may not yet deuize ; 160
 For by the faith, which I to armes haue plight,
 I bounden am streight after this emprize,
 As that your daughter can ye well aduize,
 Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
 And her to serue six yeares in warlike wize,
 Gainst that proud Paynim king, that workes her teene :
 Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

Vnhappie falles that hard necessitie,
 (Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,

l. 150, '*said that*': l. 153, '*note*' in 1590 and 1596, not '*note*' in '96,
 as Dr. Morris says: l. 164, '*Faery*': l. 165, '*size*': l. 166, '*Paynim*'
 —misprinted '*Pynim*' in '96: l. 168, '*Vnhappy falls . . . necessity*': l. 169,
 '*happy*.'

And vowed foe of my felicitie ; 170
 Ne I against the fame can iustly preace :
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen vndo ; (for vowes may not be vaine)
 Soone as the terme of those fix yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
 The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

Which for my part I couet to performe,
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battaile ouercame, 180
 Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee :
 Therefore since now to thee perteines the fame,
 By dew desert of noble cheualree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

Then / forth he called that his daughter faire,
 The fairest *Vn'* his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter, and his onely heyre ;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare 190
 Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell the dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long wished light ;
 So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in fight.

l. 170, '*felicity*': l. 173, '*doe . . . vayne*': l. 175, '*hether . . . retourne agayne*': l. 176, '*twayn*': l. 180, '*battayle*': l. 182, '*heyre*': l. 183, '*perteynes*': l. 186, '*fayre*': l. 188, '*only hayre*': l. 192, '*drawing*'—misprinted '*dawning*' in 1596.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;
 For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heaunnly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride ;
 And on her now a garment she did weare, 200
 All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
 That seemd like filke and filuer wouen neare,
 But neither filke nor filuer therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face
 To tell, were as to striue against the streame.
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
 Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder ; for her owne deare loued knight,
 All were she dayly with himselfe in place, 210
 Did wonder much at her celestially fight :
 Oft had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire dight,

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
 She to her Sire made humble reuerence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace vnto her excellence : /
 Who with great wifedome, and graue eloquence
 Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,
 With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in, much like a man difmaide, 220
 A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

l. 198, 'heauenly' : l. 210, 'daily' : l. 214, 'Syre' : l. 218, 'fayd' :
 l. 220, 'difmayd' : l. 221, 'fayd.'

All in the open hall amazed stood,
At suddeinneſſe of that vnwarie ſight,
And wondred at his breathleſſe haſtie mood.
But he for nought would ſtay his paſſage right,
Till faſt before the king he did alight ;
Where falling flat, great humbleſſe he did make,
And kiſt the ground, whereon his foot was pight ;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he diſcloſing, red thus, as the paper ſpake. 230

To thee, moſt mighty king of *Eden* faire
Her greeting ſends in theſe ſad lines addreſt,
The wofull daughter, and forſaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the Weſt ;
And bids thee be aduized for the beſt,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band.
Of wedlocke to that new vnknownen gueſt :
For he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another loue, and to another land.

To me ſad mayd, or rather widow ſad, 240
He was affiaunced long time before,
And ſacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
Faſe erraunt knight, infamous, and forſwore :
Witneſſe the burning Altars, which he ſwore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iuſt do fly,
And them coniure t'auenge this ſhamefull iniury.

l. 223, 'vnuary': l. 224, 'haſty': l. 229, 'handes . . . writ': l. 230,
'read': l. 231, 'ſayre': l. 233, 'heyre': l. 241, 'affyaunced': l. 246, 'of'
—misprinted 'and' in 1596: l. 247, 'doe.'

There / fore since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or trew, or liuing or else dead, 250
 Withhold, O foueraine Prince, your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread ;
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe :
 For truth is strong, his rightfull cause to plead,
 And shall find friends, if need requireth foe,
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,
Fidessa.

When he these bitter byting words had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make, 260
 That still he fate long time astonished
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest ;
 Redoubted knight, that for mine onely fake
 Thy life and honour late aduentureft,
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mind ?
 What heauens ? what altars ? what enraged heates
 Here heaped vp with termes of loue vnkind, 271
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind ?
 High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
 But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
 Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
 With crime do not it couer, but disclose the same.

l. 256, 'finde' : l. 265, 'only' : l. 266, 'honor' : l. 268, 'bloody' : l. 269,
 'mynd' : l. 270, 'heuens' : l. 271, 'vnkynd' : l. 272, 'bynd' : l. 274,
 'faulty fynd' : l. 276, 'cryme doe.'

To whom the *Redcrosse* knight this answere fent,
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat difmayd,
 Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
 What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbrayd / 280
 With breach of loue, and loyalty betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traueild, that vnwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard ;
 That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

There did I find, or rather I was found
 Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
 Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
 That easie was t'inuegle weaker fight : 290
 Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
 And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd ;
 O pardon me, my foueraigne Lord, to show
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To haue bene wrought by that false forcereffe. 300
 She onely she it is, that earst did throw

l. 278, '*king*': l. 283, '*strayd*' is misprinted '*slayd*' in '90, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*': l. 286, '*found*': l. 288, '*ground*': l. 290, '*easy*': *ib.*, '*t'inuegle*'—misprinted '*to*' in '90 and '96, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' of former: *ib.*, '*inuegle*': l. 291, '*wiely*': l. 298, '*foueraigne*. . . *throw*': l. 301, '*shee*.'

This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improuided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine ;
Wherein she vsed hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whom if ye please for to discouer plaine, 310
Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,
The falsest man aliue ; who tries shall find no lesse.

The / king was greatly moued at her speach,
And all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faylor false, and bound him strait :
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
With idle force did faine them to withstand, 320
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains.
And with continuall watch did warely keepe ;
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains

l. 305, 'crafty' : *ib.*, 'vaine'—misprinted 'faine' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' : l. 310, 'Whome' : l. 312, 'Who'—misprinted 'Wo' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of former : l. 317, 'faylor' : l. 324, 'continual'.

He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?
 Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
 With sacred rites and vowes for euer to abyde. 330

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
 That none but death for euer can deuide;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
 The houffing fire did kindle and prouide,
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
 At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine, 340
 And made great feast to solemnize that day;
 They all perfumde with frankencense diuine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray:
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
 To driue away the dull Melancholy;
 The whiles one sung a song of loue and iollity.

During the which there was an heauenly noife
 Heard found through all the Pallace pleasantly, 350

l. 326, '*pains*': l. 328, '*bains*': l. 331, '*knotts . . . knitt*': l. 332, '*diuide*': l. 333, '*fit*': l. 337, '*lamp*': l. 350, '*found*.'

Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall maiefty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye ;
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heauenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly .
 Himselfe thereby reft of his senses meet,
 And rauished with rare impressiō in his sprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told : 360
 Suffice it heare by signes to vnderstand
 The vsuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
 And euer, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her ioyous prefence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enioy,
 Ne wicked enuie, ne vile gealofy
 His deare delights were able to annoy : 370
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beaſt destroy,
 Vnto his Farie Queene backe to returne :
 The which he shortly did, and Vna left to mourne.

l. 354, 'heuenly': l. 356, 'refte': l. 359, 'proclaymd': l. 366, 'His'—
 misprinted 'Her' in 1596: l. 369, 'enuy': l. 370, 'hable': l. 372,
 'forgott': l. 374, 'Faery . . . retourne.'

Now strike your failes ye iolly Mariners,
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode, 380
Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

FINIS LIB. I.



l. 379, '*weary*' : l. 383, '*voiage*' : on *verso* of p. 183 (= 185) is a spirited woodcut of the 'death' of the Dragon-beast. As it appeared in both 1590 and 1596, it is deemed expedient to reproduce it in facsimile in all our impressions. It gives, perhaps, the Poet's own idea of alike his monster and its destroyer. Above tail-piece is also a facsimile of the original in 1596.





THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning
THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON,
OR
OF TEMPERAUNCE.

Right well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'aboundance of an idle braine 10
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory,
Sith none, that breatheth liuing aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

But let that man with better fence aduize,
That of the world leaft part to vs is red :
And dayly how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are difcouered, / 20

ll. 1-7 all Roman save ll. 4 and 7 Italics : l. 10, 'yale' : l. 15, 'doe.'

Which to late age were neuer mentioned.
 Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru* ?
 Or who in venturous vessell measured
 The *Amazon* huge riuier now found trew ?
 Or fruitfulest *Virginia* who did euer vew ?

Yet all these were, when no man did them know ;
 Yet haue from wifest ages hidden beene :
 And later times things more vnknowne shall show.
 Why then should witleffe man so much misweene
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ? 30
 What if within the Moones faire shining spheare ?
 What if in euery other starre vnseene
 Of other worldes he happily should heare ?
 He wöder would much more : yet such to some appeare.

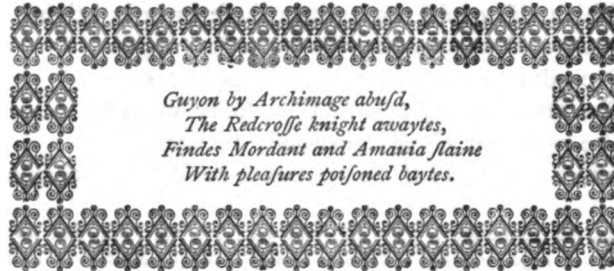
Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certaine signes here set in fundry place
 He may it find ; ne let him then admire,
 But yield his fence to be too blunt and bace,
 That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
 And thou, O fairest Princeesse vnder sky, 40
 In this faire mirrhour maist behold thy face,
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
 And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

l. 21, , for : l. 24, '*Amazon*'—misprinted '*Amarons*' in 1590, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' by '*Amazon*' : *ib.*, no ? : l. 26, no, after '*were*' : l. 27, no : after '*beene*' : l. 28, '*things*,' and no . after '*show*' : l. 30, no, after '*is*' : l. 31, '*fayre*,' and no ?, nor in l. 33 : l. 34, , for :, and no : l. 35, '*faery* . . . *inquire*' : l. 36, '*certeine* . . . *fondrie*' : l. 37, '*fynd* . . . *admyre*,' and no, : l. 38, no, : l. 39, no : l. 40, '*thou*'—misprinted '*then*' in '90 : *ib.*, '*fayrest*' : l. 41, '*fayre*,' and no, : l. 43, '*ymage*,' and no (.).

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
 In couert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
 Which else could not endure those beames bright,
 But would be dazled with exceeding light.
 O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
 The braue aduentures of this Faery knight 50
 The good Sir *Guyon* gratioufly to heare,
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

l. 45, no commas: l. 47, 'ells,' and no , : l. 48, 'bee,' and no . :
 l. 49, no , : l. 50, 'faery': l. 51, no , : in 1590 the punctuation of l. 21—
 52 seems somehow to have been dropped.

Cant. / I.



That cunning Architect of cancred guile,
 Whom Princes late displeafure left in bands,
 For falsed letters and suborned wile,
 Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he vnderstands,
 To beene departed out of *Eden* lands, 10
 To serue againe his foueraine Elfin Queene,
 His artes he moues, and out of caytiues hands
 Himselfe he frees by secreet meanes vnseene ;
 His shackles emptie left, him selfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
 To worken mischief and auenging woe,
 Where euer he that godly knight may find,
 His onely hart fore, and his onely foe,
 Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,
 Whom his victorious hands did earst restore 20
 To natiue crowne and kingdome late ygoe :

l. 3, 'knight' misprinted 'kniggt' in 1590 : l. 6, 'conning . . . guyle' :
 l. 8, 'wyle' : l. 10, 'landes' : l. 12, 'handes' : l. 14, 'lefte' : l. 15, 'mynd' :
 l. 17, 'fynd' : l. 20, 'handes' : l. 21, 'natiue'—misprinted 'natiues' in 1596.

Where she enioyes fure peace for euermore,
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the obiect of his fpight
And deadly food he makes : him to offend
By forged treafon, or by open fight
He feekes, of all his drift the aymed end : /
Thereto his fubtile engins he does bend
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong, .
With thoufand other fleights : for well he kend, 30
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong ;
For hardly could be hurt, who was already fiong.

Still as he went, he craftie ftales did lay
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares.
And priuie fpials plaft in all his way,
To weete what courfe he takes, and how he fares ;
To ketch him at a vantage in his fnares.
But now fo wife and warie was the knight
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
That he defcride, and fhonned ftill his flight : 40
The fifh that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

Nath'leffe th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,
In hope to win occafion to his will ;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He chaungd his minde from one to other ill ;

l. 23, 'wetherbeaten . . . arriu'd' : l. 25, 'food' = *feud* — printed '*faude*' in 1609 : l. 29, '*fayre fyled tonge*' : l. 32, '*bee*' : ll. 33-4, period and comma misplaced in '90 and '96—corrected : l. 35, '*fpials*' : l. 37, '*vantage*' : l. 38, '*wary*' : ll. 38-9 printed in '96 in wrong order : l. 39, '*tryall*' : l. 40, '*descryde*' : l. 41, '*will . . . byte*' : l. 42, '*payme*' : l. 44, '*vayne*' : l. 45, '*mynd*.'

For to all good he enemy was still.
 Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet,
 Faire marching vnderneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete. 50

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
 His countenaunce demure and temperate,
 But yet so sterne and terrible in fight,
 That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate :
 He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
 And mickle worship in his native land ;
 Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
 When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie land.

Him als accompanyd vpon the way 60
 A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
 Of ripest yeares, and haire all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire :
 And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
 He seemd to be a fage and sober fire,
 And euer with slow pace the knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to worke some vncouth wile, 70

l. 48, 'Fayre': l. 52, 'countenance': l. 54, 'friendes': l. 56, , for ;:
 l. 59, 'Fary': l. 61, 'black attyre': l. 62, 'rypest . . . heares': l. 66,
 'fyrre': l. 70, 'wyle.'

Estfoones vntwisting his deceiptfull clew,
 He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
 And with faire countenance and flattring stile,
 To them approching, thus the knight bespake :
 Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile.
 And great atchieu'ments great yourfelfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And bad tell on the tenor of his plaint ;
 Who feigning then in euery limbe to quake, 80
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint
 With piteous mone his percing speach gan paint ;
 Deare Lady how shall I declare thy cace,
 Whom late I left in langourous constraint ?
 Would God thy felfe now present were in place,
 To tell this ruefull tale; thy fight could win thee grace.

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunft,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
 When that lewd ribauld with vile lust aduaunst
 Layd first his filthy hands on virgin cleene, / 90
 To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
 With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,
 Of chaftitie and honour virginall :
 Witnesse ye heauens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

l. 72, 'guyle': l. 73, 'a' by error in '96 before 'faire': *ib.*, 'style':
 l. 75, 'Fayre . . . spoyle': l. 79, 'badd . . . playnt': l. 80, 'limb':
 l. 81, 'faynt': l. 82, 'paynt': l. 84, 'constraynt': l. 89, 'rybauld . . .
 zyle': l. 90, 'Laid . . . filthy': l. 91, 'spoyle . . . dainty corps': l. 93,
 'fayre': l. 94, 'chaftity': l. 95, 'Witnes . . . heauens . . . help.

How may it be, (faid then the knight halfe wroth,)
 That knight should knighthood euer so haue shent ?
 None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
 How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent, 100
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloudie word ;
 Tounge hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

Therewith amoued from his sober mood,
 And liues he yet (faid he) that wrought this act,
 And doen the heauens afford him vitall food ?
 He liues, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
 Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
 Where may that treachour then (faid he) be found,
 Or by what meanes may I his footing tract ? 111
 That shall I shew (faid he) as sure, as hound
 The stricke Deare doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
 And zealous haft away is quickly gone
 To seeke that knight, where him that craftie Squire
 Supposed to be. They do arriue anone,
 Where fate a gentle Lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and haire discheueled,
 Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone ; 120
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

l. 96, 'faid'—misprinted 'fayd' in '90, and no (): l. 98, 'gd.': l. 99, 'Mayd': l. 103, 'bloodie': l. 104, 'Tongue': l. 110, 'fayd,' and so l. 112: l. 113, 'chaleng': l. 114, 'fayd . . . yre': l. 115, 'hafte': l. 116, 'crafty Squyre': l. 119, 'heare': l. 120, 'handes.'

The / knight approching nigh thus to her said,
 Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid,
 And marre the blossome of your beautie bright :
 For thy appease your grieve and heauie plight,
 And tell the cause of your conceiued paine.
 For if he liue, that hath you doen despight
 He shall you doe due recompence againe, 130
 Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wife,
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
 And offred hope of comfort did despise :
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment,
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
 Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene,
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixt beene. 140

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my lief,
 For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment,
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weake mind with double woe torment ?

l. 124, 'Fayre Lady . . . foule' : l. 125, 'pitty . . . dismaid' :
 l. 126, 'blossom . . . beauty' : l. 127, 'heauy' : l. 128, 'payne' : l. 129,
 'for' : l. 130, 'dew . . . agayne' : l. 131, 'els' : l. 141, 'Squyre . . . life' :
 l. 147, 'minde.'

When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appeafe
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire, 150
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why should euer I henceforth desire,
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue, /
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reauē?
False traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might :
Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

But now, faire Ladie, comfort to you make,
And read, who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight.
That short reuenge the man may ouertake, 161
Where so he be, and soone vpon him light.
Certes (said she) I wote not how he hight,
But vnder him a gray steede did he wield,
Whose fides with dapled circles weren dight ;
Vpright he rode, and in his siluer shield
He bore a bloudie Crosse, that quartred all the field.

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse,
How that same knight should do so foule amis,
Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse : 170
For may I boldly say, he surely is

l. 148, '*Snyre*,' and so l. 150 : l. 152, '*desyre*' : l. 155, '*saide*' : l. 156,
'*Lady*' : l. 158, '*foule*,' and so l. 169 : l. 159, '*gayre Lady*' : l. 160,
'*shamfull*' : l. 163, '*saide*,' and so l. 168 : l. 164, '*he did*' : l. 167,
'*bloudie*.'

A right good knight, and true of word ywis :
 I preſent was, and can it witneſſe well,
 When armes he ſwore, and ſtreight did enterpris
 Th'aduenture of the *Errant damozell*,
 In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

Nathleſſe he ſhortly ſhall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame,
 Elſe be ye ſure he dearely ſhall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the fame : 180
 All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of ſhame.
 Now therefore Ladie, riſe out of your paine,
 And ſee the ſaluing of your blotted name.
 Full loth ſhe ſeemd thereto, but yet did faine ;
 For ſhe was inly glad her purpoſe ſo to gaine.

Her / purpoſe was not ſuch, as ſhe did faine,
 Ne yet her perſon ſuch, as it was ſeene,
 But vnder ſimple ſhew and ſemblant plaine
 Lurckt falſe *Dueſſa* ſecretly vnſeene,
 As a chaſt Virgin, that had wronged beene : 190
 So had falſe *Archimago* her diſguiſd,
 To cloke her guile with ſorrow and ſad teene ;
 And eke himſelfe had craftily deuifd
 To be her Squire, and do her ſeruice well aguifd.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
 Where ſhe did wander in waſte wilderneſſe,

l. 172, 'trew' : l. 176, 'glory' : l. 178, 'quit' : l. 179, 'Els' : l. 181,
 'mendes . . . amendes' : l. 182, 'Lady' : l. 183, 'blotted'—misprinted
 'blotting' in 1590 : l. 184, , for ; : l. 189, 'Lurks' : l. 190, 'chaſte' : l. 191,
 'diſguiſd.'

Lurking in rockes and caues farre vnder ground,
 And with greene mosse cou'ring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse ;
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments 200
 And borrow'd beautie spoyld. Her nathelesse
 Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus reuest, and deckt with due habiliments.

For all he did, was to deceiue good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
 To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
 And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
 And now exceeding grieve him ouercame,
 To see the *Redcrosse* thus aduanced hye ;
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame, 210
 Against his praise to stirre vp enmitie
 Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him allye.

So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way
 Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads ouerplaf, /
 The valley did with coole shade ouercast ;
 Through midft thereof a little riuer rold,
 By which there fate a knight with helme vnlast,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold, 220
 After his trauell long, and labours manifold.

Loe yonder he, cryde *Archimage* alowd,
 That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew ;

l. 197, 'far' : l. 199, , for ; : l. 201, 'borrowed beauty' : l. 203, 'dew':
 l. 213, 'guydes' : l. 219, 'vnlaste' : l. 223, 'shew.'

And now he doth himfelfe in fecret throwd,
 To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew ;
 But vaine : for ye fhall dearely do him rew,
 So God ye fpeed, and fend you good fuccesse ;
 Which we farre off will here abide to vew.
 So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulneffe,
 That ftreight againft that knight his fpeare he did ad-
 dreffe. 230

Who feeing him from farre fo fierce to pricke,
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the reft his readie fpeare did fticke ;
 Tho when as ftill he faw him towards pace,
 He gan rencounter him in equall race.
 They bene ymet, both readie to affrap,
 When fuddenly that warriour gan abace
 His threatned fpeare, as if fome new mishap
 Had him betidde, or hidden daunger did entrap.

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord, 240
 For mine offence and heedleffe hardiment,
 That had almoft committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochfull fhame mine honour fhent,
 Whiles curfed fteele againft that badge I bent,
 The fared badge of my Redeemers death,
 Which on your fhield is fet for ornament :
 But his fierce foe his fteede could ftay vneath,
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

l. 225, '*fly . . . vengeance*' : l. 228, '*far*,' and so l. 231 : l. 233, '*ready*' :
 l. 235, '*race*' : for . : l. 236, '*ymett . . ready*' : l. 237, '*fuddenly*' :
ib., '*warriour*' '96 : l. 239, '*betide*' : l. 247, '*fled*.'

But / when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
 His error, and himselfe inclyning sayd ; 250
 Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
 But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
 Whose hastie hand so farre from reason strayd,
 That almost it did haynous violence
 On that faire image of that heauenly Mayd,
 That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
 Your court'ie takes on you anothers due offence.

So bene they both attone, and doen vpreare
 Their beuers bright, each other for to greete ;
 Goodly comportance each to other beare, 260
 And entertaine themselues with court'ies meet,
 Then said the *Redcrosse* knight, Now mote I weat,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliaunce,
 And fell intent ye did at earst me meet ;
 For sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
 Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some vncouth
 chaunce.

Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
 The fond encheafon, that me hither led.
 A false infamous faitour late befell
 Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested, 270
 And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
 A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent ;
 Which to auenge, he to this place me led,

l. 250, 'error': l. 251, 'well becommeth you'—1679 absurdly reads
 'ill' for 'well': l. 253, 'far': l. 255, 'fayre image': l. 256, 'dew':
 l. 258, 'becme . . . at one': l. 259, 'greet': l. 260, 'comportauance':
 l. 262, 'faide': l. 268, 'hether.'

Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule shame him follow, where he went.

So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handing and wife temperance.
By this his aged guide in prefence came ;
Who foone as on that knight his eye did glance, /
Eft foones of him had perfect cognizance, 280
Sith him in Faerie court he late auizd ;
And said, faire sonne, God giue you happie chance,
And that deare Croffe vpon your shield deuizd,
Wherewith about all knights ye goodly feeme aguizd.

Ioy may you haue, and euerlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchieu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heauenly Registers about the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat haue wonne:
But wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Must now anew begin, like race to runne ; 291
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke
And to the wished hauen bring thy weary barke.

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* knight)
His be the praise, that this atchieu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might ;
More then goodwill to me attribute nought :

l. 274, 'wher': l. 278, 'Guide': l. 279, 'on' in 1590 misprinted 'one':
ib., 'glauunce': l. 280, 'cognisaunce': l. 281, 'Faery': l. 282, 'sayd fayre'
... happy chaunce': l. 283, 'vppon': l. 288, 'Registers': l. 289, 'wōne':
l. 291, 'Must'—misprinted 'Meft' in '90: *ib.*, 'roune': l. 294, no ().

For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next enfewes,
 Well mote yee thee, as well can with your thought,
 That home ye may report thrife happie newes ; 301
 For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle thewes.

So courteous conge both did giue and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
 Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
 With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still.
 Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
 And with his steedie staffe did point his way :
 His race with reafon, and with words his will,
 From foule intemperance he oft did stay, 310
 And suffred not in wrath his haftie steps to stray.

In / this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
 Through many hard assayes, which did betide ;
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glorie through all countries wide.
 At last as chaunst them by a forest side
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
 With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay ;
 Which to attend, a while their forward steps they stay.

But if that carelesse heauens (quoth she) despise 321
 The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight

l. 301, '*thrife*'—misprinted '*these*' in '90 and '96, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former—though erroneously under p. 206: *ib.*, '*happy*': l. 308, '*steady*'—in 1609 '*steedie*': l. 310, '*foule intemperaunce . . . ofte*': l. 311, '*hafty*': l. 313, , for ; : l. 315, '*glory . . . countryes*': l. 321, '*heuens gd.*'

To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
 As bound by them to liue in liues despight,
 Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
 Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee,
 And take away this long lent loathed light :
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
 That long captiued foules from wearie thraldome free.

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
 Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall, 331
 Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
 Long maist thou liue, and better thriue withall,
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall :
 Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall ;
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 Loe I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
 That through the wood reecchoed againe, 340
 And after gaue a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine, /
 Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine ;
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching she does feelee,
 Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth feelee.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,

l. 323, 'pageants': l. 324, 'bound': l. 326, 'mee': l. 328, 'sweete . . .
 be': l. 329, 'weary': l. 330, 'sweete': l. 332, 'heuen': l. 345, 'launched':
 l. 347, 'Braies . . . cies': l. 349, 'thick.'

And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict 350
 Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quicke,
 In whose white alabaſter breſt did ſticke
 A cruell knife, that made a grieſly wound,
 From which forth gusht a ſtreme of gorebloud thick,
 That all her goodly garments ſtaind around,
 And into a deepe fanguine dide the graſſie ground.

Pittifull ſpectacle of deadly ſmart,
 Befide a bubbling fountaine low ſhe lay,
 Which ſhe increaſed with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waues with purple gore did ray; 360
 Als in her lap a louely babe did play
 His cruell ſport, in ſtead of ſorrow dew;
 For in her ſtreaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
 Pitifull ſpectacle, as euer eye did view.

Befides them both, vpon the ſoiled gras
 The dead corſe of an armed knight was ſpred,
 Whoſe armour all with bloud beſprinckled was;
 His ruddie lips did ſmile, and roſy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded, 370
 Seemd to haue been a goodly perſonage,
 Now in his freſheſt flowre of luſtie hed,
 Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
 But that fiers fate did crop the bloſſome of his age.

l. 351, 'labour' in 1590 is 'dolour': *ib.*, 'quick': l. 352, 'stick': l. 353, 'wound': l. 354, 'stream . . . goreblood': l. 355, 'around': l. 356, 'grassy ground': l. 358, 'bubbling': l. 359, 'she': l. 360, 'gore'—misprinted 'gold' in '96: l. 364, 'ioints': l. 365, 'sie . . . vew': l. 368, 'blood-beſprinckled': l. 369, 'ruddy . . . ſmyle': l. 370, 'yet': l. 372, 'luſty': l. 373, 'Fitt.'

Whom / when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
 His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
 And his fresh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,
 That all his senses seemd bereft attone :
 At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine, 380
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone:
 Till ruth and fraile affection did constraine,
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

Out of her gored wound the cruell Steele
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floudgate stop
 With his faire garment : then gan softly feele
 Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
 Of liuing bloud yet in her veynes did hop ;
 Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop ; 390
 So well he did her deadly woundes repaire,
 That at the last she gan to breath out liuing aire.

Which he perceiuing greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweet voice ;
 Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art
 Of ruefull pitie, and impatient smart,
 What direfull chance, armd with reuenging fate
 Or curfed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your vntimely date ; 400
 Speake, O deare Lady speake : help neuer comes too late.

l. 377, 'blood' : l. 378, 'bereft' and : for, —the colon accepted : l. 379, 'mighty' : l. 380, 'Lion' : l. 382, 'Til' : l. 383, 'stout courage' is in 1609 'courage stout' : l. 384, 'steel' : l. 385, 'flood' : l. 386, 'feel' : l. 388, 'blood' : l. 396, 'ymage' : l. 397, 'pitty' : l. 398, 'chaunce' : l. 401, 'dear.'

Therewith her dim eie-lids she vp gan reare,
 On which the drery death did fit, as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare ;
 But when as him all in bright armour clad /
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakly started, yet she nothing drad :
 Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
 She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her foone with carefull paine 411
 Vplifted light, and softly did vphold :
 Thrife he her reard, and thrife she funke againe,
 Till he his armes about her fides gan fold,
 And to her said ; Yet if the stony cold
 Haue not all feized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your grieve vnfold,
 And tell the secreet of your mortall smart ;
 He oft finds present helpe, who does his grieve impart.

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low, 420
 She fight from bottome of her wounded breft,
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw
 With lips full pale and foltring tongue opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riuen chest ;
 Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,
 To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquillitee.
 Take not away now got, which none would giue to me.

l. 403, 'fitt' : l. 410, 'grouid' : l. 413, 'funck' : l. 421, 'fight' is 'figh't'
 in 1609 : l. 423, 'long' : l. 425, 'of' : l. 426, 'lett . . . weary.'

Ah farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest, 430
 Or hold sad life in long captiuitee :
 For all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
 The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then, ô Lady tell, what fatall priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest ?
 That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,
 Or die with you in forrow, and partake your grieve.

With / feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye, 440
 In these sad words she spent her vtmost breath :
 Heare then, ô man, the sorrowes that vneath
 My tongue can tell, so farre all fense they pas :
 Loe this dead corpe, that lies here vnderneath,
 The gentlest knight, that euer on greene gras
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant
 was.

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
 My Lord my loue ; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
 So long as heauens iust with equall brow,
 Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue, 450
 One day when him high courage did emmoue,
 As wont ye knights to seeke aduentures wilde,
 He pricked forth, his puissant force to proue,

l. 429, 'far' : l. 434, 'O' : l. 435, : for ? : l. 436, 'compas' : l. 439,
 'heuen . . . guilty' : l. 441, 'wordes' : l. 442, 'O' : l. 443, 'long . . . far
 . . . fence' : l. 449, 'heuens' : l. 451, 'corage' : l. 452, 'knightes' : l. 453,
 no, after 'forth.'

Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This lucklesse child, whom thus ye see with blood defild.

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile *Acraſia* does wonne,
Acraſia a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne :
Within a wandring Iſland, that doth ronne 460
And ſtray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is :
Faſe Sir, if euer there ye trauell, ſhonne
The curſed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name ; it hight the *Bowre of bliſ*.

Her bliſſe is all in pleaſure and delight,
Wherewith ſhe makes her louers drunken mad,
And then with words & weedes of wondrous might,
On them ſhe workes her will to vſes bad :/
My liſt Lord ſhe thus beguiled had ;
For he was fleſh : (all fleſh doth frailtie breed.) 470
Whom, when I heard to beene ſo ill beſtad,
Weake wretch I wrapt my ſelfe in Palmers weed,
And caſt to ſeeke him forth through daunger and great
(dreed.

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes
Full meaſured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrife three times had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare. 478
Lucina came : a manchild forth I brought : (weare,
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwiues

l. 454, 'childe' and l. 455 : l. 455, 'blood' : l. 459, 'knightes . . . foule' :
l. 462, 'Fayre' : l. 465, 'bliſ' : l. 466, 'drunken' : l. 469, 'liſt' and
no ; : l. 470, 'frayltie' : l. 473, '&' : l. 474, 'fayre' : l. 476, 'tymes.'

Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
Yt nought too deare I deemd, while fo my dear I fought.

Him fo I fought, and fo at laft I found
Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
In chaines of luft and lewd defires ybound,
And fo transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ille ;
Till through wife handling and faire gouernance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance : 490
Then meanes I gan deuife for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchauntereffe perceiu'd,
How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
With cup thus charmd, him parting fhe deceiu'd ;
Sad verfe, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So foone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke :
So parted we and on our iourney driue,
Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke :
The charme fulfild, dead suddenly he downe did fincke.

Which / when I wretch,—Not one word more fhe fayd
But breaking off, the end for want of breath, 502
And flyding foft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That feeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
From teares abtaine, for grieve his hart did grate,

l. 482, 'to dear' (*bis*) : l. 483, 'found' : l. 485, 'leude defyres ybound' :
l. 487, 'nether' : l. 488, 'gouernaunce' : l. 490, 'foule intemperaunce' :
l. 494, 'deceiud' : l. 497, : put for , of '90 and '96 : l. 500, 'fuddelyny' :
l. 501, — inserted : l. 502, 'of' for 'off.'

And from so heauie fight his head did wreath,
 Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
 Which plunged had faire Ladie in so wretched state.

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old fyre 510
 Behold the image of mortalitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tyre,
 When raging passion with fierce tyrannie
 Robs reason of her due regaltie
 And makes it seruant to her basest part :
 The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 And with bold furie armes the weakest hart ;
 The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake
 through smart.

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a meane, 520
 Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,
 Nor fry in hartlesse grieve and dolefull teene.
 Thrife happie man, who fares them both atweene :
 But sith this wretched woman ouercome
 Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene,
 Referue her cause to her eternall doome,
 And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer (quoth he) death is an equall doome
 To good and bad, the common Inne of rest ;

l. 509, 'plonged . . . Lady': l. 511, 'ymage': l. 513, 'tyranny':
 l. 514, 'dew': l. 519, 'temperaunce': l. 521, 'whott desyre': l. 522,
 'frye . . . tene'—Church suggests 'fryfe': l. 523, 'happy': l. 525,
 'bene': l. 528, 'qd.': *ib.*, 'equall'—1596 misprints 'cuill': l. 529,
 'commen In.'

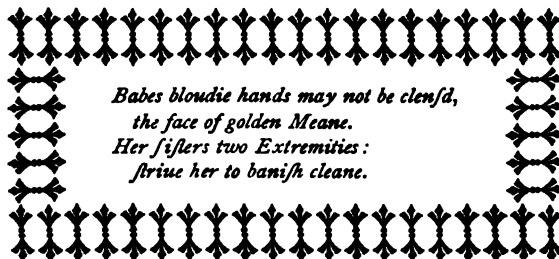
But after death the tryall is to come, 530
 When best shall be to them, that liued best : /
 But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
 Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest ;
 For all so great shame after death I weene,
 As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engraue ;
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad Cypresse seemely it embraue,
 Then couering with a clod their closed eye, 540
 They lay therein those corfes tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in euerlasting peace
 But ere they did their vtmost obsequy,
 Sir *Guyon* more affection to increace,
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye releace.

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
 Which medling with their bloud and earth, he threw
 Into the graue, and gan deuoutly sweare ;
 Such and such euill God on *Guyon* reare, 550
 And worfe and worfe young Orphane be thy paine,
 If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine :
 So shedding many teares, they clofd the earth againe.

l. 531, 'bes': l. 535, 'great' misprinted 'grect' in '90: l. 545, 'ay':
 l. 547, 'cutt': l. 548, 'blood &': l. 550, 'euil': l. 551, 'payne': l. 553,
 'blood . . . obdayne': l. 554, 'agayne.'

Cant. / II.



THus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad Tragedie vptyde,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with ſweet pleaſance and bold blandiſhment 10
Gan ſmyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As careleſſe of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe (ſteepe.
In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter teares did

Ah luckleſſe babe, borne vnder cruell ſtarre,
And in dead parents balefull aſhes bred,
Full litle weeneſt thou, what ſorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,
Poore Orphane in the wide world ſcattered,
As budding braunch rent from the natiue tree, 20
And throwen forth, till it be withered :

l. 2, 'bloody handes': l. 6, 'faithful guyde': l. 7, 'dew': l. 10, 'pleaſaunce':
l. 14, 'knightes hart': l. 17, 'litle': l. 18, 'liuelyhed.'

Such is the state of men : thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with misferee.

Then foft himfelfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath difdainfull nicitee)
His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene, /
He wafht them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner. Still he ftroue,
Yet ftill the litle hands were bloudie feene ; 30
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diuerfe doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

He wift not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath ;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To fhew how fore bloudguiltineffe he hat'th ;
Or that the charme and venom, which they druncke,
Their bloud with fecret filth infected hath,
Being diffufed through the fenfeleffe truncke, 40
That through the great contagion direfull deadly ftunck.

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reafon, and thus faire befpace ;
Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great maruell make,

l. 22, 'we' : l. 24, 'him felfe' : l. 27, 'bloody,' and so l. 30 : l. 33
'blott . . . foule' : l. 35, 'lieu'—sic in '90 and '96—Church suggests
'love' : l. 37, 'blood' : . 38, 'veneme . . . dronck' : l. 39, 'blood' :
l. 40, 'fenfeleffe trunck' : l. 41, 'direful . . . ftunck' : l. 43, 'fayre' : l. 44,
'hard' is in 1590 'hart' : l. 45, 'meruell.'

Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
 But know, that secrete vertues are infusd
 In euery fountaine, and in euery lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chusd,
 To prooue of passing wonders hath full often vfd. 50

Of those some were so from their soure indewd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture dewd;
 Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
 But other some by gift of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue poured into their waters bace, (place.
 And thenceforth were renoumd, & fought from place to

Such / is this well, wrought by occasion straunge, 60
 Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
 As she the woods with bow and shafts did raunge,
 The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
 And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd, 70

l. 48, 'euerie' (2nd): l. 55, 'fayre': l. 56, 'guisfe': l. 59, 'and': *ib.*,
 'to' dropped in 1590, but corrected in 'Faults escaped': l. 62, 'woodes'
 . . . 'shafts': l. 63, 'Hynd', and so l. 68: l. 66, 'chace'—*sic* '90 and '96
 —one of Spenser's inadvertent non-rhymes, on which see *New Life* in
 Vol. I., and *Essays*.

She fet her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
 And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare befought, to let her dye a mayd.
 The goddesse heard, and fuddeine where she fate,
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite difmayd
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

Lo now she is that stone, from whose two heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads; 80
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
 Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
 And yet her vertues in her water byde:
 For it is chafft and pure, as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waues with any filth be dyde,
 But euer like her selfe vnstained hath beene tryde.

From thence it comes, that this babes bloudy hand
 May not be clenfd with water of this well:
 Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloudy, as befell, / 90
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
 And be for all chafft Dames an endlesse monument.

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
 Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;

l. 73, 'die': l. 78, 'whose'—misprinted 'thofe' in '96: l. 82, 'maide':
 l. 84, 'chafte': l. 85, 'be'—misprinted 'he' in '96: l. 86, 'vnslayned':
 . 87, 'bloody,' and so l. 90: l. 95, 'chafte.'

But his sad fathers armes with bloud defilde,
 An heauie load himfelfe did lightly reare,
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare 100
 He left his loftie steed with golden fell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
 By other accident that earft befell,
 He is conuaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

Which when Sir *Guyon* faw, all were he wroth,
 Yet algates mote he foft himfelfe appeafe,
 And fairely fare on foot, how euer loth ;
 His double burden did him fore difeafe.
 So long they traueiled with litle eafe,
 Till that at laft they to a Caſtle came, 110
 Built on a rocke adioyning to the feas :
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
 And wondrous ſtrong by nature, and by ſkilfull frame.

Therein three ſiſters dwelt of fundry fort,
 The children of one fire by mothers three ;
 Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
 To them by equall ſhares in equall fee :
 But ſtrifull minde, and diuerſe qualitee
 Drew them in parts, and each made others foe ;
 Still did they ſtriue, and dayly diſagree ; 120
 The eldeſt did againſt the youngeſt goe,
 And both againſt the middeſt meant to worken woe.

Where / when the knight arriu'd, he was right well
 Receiu'd, as knight of ſo much worth became,

l. 98, 'blood' : l. 111, : for , of '90 and '96 : l. 112, 'frame' : l. 115,
 'ſyre' : l. 118, 'ſtryfull mind' : l. 119, 'partes' : l. 120, 'daily.'

Of second fifter, who did far excell
 The other two ; *Medina* was her name,
 A sober fad, and comely curteous Dame ;
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Faire marching forth in honorable wize, 130
 Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speech, ne in her hauour,
 Was lightnesse feene, or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
 Aboue the reason of her youthly yeares :
 Her golden lockes she roundly did vptye
 In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares. 140

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame,
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accourting each her friend with lauish fest :
 They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these Ladies loue did countenaunce,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe stroue to aduaunce.

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame, 150
 Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man ;

L. 127, 'courteous' : L. 130, 'Fayre' : L. 131, 'met' : L. 145, 'frend' :
 L. 146, 'puissance.'

Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
 Which he by many rash aduentures wan, /
 Since errant armes to few he first began ;
 More huge in strength, then wife in workes he was,
 And reason with foole-hardize ouer ran ;
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
 And was for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

But he that lou'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,
 He that faire *Vna* late fowle outraged, 160
 The most vnruely, and the boldest boy,
 That euer warlike weapons menaged,
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might :
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
 He now this Ladies champion chofe for loue to fight.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diuerse loues,
 Each other does enuie with deadly hate,
 And dayly warre against his foeman moues, 170
 In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
 And th'others pleasing seruice to abate,
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
 How in that place straunge knight arriued late,
 Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fiercely vnto battell sterne themselues prepar'd.

But ere they could proceede vnto the place,
 Where he abode, themselues at discord fell,

l. 159, '*Sansloy*': l. 169, '*envy*': l. 170, '*daily*': l. 175, '*knights*.'

And cruell combat ioynd in middle space :
With horrible affault, and furie fell, 180
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on vprore from her settled feat,
The houle was rayfd, and all that in did dwell ;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

The / noyse thereof calth forth that straunger knight,
To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand ;
Where when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His funbroad shield about his wrest he bond, 190
And shyning blade vnsheathd, with which he ran
Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderstond ;
And at his first arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they him spyng, both with greedy forfe
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet :
As when a Beare and Tygre being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide, 200
Espye a traueiler with feet furbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
They stint their strife, and him affaile on euery fide.

But he, not like a wearie traueilere,
Their sharpe affault right boldly did rebut,

l. 187, 'hand' is in 1609 'hond' : l. 188, 'knightes . . . bloody' : l. 203.
'assayle . . . euerie' : l. 204, 'weary' : l. 205, 'boldly'—misprinted
'blowdy' in '96.

And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put :
 Whose griued mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselues turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut; 210
 But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
 With heauie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, do diuerfly diseafe,
 Meetes two contrary billowes by the way, /
 That her on either side do fore affay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy graue ;
 She scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
 And with her brest breaking the fomy waue, 220
 Does ride on both their backs, & faire her selfe doth faue.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriours he difmade :
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to inuade,
 Before, behind, and round about him layes :
 So double was his paines, so double be his prayse. 230

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
 Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraine

l. 210, '*shields*': l. 217, '*doe*': l. 221, '*her self*': l. 227, '*paius*':
 l. 229, '*laies*': l. 230, '*praise*': l. 232, '*ioine*.'

A triple warre with triple enmitee,
 All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre ;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yet his peace is but continuall iarre :
 O miserable men, that to him subiect arre.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes, 240
 The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and falling them beforne,
 Besought them by the womb, which them had borne,
 And by the loues, which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood, which they sure had sworne,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But / her two other sisters standing by,
 Her lowd gainfaid, and both their champions bad 250
 Purfue the end of their strong enmity,
 As euer of their loues they would be glad.
 Yet she with pittie words and counsell sad,
 Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke,
 That at the last suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speeches, which she spoke.

Ah puissaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
 Or fell *Erinnys* in your noble harts,

l. 235, 'was'—qy. 'has'? l. 238, 'yett': l. 244, 'born': l. 246, 'fwoorn':
 l. 250, 'their champions' is in 1590 'her champions'—the plural necessarily
 accepted.

Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight, 260
 And stird you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
 Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and iust defarts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victorie vniust,
 That more to mighty hâds, thê rightfull cause doth trust.

And were their rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
 Then with bloud guiltinesse to heape offence,
 And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord? 270
 O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
 Sad be the fights, and bitter fruits of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
 Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
 Then fowle reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

But louely concord, and most sacred peace
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
 Weake she makes strôg, & strôg thing does increace,
 Till it the pitch of highest prayse exceeds: /
 Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds, 280
 By which she triumphes ouer ire and pride,
 And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

l. 263, 'blood': l. 267, 'their' in 1609 'there': l. 268, 'fayre': l. 269, 'blood guiltinesse' from 1609—in '90 and '96 'bloodguiltinesse': l. 272, 'fruites': l. 274, 'praise,' and so l. 279: l. 278, 'makes'—misprinted 'make' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped': *ib.*, 'strong' (2nd).

Her gracious wordes their rancour did appall,
And funcke so deepe into their boyling brefts,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their loftie crefts
To her faire prefence, and discrete behests.
Then she began a treatie to procure, 290
And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for euer should endure ;
Which to obserue in word of knights they did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their wearie sweat and bloudy toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire a while,
To rest themselues, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent : so forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiu'd, and made to spoile 300
Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their mindes to pleasure, & their mouthes to dainty fare.

And those two froward sisters, their faire loues
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeared in both :
For both did at their second sister grutch,
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth 309
The inner garment fret, not th'vtter touch ; (mutch.
One thought their cheare too litle, th'other thought too

l. 285, 'words': l. 290, 'treaty': l. 295, 'weary . . . bloody': l. 300,
'receiu'd': l. 302, 'mouths': l. 310, 'fret': l. 311, 'her.'

Eliffa / (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merth or meat ;
 No solace could her Paramour intreat,
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
 But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,
 Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce. 320

But young *Periffa* was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loofely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kind ;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight ;
 In wine and meats she flowd about the bancke,
 And in excessse exceeded her owne might ;
 In sumptuous tire she ioyd her selfe to prancke,
 But of her loue too lauish (litle haue she thancke.)

Fast by her side did sit the bold *Sans-loy* 330
 Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy ;
 Might not be found a franker franion,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion ;
 But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
 Did see and grieue at his bold fashon ;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
 Yet still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment.

l. 317, '*dalliaunce*': l. 321, '*mynd*': l. 323, '*hynd*': l. 326, '*banck*':
 l. 328, '*pranck*': l. 329, '*thanck*': l. 330, '*Fast*'—misprinted '*Fir*' in '90
 and '96, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former: *ib.*, '*fitt* . . .
Sansloy': l. 331, '*Fitt*': l. 333, '*franker*': l. 334, '*leawd*': l. 338, '*fatt*.'

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* fate
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage : 340
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage ;/
 That forward paire she euer would asswage,
 When they would striue dew reason to exceed ;
 But that same froward twaine would accourage,
 And of her plenty adde vnto their need :
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satietie,
 At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast, 350
 She *Guyon* deare befought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,
 And whither now on new aduventure bound.
 Who with bold grace, and comely grauitie,
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to found.

This thy demaund, ô Lady, doth reuiue
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliue,
 That with her soueraigne powre, and scepter shene
 All Faery lond does peaceable sustene. 361
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
 That ouer all the earth it may be seene ;
 As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

l. 343, 'forward'—sic '90 and '96—Dr. Morris queries 'froward,' and adds 'cf. l. 79, st. 38,' i.e. l. 345 : l. 345, 'accorage' : l. 348, 'shee' : l. 349, 'satiety' : l. 352, 'ieopardy' : l. 353, 'whether . . . bound' : l. 354, 'grauity' : l. 355, 'eyes . . . around' : l. 356, 'found' : l. 357, 'O' : l. 360, 'soueraigne' : l. 361, 'peaceably.'

In her the richesse of all heauenly grace,
 In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hye :
 And all that else this worlds enclofure bace,
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye.
 Adornes the perfon of her Maieftie ; 370
 That men beholding fo great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortalitie,
 Do her adore with facred reuerence,
 As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.

To / her I homage and my feruice owe,
 In number of the nobleft knights on ground,
 Mongft whom on me ſhe deigned to beftowe
 Order of *Maydenhead*, the moft renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found :
 An yearely folemne feaft ſhe wontes to make 380
 The day that firft doth lead the yeare around ;
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Refort, to heare of ftraunge aduentures to be told.

There this old Palmer ſhewed himfelfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princeſſe did complaine
 Of grievous miſchiefes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 Whereof he crau'd redreſſe. My Soueraine,
 Whoſe glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine, 390
 Eftfoones deuifd redreſſe for ſuch annoyes ;
 Me all vnfit for ſo great purpoſe ſhe employes.

l. 370, 'Maieſtye': l. 372, 'mortalitie': l. 376, 'knights': l. 379, : for
 , of '90 and '96 : l. 380, 'make'—another of Spenser's non-rhymes—see
 note on l. 66 : l. 384, 'ſhewd.'

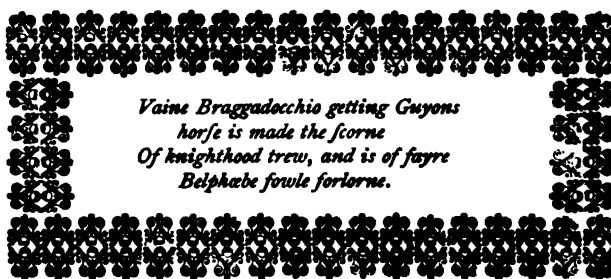
Now hath faire *Phæbe* with her filuer face
 Thrife seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith laft I left that honorable place,
 In which her royall prefence is introid ;
 Ne euer fhall I reft in houle nor hold,
 Till I that falfe *Acrafia* haue wonne ;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told
 I witneffe am, and this their wretched fonne, 400
 Whose wofull parents ſhe hath wickedly fordonne.

Tell on, faire Sir, faid ſhe, that dolefull tale,
 From which fad ruth does ſeeme you to reſtraine,
 That we may pittie ſuch vnhappy bale,
 And learne from pleaſures poyſon to abſtaine :/
 Ill by enfample good doth often gayne.
 Then forward he his purpoſe gan purſew,
 And told the ſtorie of the mortall payne,
 Which *Mordant* and *Amauia* did rew ;
 As with lamenting eyes him ſelfe did lately vew. 410

Night was far ſpent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying faſt from hiſſing ſnake,
 His flaming head did haſten for to ſteepe,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make ;
 Whileſt with delight of that he wifely ſpake,
 Thoſe gueſtes beguiled, did beguile their eyes
 Of kindly ſleepe, that did them ouertake.
 At laſt when they had markt the chaunged ſkyes
 They wiſt their houre was ſpēt; thē each to reſt him hyes.

l. 396, 'royall . . . entroid': l. 399, 'bee': l. 402, 'fayre': l. 404,
 'vnhappy': l. 408, 'flory': l. 411, 'deep': l. 413, 'ſleep': l. 416, 'beguylad
 . . . beguyle.'

Cant. / III.



S Oone as the morrow faire with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight, 10
Vprose from drowfie couch, and him addrest
Vnto the iourney which he had behight :
His puiffaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then / taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th :
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught, 20
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,

l. 6, 'fayre': l. 7, 'misty': l. 16, 'bloody': l. 17, 'committ': l. 19,
'ensueth': l. 20, 'rought': l. 21, 'memory.'

Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'auenge his Parêts death on them, that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone ;
Patience perforce ; helpelesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for grieve to mone ?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone :
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods fyde
He lately heard that dying Lady grone, 30
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

The whiles a losell wandering by the way,
One that to bountie neuer cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
A pleasing vaine of glory he did find,
To which his flowing tounge, and troublous spright
Gaued him great ayd, and made him more inclind :
He that braue steed there finding ready dight, 40
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollitie,
And of him selfe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,
That puffed vp with smoke of vanitie,
And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd, /
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee :
But for in court gay portance he perceiu'd,

l. 23, '*Parents* . . . *thē*': l. 26, : for ; : l. 27, '*fret*': l. 30, '*hand*': l. 34, '*mynd*': l. 36, '*kynd*': l. 37, '*he*' misprinted '*vaine*' in '96: l. 39, '*inclynd*': l. 42, '*iollity*': l. 44, '*vanity*.'

And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Estfoones to court he cast t'auaunce his first degree. 50

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One fitting idle on a funny bancke,
 To whom auaunting in great brauery,
 As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flankke,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare :
 The feely man feeling him ryde so rancke,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying Mercy lowd, his pitious hands gan reare.

Thereat the Scarcrow waxed wondrous prowd, 60
 Through fortune of his first aduenture faire,
 And with big thundring voyce reuyld him lowd ;
 Vile Caytiue, vassall of dread and despaire,
 Vnworthie of the commune breathed aire,
 Why liuest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And doest not vnto death thy selfe prepaire.
 Dye, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay ;
 Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunswere thus to stay

Hold, o deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
 Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall. 70
 Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
 I giue thee life : therefore prostrated fall,

l. 52, 'idle . . . banck' : l. 54, 'pranck' : l. 55, 'flank' : l. 57, 'ranck' :
 l. 58, 'flatt' : l. 59, 'loud'—Dr. Morris has '? Mercy, Lord !' : l. 61,
 'fayre' : l. 62, 'voice' : l. 63, 'despayre' : l. 64, 'ayre' : l. 66, 'prepayre' :
 l. 67, 'Dy' : l. 69, 'O' : l. 71, 'qd.' : l. 72, 'doe.'

And kisse my stirrup ; that thy homage bec.
 The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
 Streight at his foot in bafe humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So / happy peace they made and faire accord :
 Eftfoones this liege-man gan to wexe more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord, 80
 In his owne kind he gan him selfe vnfold :
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning fleights and practick knauery.
 For that day forth he cast for to vphold
 His idle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

Trompart fit man for *Braggadocchio*,
 To ferue at court in view of vaunting eye ;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
 In his light wings, is lifted vp to skye : 90
 The scorne of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be aduanced hye :
 Such prayfe is shame ; but honour vertues meed
 Doth beare the fairest flowre in honorable feed.

So forth they pas, a well comforted paire,
 Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet :
 Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
 On goodly courser thundring with his feet,

l. 79, 'liegeman': l. 83, 'fleighes': l. 85, 'ydle': l. 87, 'fitt':
 l. 89, 'Vaineglorious': l. 90, 'winges': l. 95, 'fayreß': l. 96, 'payre':
 l. 98, 'fayre': l. 99, 'course thondring.'

Eftfoones fupposed him a perfon meet, 100
 Of his reuenge to make the instrument :
 For fince the *Redcroffe* knight he earft did weet,
 To beene with *Guyon* knit in one confent,
 The ill, which earft to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

And comming clofe to *Trompart* gan inquire
 Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden fell with fingle fpere,
 But wanted fword to wreake his enmittee. /
 He is a great aduenturer, (faid he)
 That hath his fword through hard affay forgone, 110
 And now hath vowd, till he auenged bee,
 Of that defpight, neuer to wearen none ;
 That fpeare is him enough to doen a thoufand grone.

Th'enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
 Tho to him louting lowly, did begin
 To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that falfe *Redcroffe* knight,
 Which two through treafon and deceitfull gin, 120
 Had flaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright :
 That mote him honour win, to wreake fo foule defpight.

Therewith all fuddeinly he feemd enraged,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their liues had in his hand beene gaged ;
 And with ftiffe force shaking his mortall launce,

l. 102, 'erß' : l. 103, 'knitt' : l. 106, 'mightie' : l. 117, no. : l. 118,
 'wronges' : l. 121, 'flayne' : l. 122, 'wreak' : l. 125, 'gagd.'

To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said ; Old man, great fure shalbe thy meed,
 If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed, 130
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I foone,
 And giue you eke good helpe to their decay,
 But mote I wisely you aduise to doon ;
 Giue no ods to your foes, but do puruay
 Your selfe of sword before that bloody day :
 For they be two the prowest knights on ground,
 And oft approu'd in many hard assay,
 And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
 Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

Dotard / (said he) let be thy deepe aduise ; 141
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Else neuer should thy iudgement be so fraile,
 To measure manhood by the sword or maile.
 Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an host to quaille ?
 Thou little wotest, what this right hand can : (wan.
 Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes, which it

The man was much abashed at his boast ; 150
 Yet well he wist, that who so would contend

l. 130, 'Doe . . . certainly . . . mee' : l. 133, . for , : l. 135, 'doe' :
 l. 136, 'bloody' : l. 137, 'ground' : l. 139, 'found' : l. 140, 'Doe . . .
 confound' : l. 141, 'saide' : l. 144, 'Els . . . fraile' : l. 145, 'mayle' :
 l. 146, 'fourre' : l. 147, 'hoste quayle' : l. 148, 'litle.'

With either of those knights on euen coast,
 Should need of all his armes, him to defend ;
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
 When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did sweare,
 When with one sword seuen knights I brought to end,
 Thence forth in battell neuer sword to beare,
 But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth
 (weare.

Perdie Sir knight, said then th'enchauter bliue,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond : 160
 For now the best and noblest knight aliue
 Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond ;
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.
 The same by my deuce I vndertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy fide be fond.
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was fuddein vanished out of his fight :
 The Northerne wind his wings did broad display 170
 At his commaund, and reared him vp light /
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espie
 Tract of his foot : then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flie :
 Both fled attonce, ne euer backe returned eie.

l. 152, 'knights' : l. 153, 'neede' : l. 155, 'saide' : l. 156, 'knights'
 l. 157, 'battaile' : l. 159, 'Perdy . . . saide' : l. 164, 'deuice' is misprinted
 'aduise' in '96 : l. 167, 'minde . . . Monster' : l. 170, 'winde' : l. 172,
 'of' : l. 173, 'espye' : l. 175, 'flye' : l. 176, 'retourned eye.'

Till that they come vnto a forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd theselues from causelesse feare;
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene,
 Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,
 As ghastly bug their haire on end does reare : 181
 Yet both doe striue their fearfulness to faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
 And made the forrest ring, as it would riue in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush ;
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
 But *Trompart* stoutly stayd to taken heed, 190
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
 A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
 But heauenly pourtrait of bright Angels hew,
 Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew ;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed, 200
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded.

l. 178, '*causeles*': l. 181, '*does vnto them appeare*,' but corrected in
 '*Faults escaped*' '*greatly*' for '*vnto*': l. 191, '*foorth*': l. 196, '*heuenly*':
 l. 197, '*/kye*': l. 202, '*sence*.'

In / her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
 Kindled aboue at th'heauenly makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing perfant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight :
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ; 210
 For with dredd Maiestie, and awfull ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base defire.

Her iuorie forehead, full of bountie braue,
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
 For Loue his loftie triumphes to engraue,
 And write the battels of his great godhed :
 All good and honour might therein be red :
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake 220
 A filuer sound, that heauenly muficke seemd to make.

Vpon her eyelids many Graces fate,
 Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
 Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
 And euery one her with a grace endowes :
 And euery one with meekenesse to her bowes.
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiaall grace,
 And foueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall fraile pen descriue her heauenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace ?

l. 209, 'fyre' : l. 211, 'yre' : l. 212, 'base desyre' : l. 213, 'iuorie' :
 l. 216, 'battailes' : l. 219, 'sweete' : l. 224, 'belgardes' : l. 225, 'enerie,
 and so l. 226 : l. 229, 'frayle.'

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire 231
 She seemd, when she presented was to fight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a filken Camus lyly whight,/
 Purpled vpon with many a folded plight,
 Which all about besprinkled was throughout,
 With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe

Below her ham her weed were somewhat traine, 240
 And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld :
 Before they fastned were vnder her knee
 In a rich Iewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all their knots, that none might see,
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the Gods support, 250
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festiuall resort ;
 Those fame with stately grace, and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace,
 But with the wooddie Nymphes when she did play,

l. 239, *sic* in '90 and '96 (a broken line) : l. 240, '*were*'—misprinted '*did*' in '90 and '96, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' of the former : *ib.*, '*trayne*' : l. 242, '*Cordwayne*' : l. 244, '*fayre*' : l. 246, '*iewell*' : l. 247, '*their*' is '*the*' in '90.

Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly moue, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiuer gay,
Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The saluage beastes in her victorious play, 261
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did diuide
Her daintie paps ; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her / yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loofely shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
That waued like a penon wide dispred, 270
And low behinde her backe were scattered :
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouing forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haire sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as *Diana* by the sandie shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game : Or as that famous Queene 280
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priame* she was feene,

l. 260, 'dartes' : l. 265, 'lile' : l. 270, 'wyde' : l. 274, 'heares' : l. 276,
'sandy.

Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did vew,
He was difmayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind :
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last him spying thus bespake ; 290
Hayle Groome ; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake ?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her ouertake.

Wherewith reviu'd, this answere forth he threw ;
O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce found mortall ; I auow to thee, /
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this Forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee, 300
To weet, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

To whom she thus ; but ere her words ensfewed,
Vnto the bush her eye did fuddein glaunce,
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre ; she left her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduaunce,
In minde to marke the beast. At which sad stowre
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,

l. 286, 'minde' : l. 288, 'behinde' : l. 289, 'finde' : l. 291, 'Hynde' :
l. 296, 'nether' : l. 302, 'dew' : l. 303, , for ; and 'ensfewed' : l. 305,
'mewd' : l. 306, 'lefte' : l. 307, 'shafte.'

Out crying, ð what euer heauenly powre, 310
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

O stay thy hand for yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renownd through many bold emprise ;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She staid : with that he crould out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from
rest. 320

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret caue
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to faue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renewes her natiue pride ;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

So / when her goodly vifage he beheld, 330
He gan himselfe to vaunt : but when he vewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was tranfmewed,

l. 310, 'O . . . heuenly' : l. 313, 'fiers' : l. 315, 'far' : l. 320, 'frö' :
l. 321, 'fearefull' : l. 322, 'foring' : l. 323, no, after 'how' : l. 326, 'forth'
. . . renewes' : l. 327, 'foiue' : l. 328, 'Proudly . . . set' : l. 331, 'vewod' :
l. 333, 'fits . . . tranfmewod.'

Till she to him her gracious speach renewed ;
 All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
 As all the like, which honour haue purfewed
 Through deedes of armes and prowesse martiall ;
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus : ô fairest vnder skie,
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise, 340
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought, and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
 Endeouoring my dreadded name to raise
 About the Moone, that fame may it refound
 In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland croud.

But what art thou, ô Ladie, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forrest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for ioyous court exchange, 350
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happie blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this ?
 There thou maist loue, and dearely loued bee,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis ;
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see :
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee.

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
 Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,

l. 334, '*renewed*': l. 336, '*honor . . . purfued*': l. 337, '*deeds*': l. 339
 '*O*': l. 340, '*Trew*': l. 342, '*I haue*': l. 344, '*foūd*': l. 345, '*En-*
deuoring': l. 347, '*tromp . . . gírlond*': l. 348, '*O Lady*': l. 349,
 '*foreſt*': l. 351, '*happy*': l. 353, '*dearly . . . be*': l. 356, '*ſitt*': l. 357.
 '*proud . . . qd.*'

Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 And in obliuion euer buried is : / 360
 Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis ;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaues with cares, cannot so easie mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honour sooneft find.

In woods, in waues, in warres she wonts to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine ;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
 Vnto her happie mansion attaine :
 Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine, 370
 And wakefull watches euer to abide :
 But easie is the way, and passage plaine
 To pleasures pallace ; it may soone be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

In Princes court,—The rest she would haue said,
 But that the foolish man, fild with delight
 Of her sweet words, that all his fence dismaid,
 And with her wondrous beautie rauisht quight,
 Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light, 380
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that she swaruing backe, her Iauelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace :
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

l. 361, 'abounds': l. 362, 'mynd': l. 363, 'easy': l. 364, 'kynd': l. 365, 'honor . . . fynd': l. 367, 'wilbe': l. 368, 'ydle': l. 369, 'happy': l. 370, 'Sweate': l. 372, 'easy': l. 375, 'court'.—I add — in preference to period of 1590: *ib.*, 'sayd': l. 377, 'sweete . . . dismayd': l. 378, 'beauty.'

Which when the Peasant saw, amazd he stood,
 And greiued at her flight ; yet durst he not
 Pursew her steps, through wild vnknownen wood ;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shot
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot :
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine,
 But turning said to *Trompart*, What foule blot 390
 Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
 Depart to woods vntoucht, & leaue so proud difdaine ?

Perdie / (said *Trompart*) let her passe at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
 But that she is some powre celestiall ?
 For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
 My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
 And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no lesse, 400
 Whē first I heard her horne sound with such ghaftlinesse.

For from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
 Me giuen by eternall destinie,
 That earthly thing may not my courage braue
 Difmay with feare, or cause on foot to flie,
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hie :
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skie,

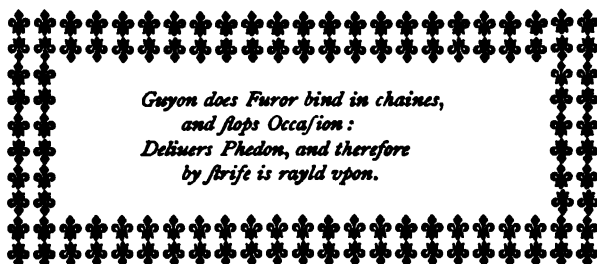
l. 385, 'griued . . . nott' : l. 387, 'shot' : l. 388, 'forgott' : l. 389,
 'wayne' : l. 390, 'foule blott' : l. 391, 'Lady . . . agayne' : l. 392,
 'disdayne' : l. 393, 'Perdy . . . lett . . . pas' : l. 396, 'shee' : l. 398,
 'corage' : l. 401, 'When . . . horn sound' : l. 403, 'destiny' : l. 404,
 'corage,' and so l. 418 : l. 405, 'foote . . . flye' : l. 406, 'hye' : l. 408,
 'shye.'

I hid my felfe from it, as one affeard ;
 But when I other knew, my felfe I boldly reard. 410

But now for feare of worfe, that may betide,
 Let vs foone hence depart. They foone agree ;
 So to his fteed he got, and gan to ride,
 As one vnfit therefore, that all might fee
 He had not trayned bene in cheualree.
 Which well that valiant courfer did difcerne ;
 For he defpyfd to tread in dew degree,
 But chaufd and fom'd, with courage fierce and fterne,
 And to be eafd of that bafe burden ftill did erne. 419

l. 413, 'gott' : l. 414, 'vnfit' : l. 416, 'valiaunt' : l. 417, 'despyd'
 l. 418, 'fers' : l. 419, 'erne'—in 1609 'yerne.'

Cant. / IIII.



IN braue purfuit of honorable deed,
 There is I know not what great difference
 Betweene the vulgar and the noble feed,
 Which vnto things of valorous pretence
 Seemes to be borne by natue influence ; 10
 As feates of armes, and loue to entertaine,
 But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
 Proper to gentle blood ; some others faine
 To menage feedes, as did this vaunter ; but in vaine.

But he the rightfull owner of that feed,
 Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
 The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
 With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide ;
 Who fuffred not his wandring feet to slide.

l. 3, 'occasion' : l. 4, 'Phaon' : l. 5, 'vppon' : l. 6, 'poursuitt' : l. 7, (what) : l. 12, no ; : l. 13, 'blood' : l. 15, 'feede' : l. 19, 'fecte.'

But when strong passion, or weake fleshlineſſe 20
 Would from the right way ſeeke to draw him wide,
 He would through temperance and ſtedfaſtneſſe,
 Teach him the weake to ſtrengthen, & the ſtrôg ſuppreſſe.

It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
 He ſaw from farre, or ſeemed for to ſee
 Some troublous vpror or contentious fray,
 Whereto he drew in haſte it to agree.
 A mad / man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
 A handſome ſtripling with great crueltee, 30
 Whom fore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
 That cheekes with teares, and fides with bloud did all
 abound.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did ſtalke,
 In ragged robes, and filthy diſaray,
 Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walke,
 But on a ſtaffe her feeble ſteps did ſtay ;
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
 Grew all afore, and looſely hong vnrold,
 But all behind was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could euer taken hold, 40
 And eke her face ill fauour'd, full of wrinckles old.

And euer as ſhe went, her tongue did walke
 In foule reproch, and termes of vile deſpight,

l. 20, , after 'fleshlineſſe': l. 22, 'temperance': l. 23, 'weak': l. 25,
 'far': l. 27, 'haſt': l. 29, 'heare . . . ground': l. 30, 'handſom': l. 31,
 'wound': l. 32, '& ſydes . . . blood . . . abound': l. 33, 'behynd': l. 35,
 , for . of '90 and '96: l. 38, 'looſly': l. 39, 'behinde': l. 42, 'tongue':
 l. 43, 'foule.'

Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight ;
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which she could not go vpright ;
 Ne any euill meanes she did forbear,
 That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble *Guyon* mou'd with great remorse, 51
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
 And after adding more impetuous force,
 His mightie hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe ; who all on fire streightway,
 Against him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
 And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
 And did he wist not what in his auengement. /

And fure he was a man of mickle might, 60
 Had he had gouernance, it well to guide :
 But when the franticke fit inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
 Then at the aymed marke, which he had eide :
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt vnwares,
 Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descride,
 But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares,
 And where he hits, nought knowes, & whom he hurts,
 nought cares.

l. 48, 'goe' : l. 54, 'mighty' : l. 58, 'smott . . . bitt' : l. 61, 'gouernance . . . guyde' : l. 62, 'frantick fit' : l. 63, 'wyde' : l. 64, 'eyde' : l. 66, 'Whylest reafte . . . passio . . . descryde.'

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe 70
 In faire defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting fo,
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro,
 To ouerthrow him strongly did affay,
 But ouerthrew himsele vnwares, and lower lay.

And being downe the villein fore did beat,
 And bruze with clownish fites his manly face :
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat, 80
 Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
 Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
 His grasping hold : so lightly did vpstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 Not so, *o Guyon*, neuer thinke that so
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyed :
 He is not, ah, he is not such a foe, 90
 As / Steele can wound, or strength can ouerthroe.
 That same is *Furor*, curfed cruell wight,
 That vnto knighthood workes much shame and woe ;
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

l. 71, 'fayre' : l. 75, 'sternly' : l. 78, 'beate' : l. 84, 'knitt' : l. 88,
 'O' : l. 90, 'not'—misprinted 'no' in '90 and '96, but corrected in
 'Faults escaped' of the former : l. 92, 'cruel' : l. 94, 'o' : l. 95, 'roote.'

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge :
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
 And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage, 100
 Then when she is withdrawen, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood ;
 The bankes are ouerflowen, when stopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw : yet n'ould she stent
 Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
 But still prouokt her sonne to wreake her wrong ; 110
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her vngratious tong,
 Thereon an yron lock, did fasten firme and strong.

Then when as vse of speach was from her rest,
 With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
 And beckned him, the last helpe she had left :
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,
 That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake ; 120

l. 100, '*frantick . . . corage*' : l. 101, '*withdrawne*' : l. 102, '*ydle fury*
 . . . *asswage*' : l. 104, '*ouerflowne*' : l. 107, '*hong*' in 1609 '*hung*' : l. 112,
 '*tongue*'—so in '90, but corrected in '*Faults escaped*' to '*tonge*' : l. 114,
 '*whenas*' : l. 116, '*help*' : l. 118, '*handes*' : l. 119, '*note*' in 1609 '*no'te*' :
ib., '*flye*.'

But *Guyon* after him in hafte did hie,
And foone him ouertooke in fad perplexitie. /

In his strong armes he stiffely him embraste,
Who him gainstriuing, nought at all preuaild :
For all his power was vtterly defaste,
And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild :
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces sayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slacke.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe, 130
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him fore constraîne :
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine :
His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long lockes, coloured like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire. 140

Thus when as *Guyon Furor* had captiu'd,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all foild with bloud and mire :
Whom when as he perceiued to respire,

l. 121, 'hye': l. 122, 'perplexitye': l. 123, 'siftly': l. 126, 'fills':
l. 128, 'slack': l. 131, 'rack': l. 136, 'bloody': l. 137, 'fyrre': l. 139,
'locks . . . wyre': l. 140, 'bit . . . yre': l. 141, 'whenas . . . captiud':
l. 142, 'Squyre': l. 143, 'deprind': l. 144, 'blood . . . myre': l. 145,
'whenas . . . respyre.'

He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
 Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
 And made that caitiues thral, the thral of wretchednesse.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes, 150
 Faire Sir (quoth he) what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes vnwares him to surpryse
 Misfortune waites aduantage to entrap
 The / man most warie in her whelming lap.
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
 Vnweeting, and vnware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischief through occasion,
 Where this fame wicked villein did me light vpon.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the fourse
 Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares, 160
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourse,
 Attonce I was vpbrought, and eft when yeares
 More rype vs reason lent to chose our Peares,
 Our felues in league of vowed loue we knit :
 In which we long time without gealous feares,
 Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit ;
 And for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit.

It was my fortune commune to that age,
 To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,

l. 146, 'woundes': l. 147, 'inquiryre': l. 149, 'caytiues thrall' (bis):
 l. 151, 'Fayre . . . qd.': l. 154, 'wary': l. 155, 'one'—in '90 'wretch':
 l. 157, 'through occasion'—in '90 'through her guilful trech': l. 158, 'light
 vpon' in '90 'wandering ketch': l. 163, 'chose' in 1609 'chuse': l. 164,
 'knitt': l. 166, 'Or' is 'Our' in 1609: *ib.*, 'continewd . . . fitt': l. 167,
 'whitt': l. 168, 'It'—misprinted 'Is' in '96: l. 169, 'Lady fayre.'

The which was borne of noble parentage, 170
 And set in higheft feat of dignitee,
 Yet seemd no leffe to loue, then loued to bee :
 Long I her feru'd, and found her faithfull still,
 Ne euer thing could caufe vs difagree :
 Loue that two harts makes one; makes eke one will :
 Each ftroue to pleafe, and others pleafure to fulfill.

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake,
 Of all my loue and all my priuitie ;
 Who greatly ioyous seemed for my fake,
 And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee, 180
 Ne euer wight, that mote fo welcome bee,
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
 Ne euer thing, that she could thinke or fee,
 But vnto him she would impart the fame :
 O wretched man, that would abufe fo gentle Dame. /

At laft fuch grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
 That I that Ladie to my spouse had wonne ;
 Accord of friends, consent of parents fought,
 Affiance made, my happineffe begonne,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne, 190
 Which mariage make ; that day too farre did seeme :
 Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne,
 Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
 And that my falser friend did no leffe ioyous deeme.

But ere that wished day his beame disclofd,
 He either enuying my toward good,

l. 180, '*Lady*': l. 182, '*blott*': l. 187, '*Lady*': l. 188, '*friendes* . . .
Parents': l. 189, '*Affyaunce*': l. 195, '*ear*.'

Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd
 One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
 And told for secret how he vnderstood
 That Ladie whom I had to me assynd, 200
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,
 And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd ;
 And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd,

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
 Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
 Ranckled so fore, and festred inwardly,
 That my engreeued mind could find no rest,
 Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
 And him besought by that same sacred band 210
 Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best. *
 He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
 Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
 Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,
 And that it was a groome of base degree,
 Which of my loue was partner Paramoure :
 Who / vsed in a darkefome inner bowre
 Her oft to meet : which better to approue,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see, that would me nearer moue, 220
 And driue me to withdraw my blind abused loue.

This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
 Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,

l. 200, 'Lady' : l. 212, 'assurd' : l. 216, 'partner.'

Who glad t'embofome his affection vile,
 Did all ſhe might, more pleaſing to appeare.
 One day to worke her to his will more neare,
 He woo'd her thus : *Pryene* (ſo ſhe hight)
 What great deſpight doth fortune to thee beare,
 Thus lowly to abaſe thy beautie bright,
 That it ſhould not deface all others leſſer light ? 230

But if ſhe had her leaſt helpe to thee lent,
 T'adorne thy forme according thy deſart,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldeſt ſoone haue blent,
 And ſtaynd their prayſes with thy leaſt good part ;
 Ne ſhould faire *Claribell* with all her art,
 Though ſhe thy Lady be, approach thee neare ;
 For prooſe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
 Aray thy ſelfe in her moſt gorgeous geare,
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maidē proud through prayſe, and mad through loue
 Him hearkned to, and ſoone her ſelfe arayd, 241
 The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
 His craftie engin, and as he had ſayd,
 Me leading, in a ſecret corner layd,
 The ſad ſpectatour of my Tragedie ;
 Where left, he went, and his owne falſe part playd,
 Diſguiſed like that groome of baſe degree,
 Whom he had feignd th'abuſer of my loue to bee. /

Eſtfoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
 And with him brought *Priene*, rich arayd, 250
 In *Claribellaeſ* clothes. Her proper face

l. 240, 'praiſe &': l. 250, 'Pryene.'

I not descerned in that darkefome shade,
 But weend it was my loue, with whom he playd.
 Ah God, what horror and tormenting grieve
 My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assayd ?
 Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe, (priefe.
 Then wound of gealous worme, and shame of such re-

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed loue appeard in fight, 260
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent ;
 That after soone I dearely did lament :
 For when the cause of that outrageous deede
 Demanded, I made plaine and euident,
 Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
 Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to chaunge her weede.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I fought
 Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight
 To punish : yet it better first I thought, 270
 To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
 To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*
 I cast to pay, that I so dearely bought ;
 Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guiltie potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieve on grieve,
 To losse of loue adioyning losse of frend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischief,
 And in my woes beginner it to end :

l. 255, 'handes,' and : for ? : l. 258, 'retourning' : l. 275, 'guilty.'

That / was *Pryene* ; she did first offend, 280
 She last should smart : with which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murtherous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 And I purfewing my fell purpose, after went.

Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforst my flight ;
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
 Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
 As I her, so he me purfewd apace,
 And shortly ouertooke : I breathing yre, 290
 Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre ;
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to dye,
 Through wounds, & strokes, & stubborne handeling,
 That death were better, then such agony,
 As grieve and furie vnto me did bring ;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will neuer be appeafd.
 When he thus ended had his forrowing, 300
 Said *Guyon*, Squire, fore haue ye beene diseafd ;
 But all your hurts may soone through tẽperance be easfd.

Then gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
 That to affections does the bridle lend ;
 In their beginning they are weake and wan,
 But soone through suff'rance grow to fearefull end ;

l. 284, '*pursewing*' : l. 285, '*winges*' : l. 289, '*pursewd*' : l. 297,
 '*fury*' : l. 301, '*Squyre*.

Whiles they are weake betimes with them contend :
 For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to ouerthrow: 310
 Wrath, gelofie, grieve, loue this Squire haue layd thus
 low.

Wrath, / gealofie, grieve, loue do thus expell :
 Wrath is a fire, and gealofie a weede,
 Grieve is a flood, and loue a monster fell ;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little feede,
 The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede :
 But sparks, feed, drops, and filth do thus delay ;
 The sparks soone quench, the springing feed outweed
 The drops dry vp, and filth wipe clean away :
 So shall wrath, gealofie, grieve, loue dye and decay. 320

Vnlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) fith thou hast
 Falne vnto mischiefe through intemperaunce,
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
 And guide thy wayes with warie gouernaunce,
 Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do aduaunce
 Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,
 Who first to rayse our houle to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde 330
 A varlet running towards hastily,

l. 311, 'gelofy . . . Squeyre . . . laide': l. 320, 'gelofie . . . die': l. 321, 'faide': l. 322, 'into': l. 324, 'guyde . . . waies': l. 331, 'running towards':

Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so foyld, that none could him descry ;
 His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
 For *Guyons* lookes, but scornfull eyglance at him
 shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brafen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit, 340
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt / I do burne. Right well befeemed it,
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight ;
 And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
 And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
 In poyson and in bloud, of malice and despight.

When he in prefence came, to *Guyon* first
 He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
 Abandon this forestalled place at erst, 350
 For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieopardie.
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
 And though he scornd his idle vanitie,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered ;
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured.

l. 341, 'bloody': l. 342, 'this word'—Hughes and other Editors
 finically read 'these words were': l. 343, 'doe': l. 345, 'dartes': l. 346,
 'sharp': l. 347, 'blood': l. 352, 'ieopardie': l. 354, 'idle vanitie.'

Varlet, this place moſt dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him, that held it forcibly. (ſeeme
But whece ſhould come that harme, which thou doeſt
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'abye?
Perdy (ſaid he) here comes, and is hard by 361
A knight of wondrous powre, and great aſſay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle diſmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence ſtay.

How hight he then (ſaid *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhocles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre 370
The ſonnes of old *Acrates* and *Deſpight*,
Acrates ſonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*;
But *Phlegeton* is ſonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
But *Herebus* ſonne of *Aeternitie* is hight. /

So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withſtand his might,
Drad for his derring do, and bloody deed;
For all in bloud and ſpoile is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon, 380
And ſtirre him vp to ſtrife and cruell fight.

l. 359, 'ſhold . . . doſt': l. 360, 'mindes': l. 361, 'ſayd,' and ſo l. 366:
l. 367, '*Pyrrhocles*' is corrected here in 'Faults eſcaped' to '*Pyrochles*':
l. 368, 'feates': l. 369, 'approud': l. 377, 'doe . . . bloody': l. 378,
'blood.'

Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Leaft thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
(Said he) but whither with such hasty flight
Art thou now bound? for well mote I discerne
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and streight behight
To seeke *Occasion*; where so she bee:
For he is all disposd to bloudy fight, 390
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltye;
Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardie.

Madman (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
She comes vnsought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rise
Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rusty knife;
Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught,
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life. 399
Then loe, where bound she sits, whō thou hast sought,
(Said *Guyon*,) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That when the varlet heard and saw, streight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood doest with shame vpbray,
And shewst th'ensāple of thy childish might,
With / filly weake old woman thus to fight.

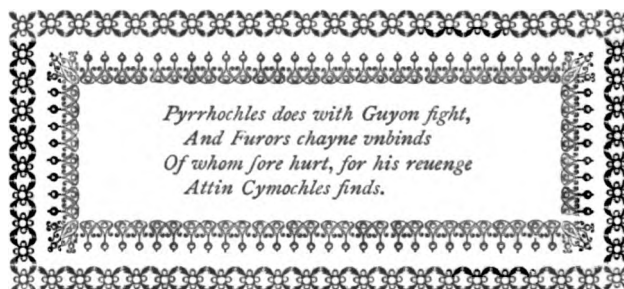
l. 382, 'fearfull': l. 385, 'sayd . . . whether': l. 386, 'bound': l. 387, 'swift': l. 388, 'qd.': l. 390, 'bloody': l. 391, 'crueltee': l. 392, 'ieopardie': l. 396, 'Rancor': l. 400, 'wher': l. 401, no () : l. 402, 'varlett': l. 405, 'childishe': l. 406, 'that did fight.'

Great glory and gay spoile fure haft thou got,
 And stoutly prou'd thy puiffaunce here in fight ;
 That fhall *Pyrrochles* well requite, I wot,
 And with thy bloud abolifh fo reprochfull blot. 410

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with ire and vengeable despight ;
 The quiuering fteele his aymed end well knew,
 And to his brest it felfe intended right :
 But he was warie, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, aduaunft his fhield atweene,
 On which it feizing, no way enter might,
 But backe rebounding, left the forckhead keene ;
 Eftfoones he fled away, and might no where be feene.

l. 407, 'gott' : l. 409, 'wott' : l. 410, 'blood . . . blott' : l. 412, 'yre' :
 l. 413, 'wel' : l. 415, 'warie' : l. 418 'rebounding.'

Cant. V.



WHo euer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
 Then stubborn perturbation, to the same;
 To which right well the wife do giue that name, 10
 For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
 Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
 His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
 As did *Pyrrhochles*, and it wilfully vnbindes. /

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
 Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide

l. 3, 'vntyes': ll. 4-5—

'Who him fore wounds, whiles Attin to
Gymochles for ayd flies'—the 'G' corrected:

l. 8, 'shal': l. 10, 'wel . . . doe': l. 11, 'staied': l. 13, 'author': l. 14,
 'Pirrhocles.'

One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
 That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
 Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire, 20
 That seemd him to enflame on euery fide :
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greete,
 Ne chaffar words, prowd courage to prouoke,
 But prickt so fiers, that vnderneath his feete
 The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
 Both horfe and man nigh able for to choke ;
 And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke ; 30
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comining neare
 To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
 On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
 On his horfe necke before the quilted fell,
 And from the head the body fundred quight,
 So him dismounted low, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight ; 40
 The truncked beaft fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow vprose,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent ;

l. 22, 'bloody . . . yre' : l. 24, 'flaid' : l. 25, 'corage' : l. 29, 'fayrly
 . . . steleheaded' : l. 32, 'hincke' : l. 36, 'bitt' : *ib.*, in '96 misprinted
 'braod' : l. 37, , inserted.

Disleall knight, whose coward courage chofe
 To wreake it felfe on beaft all innocent,
 And / fhund the marke, at which it fhould be ment,
 Thereby thine armes feeme ftrög, but mâhood fraile;
 So haft thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
 But litle may fuch guile thee now auaille,
 If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile. 50

With that he drew his flaming fword, and ftrooke
 At him fo fiercely, that the vpper marge
 Of his feuenfolded fhield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gafh therein : were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary foule from thence it would difcharge;
 Natheleffe fo fore abuff to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his brest his beuer bent.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow, 60
 And much afhamd, that froke of liuing arme
 Should him difmay, and make him stoup fo low,
 Though otherwife it did him litle harme:
 Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
 He fmote fo manly on his fhoulder plate,
 That all his left fide it did quite difarme;
 Yet there the fteele stayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flefh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly difmayd, with horroure of that dint
Pyrrhochles was, and griued eke entyre; 70

l. 44, 'corage': l. 47, 'Therby . . . ftrong . . . manhood frayl': l. 48, 'honor': l. 49, 'awayl': l. 50, 'doe me not much fayl': l. 57, 'fowle': l. 69, 'horror.'

Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame vnto his former fire,
 That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre ;
 Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurle, round in warelike gyre ;
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his faufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd. /

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
 And euery way did seeke into his life,
 Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes, 80
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was warie wife, and closely did awayt
 Auauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife ;
 Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strooke him strayt,
 And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such
 bayt.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A prowde rebellious Vnicorne defies,
 T'auoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies, 90
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside ; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, fought of his enimies
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be rel[e]ast,
 But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast.

l. 75, '*hurle round*,' and no comma after '*hurle*'—in 1611 '*hurien*':
ib., '*warlike*': l. 77, '*cruell tygre*': l. 78, '*thundred*': l. 83, '*wary*':
 l. 85, '*strook*': l. 88, '*defyes*': l. 90, '*applies*': l. 91, '*running* . . .
spyes': l. 93, '*enimye*': l. 95, '*victor*'.

With such faire flight him *Guyon* often faild,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
 And kindling new his courage seeming queint,
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
 He made him stoup perforce vnto his knee, 101
 And do vnwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see ;
 Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, purfewed fast
 The present offer of faire victory.
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty creft so hye,
 That / streight on ground made him full low to lye ;
 Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust : 110
 With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome vniust,
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
 Tempring the passion with aduizement flow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd :
 For th'equall dye of warre he well did know ;
 Then to him said, Liue and allegaunce owe,
 To him that giues thee life and libertie,
 And henceforth by this dayes enfample trow, 120
 That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie,
 Do breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamie.

l. 96, '*flight . . . fayld*': l. 97, '*weary*': l. 98, '*onset . . . assayld*':
 l. 99, '*corage*': l. 102, '*doe*': l. 105, '*pursued*': l. 109, '*ground*':
 l. 110, '*victor*' and : for , : l. 111, '*doe*': l. 114, '*cruel*': l. 117, '*die*':
 l. 119, , after '*him*': *ib.*, '*liberty*' and , inserted : l. 120, '*dayes*': l. 121,
 '*hazardry*': l. 122, '*infamy*.'

So vp he let him rise, who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for grieve of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered ;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maistered, 130
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agriue'd,
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre :
 Was neuer man, who most conquestes atchieu'd
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
 Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre :
 Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe,
 But to be lesser, then himselfe, doth marre
 Both loosers lot, and victours prayse alsoe.
 Vaine others ouerthrowes, who selfe doth ouerthrowe. /

Fly, O *Pyrrhockles*, fly the dreadfull warre, 141
 That in thy selfe thy lesser parts do moue,
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
 Direfull impatience, and hart murdring loue ;
 Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remoue,
 Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead.
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
 Of curtesie to me the cause a read,
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

L 127, 'blood': L 130, 'maistered': L 131, 'wondered': L 137, 'bee,' and
 so L 138: L 139, 'lost': L 140, 'who selfe'—sic '90 and '96—'whose selfe'
 in 1609: *ib.*, 'ouerthrow': L 142, 'partes doe': L 143, 'woe working':
 L 148, 'courtesie . . . mee . . . aread'

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare : 150
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
 Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort :
 That ill befeemes thee, such as I thee see,
 To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
 To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
 And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smilde, And is that all
 (Said he) that thee so fore displeased hath ? 160
 Great mercy fure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyling wrath :
 Loe there they be ; to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntyde,
 Before her sonne could well asfoyled bee,
 She to her vse returnd, and streight defyde 170
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhochles* : th'one (said shee)
 Bycause / he wonne ; the other because hee
 Was wonne : So matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre vp strife, and do them disagree ;

[L. 157, '*occasion*' : L. 159, '*smilde*' : L. 162, '*freedom*' : L. 163, '*whott emboyling*,' but the latter word corrected in '*Faults escaped*' : L. 164, '*bee*' : L. 171, '*hee*' accepted from 1609, corrective of 1590 and 1596 : L. 174, '*garre*.]

But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she fought
To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrrhochles* fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right, 180
But yielded had to that same straunger knight:
Now gan *Pyrrhochles* wex as wood, as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
Against *Pyrrhochles*, and new matter framed
Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blamed
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood shamed, 190
And him disabled quite. But he was wise
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflamed;
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded fore,
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,

L. 176, 'fyrre, & thousand': L. 185, 'stiding': L. 187, 'fram'd':
L. 189, 'wrongs . . . blam'd': L. 190, 'sham'd': L. 191, 'quyte':
L. 192, 'occasions' is in 1609 'occasion': *ib.*, 'inflam'd': L. 198,
'blood': L. 199, 'spight' in 1609 is 'spright.'

Now brought to him a flaming fire brond, 200
 Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright
 Had kindled : that she gaue into his hond,
 That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstōd. /

Tho gan that villain wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse ;
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdeignd so loathly fight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce, 210
 Helpe, o Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse ;
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repreffe,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne :
 He that his sorrow fought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would releafe agayne, 220
 Deferues to tast his follies fruit, repented payne.

Guyon obeyd ; So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to purfew.
 But rash *Pyrrhochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,

l. 200, 'fyer' : l. 204, 'that' in 1609 is 'the' : l. 211, 'Help' : l. 212, 'ridd . . . handes' : l. 213, 'playnt' : l. 215, 'restraynt' : l. 219, 'sorrow' : l. 220, , for . : l. 221, 'taste' : l. 224, 'purfew' : l. 225, 'varlett.

When late he saw his Lord in heauy plight,
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puiffaunt froke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in fight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call. 230

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayfe,
 And glorious spoiles, purchaft in perilous fight :
 Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes
 Had / doen to death, fubdewde in equall frayes,
 Whole carkafes, for terrour of his name,
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
 And hong their conquered armes for more defame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his deareft Dame.

His deareft Dame is that Enchauntereffe, 240
 The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delightes,
 And idle pleafures in his *Bowre* of *Bliffe*,
 Does charme her louers, and the feeble fprighes
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wighes :
 Whom then fhe does transforme to mōftrous hewes,
 And horribly miffhapes with vgly fightes,
 Captiu'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darkfom dens, where *Titan* his face neuer fhewes.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* foiourning,
 To ferue his Lemans loue : for he by kind, 250
 Was giuen all to luft and loofe liuing,
 When euer his fiers hands he free mote find :

l. 226, 'heauie': l. 234, 'knightes': l. 238, 'conquerd': l. 241, 'vyle':
 l. 242, 'ydle': l. 245, 'trafforme': l. 249, 'fownd': l. 250, 'kynd':
 l. 252, 'handes . . . fynd.'

And now he has pourd out his idle mind
 In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
 Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

And ouer him, art striuing to compaire
 With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton Yuie, flouring faire, 260
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which daintie odours round about them threw,
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That when myld *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
 Did breath out bounteous smels, & painted colors shew./

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a fowne,
 To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay ; 270
 The wearie Traueiler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thrifty heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former paine, and wypt away his toylfomf weat.

And on the other side a pleasaunt groue
 Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is t'*Olympicke Ioue*,
 And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee

L. 253, 'mynd' : L. 255, 'behynd' : L. 258, 'stryuing . . . compayre' :
 L. 260, 'fayre' : L. 262, 'prickling' : L. 275, 'toylfom' : L. 276, 'syde' :
 L. 277, 'shot.'

Gaynd in *Nemea* goodly victoree ; 280
 Therein the mery birds of euery fort
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie :
 And made amongst them selues a sweet confort,
 That quickned the dull spright with muficall comfort

There he him found all carelesly displayd,
 In secreet shadow from the funny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
 Amidst a flocke of Damzels frefh and gay,
 That round about him diffolute did play
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment ; 290
 Euery of which did loofely difaray
 Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
 And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And euery of them stroue, with most delights,
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew ;
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights,
 Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew ;
 Some / bathed kisses, and did soft embrew,
 The fugred licour through his melting lips :
 One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to vew 300
 Her daintie limbes about her tender hips,
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

l. 280, '*In Nemeus gaynd*,' and corrected to '*Nemus*' in 'Faults escaped': l. 281, '*birdes . . . forte*': l. 282, '*harmones*': l. 283, '*fwede*': l. 285, '*displaid*': l. 287, '*laid*': l. 288, '*Damzelles*': l. 289, '*round*': l. 290, '*meriment*'—another example of Spenser's neglect of strict rhyme, albeit this may have been an overlooked printer's error: l. 292, '*partes*': l. 296, , after '*lights*' inserted: l. 297, '*wordes*': l. 300, '*yield*': l. 301, '*dainty*.'

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
 His wandring thought in deepe defire does steepe,
 And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes ;
 Sometimes he falsely faines himfelfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
 Whereby clofe fire into his heart does creepe :
 So, he them deceiues, deceiu'd in his deceit, 310
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin arriuing there, when him he spide,
 Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles ; oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
 In which that manly perfon late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne ?
 Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
 That hath fo many haughtie conquests wonne ?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne ? 320

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
 He said ? vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
 Vnmindfull of thy praife and prowest might,
 And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
 Whiles sad *Pyrrhochles* lies on senselesse ground,
 And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroke, & many a streaming wound,
 Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in ioyes art dround./

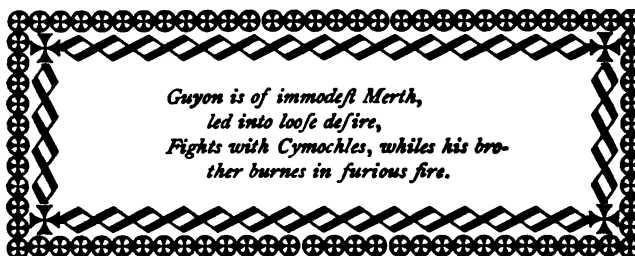
l. 303, 'weedes': l. 305, 'frayle . . . beauty': l. 310, 'So, he them'—
 Dr. Morris inadvertently reads in '96 'So them': *ib.*, 'daceiud': l. 311,
 'dronke': l. 312, 'spyde': l. 314, 'cryde': l. 319, 'haughtie': l. 321,
 'sharp': l. 322, 'faide': l. 326, 'senselesse': l. 329, 'help.'

Suddeinly / out of his delightfull dreame 330
 The man awoke, and would haue questiond more ;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but vrged fore
 With percing words, and pittifull implore,
 Him hastie to arise. As one affright
 With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
 He then vprose, inflam'd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes ; for he would algates fight.

They bene ybrought ; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way, 340
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay ;
 For he has vowd, to beene aueng'd that day,
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long :)
 On him, that did *Pyrrhochles* deare difmay :
 So proudly pricketh on his courfer strong,
 And *Atin* aie him pricks with spurs of shame & wrong.

L 334, 'words' : L 335, 'hasty' : L 337, 'inflamd' : L 343, 'auengd' :
 L 347, 'ay.'

Cant. VI.



A Harder lesson, to learne Contenance
 In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine :
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker fence
 So strongly, that vneathes it can refraine
 From / that, which feeble nature couets faine ; 10
 But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies,
 And foes of life, she better can restraine ;
 Yet vertue vauntes in both their victories,
 And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* traueilling to find,
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
 Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim
 Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
 A long the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye, 20
 A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim

l. 3, 'defyre' : l. 5, 'fyre' : l. 12, 'abstaine' : l. 14, 'maisteries' : l. 15
traueiling . . . finde.

With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,[]]
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein fate a Ladie fresh and faire,
Making sweet folace to her selfe alone ;
Sometimes she fung, as loud as larke in aire,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her moue cause of meriment :
Matter of merth enough, though there were none 30
She could deuife, and thousand waies inuent,
To feede her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and faw,
He loudly cald to such, as were a bord,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferrie ouer that deepe ford :
The merry marriner vnto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore where that same warlike Lord
She in receiu'd ; but *Atin* by no way 40
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray. /

Eftfoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift, then swallow sheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to flie,

l. 24, '*Lady . . . fayre*' : l. 25, '*sweete*' : l. 26, '*song . . . lowd . . . ayre*' : l. 27, '*laught, as merry as Pope Ione*'—see new Life of Spenser in Vol. I. on this and other 1596 changes from 1590 : l. 29, '*That to her might*' : l. 33, '*far of*' : l. 34, '*lowdly*' : l. 36, '*ferry*' : l. 37, '*mariner*' : l. 43, '*flye*' : l. 45, '*fly*.'

Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away vpon the yielding waue,
 Ne cared she her course for to apply :
 For it was taught the way, which she would haue,
 And both from rocks and flats it felfe could wisely faue.

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found 51
 New merth, her paffenger to entertaine :
 For she in pleafant purpofe did abound,
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
 Of which a ftore-houfe did with her remaine,
 Yet feemed, nothing well they her became ;
 For all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in vtt'ring of the fame,
 That turned all her pleafance to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuize, 60
 As her fantafticke wit did moft delight,
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
 With gaudie girlonds, or frefh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rufhes plight ;
 Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would affay
 To laugh at fhaking of the leaues light,
 Or to behold the water worke, and play
 About her litle frigot, therein making way

Her light behauiour, and loofe dalliaunce
 Gaue wondrous great contentment to the knight, 70
 That of his way he had no fouenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,

l. 47, 'Onely . . . turn'd' : l. 53, 'pleafant' : l. 57, 'wordes' : l. 59,
 'pleafance' : l. 63, 'gaudy' : l. 65, 'do' : l. 66, 'off'.

But / to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed mind
 With one sweet drop of sensuall delight :
 So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
 Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that vsage ment, 80
 Which in her cot she daily practised.
 Vaine man (said she) that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of *Phædria* (for so my name is red)
 Of *Phædria*, thine owne fellow seruauant ;
 For thou to serue *Acraſia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and thither sailes by ayme,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow, 90
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow :
 Both slow and swift a like do serue my tourne,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
 Can chaunge my cheare, or make me euer mourne ;
 My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were farre past the passage, which he spake,

l. 73, 'yield': l. 74, 'minde': l. 75, 'sweete,' and : for . of '90 and , of
 '96: l. 76, 'stormy winde': l. 77, 'pleasaunt': l. 81, 'cott . . . practized':
 l. 82, 'saide': l. 89, 'thether sayles': l. 93, 'loued': l. 95, 'litle': l. 97,
 'far.'

And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
 That floted in the midst of that great lake :
 There her small Gondelay her port did make, 100
 And that gay paire issuing on the shore
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land, that lay them faire before, (store. /
 Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentifull great

It was a chofen plot of fertile land,
 Emongst wide waues set, like a litle nest,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
 Bene choisely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best :
 No daintie flowre or herbe, that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted bloffomes drest, 111
 And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
 To bud out faire, and her sweet smells throw all around.

No tree, whose braunches did not brauely spring ;
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not fit :
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;
 No song but did containe a louely dit :
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fit,
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake wit 120
 Was ouercome of thing, that did him please ;
 So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

l. 101, 'payre issuing': l. 104, 'shewd': l. 105, 'plots': l. 106, 'sett':
 l. 108, 'choysely': l. 110, 'dainty . . . ground': l. 111, 'arboret':
 l. 112, 'sweete': *ib.*, 'found': l. 113, 'So throwe her sweete . . . al around':
 l. 115, 'fitt': l. 117, 'ditt': l. 118, 'fitt': l. 120, 'witt.'

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and filled with pleasures vaine,
 Into a shady dale she soft him led,
 And laid him downe vpon a grassie plaine;
 And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdain,
 She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
 Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd, 130
 The whiles with a loue lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

Behold, ô man, that toylefome paines doest take
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
 How they themselues doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing enuious nature them forth throwes
 Out / of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous shewes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare. 140

The lilly, Ladie of the flowering field,
 The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
 And foone leaue off this toylefome wearie stoure;
 Loe loe how braue she decks her bounteous boure,

l. 123, 'shee . . . senses': l. 124, 'vayn': l. 125, 'shady': l. 126, 'grassy
 playn': l. 127, 'sweete . . . disdayn': l. 128, 'sett . . . disarm'd': l. 129,
 'fustayn': l. 130, no, after 'slumbred . . . harm'd': l. 131, 'whils':
 ib., 'loue'—accepted for 'loud' of '96: ib., 'charm'd': l. 132, 'O': l. 133,
 'flowrs . . . pleasants': l. 136, no, after 'how,' and in '96 'But' catch-
 word: l. 138, 'decke . . . pōpous': l. 141, 'Lady': l. 142, 'flowre': l. 143,
 'labors': l. 144, 'toylefome weary.'

With filken curtens and gold couerlets,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
 Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

Why when dost thou, ð man, that of them all 150
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And waft thy ioyous houres in needlesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and aduentures vaine ?
 What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vse ?
 Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse ?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take ; 160
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did sleepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake :
 So she him left, and did her selfe betake
 Vnto her boat againe, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull waue of that great griesly lake ;
 Soone she that Island farre behind her left, (west. /
 And now is come to that same place, where first she

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Vnto the other fide of that wide strond,

l. 146, 'filkin . . . couerletts': l. 148, 'nether . . . cards . . . fretts':
 l. 149, 'letts': l. 150, 'O': l. 153, 'wasfe . . . houres . . . needlesse':
 l. 155, 'al': l. 157, 'thrift': l. 161, 'cies': l. 163, 'lefte': l. 164, 'again
 . . . cleft': l. 165, 'wane'—sic in '90 and '96—is 'waues' in 1609: *ib.*,
 'griesly': l. 166, 'shee . . . far . . . lefte': l. 167, 'weste.'

Where she was rowing, and for passage fought : 170
 Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his sad guide ; himfelfe she tooke a boord,
 But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
 To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

Guyon was loth to leaue his guide behind,
 Yet being entred, might not backe retyre ;
 For the flit barke, obaying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire, 180
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged fire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom neither wind out of their seat could forfe,
 Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish fourfe.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
 Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollitie deuize,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare :
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear 190
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake ;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliance he despised, and follies did forfake.

Yet she still followed her former stile,
 And faid, and did all that mote him delight,

l. 171, 'shee': l. 173, 'him selfe': l. 179, 'flitt': l. 184, 'nether': l. 187,
 'merry': l. 188, 'iollity': l. 193, 'bonds' is 'bounds' in 1609: l. 194.
 'dalliaunce': l. 195, 'style'.

Till they arriued in that pleafant Ile,
 Where fleeping late fhe left her other knight.
 But / when as *Guyon* of that land had fight,
 He wift himfelfe amiffe, and angry faid ; 200
 Ah Dame, perdie ye haue not doen me right,
 Thus to miflead me, whiles I you obaid :
 Me litle needed from my right way to haue ftraid.

Faire Sir (quoth fhe) be not difpleafd at all ;
 Who fares on fea, may not commaund his way,
 Ne wind and weather at his pleafure call :
 The fea is wide, and eafie for to ftray ;
 The wind vnftable, and doth neuer ftay.
 But here a while ye may in fafety reft,
 Till feafon ferue new paffage to affay ; 210
 Better fafe port, then be in feas diftreft.
 Therewith fhe laught, and did her earneft end in ieft.

But he halfe discontent, mote natheleffe
 Himfelfe appeafe, and iffewd forth on fhore :
 The ioyes whereof, and happie fruitfulneffe,
 Such as he faw, fhe gan him lay before,
 And all though pleafant, yet fhe made much more :
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did frefhly fpring,
 The trees did bud, and earely bloffomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did fweetly fing, 220
 And told that gardins pleafures in their caroling.

And fhe more fweet, then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes emongft them beare a part,

l. 197, '*pleafant*': l. 198, '*lefte*': l. 199, '*whenas*': l. 201, '*perdy*':
 l. 202, '*mee*': l. 204, '*qd.*': l. 207, '*ea/y*': l. 215, '*happy*': l. 216, , after
 '*faw*'—accepted: l. 217, '*pleafant*': l. 219, '*early*': l. 222, '*fwuite*.'

And striue to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their natiue musicke by her skilfull art :
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guize
 Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercize. / 230

But he was wise, and warie of her will,
 And euer held his hand vpon his hart :
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
 As to despise so courteous seeming part,
 That gentle Ladie did to him impart,
 But fairely tempring fond desire subdewd,
 And euer her desired to depart.
 She list not heare, but her disports pourfewd,
 And euer bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent, 240
 That he awoke out of his idle dreme,
 And shaking off his drowzie dreriment,
 Gan him auize, how ill did him beseeme,
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceiued ire.
 Tho vp he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his Damzell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, their passage to require.

l. 225, '*skilful*': l. 231, '*wary*': l. 235, '*Lady*': l. 236, '*fairly*':
 l. 241, '*ydle*': l. 242, '*drowfy*': l. 243, '*howe . . . beseeme*': l. 245,
 '*yre*': l. 248, '*their*'—Dr. Morris inadvertently records '*there*' as the
 reading of '96: *ib.*, '*Strond*.'

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met,
 Accompanyde with *Phadria* the faire, 250
 Eftfoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
 Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire,
 Thou recreant knight, and foone thy selfe prepaire
 To battell, if thou meane her loue to gaine :
 Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
 Thy carcasse for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayld ;
 Who foone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew, 260
 And him with equall value counteruayld :
 Their / mightie strokes their haberieons difmayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalles ;
 The mortall steele despiteously entayld
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron wallies,
 That a large purple streame adown their giambeux falles.

Cymochles, that had neuer met before,
 So puissant foe, with enuious despight
 His proud presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held so long in fight ; 270
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
 As those vnknighly raylings, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,

l. 249, 'mett': l. 251, 'frett': l. 252, 'Lady': l. 253, 'recreant':
 l. 254, 'batteile . . . gayn': l. 255, 'already': l. 256, 'obtain': l. 257,
 'carcas . . . payn': l. 258, 'with all . . . fierfly': l. 259, 'import-
 tune'—accepted for 'importance' of '96—in 1609 'important': l. 261,
 'valew': l. 266, 'stream': l. 267, 'mett': l. 269, 'proud': l. 270, 'bee':
 l. 272, 'raylinges': l. 273, 'corage.'

Thereof deuifing fhortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery ftroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunft,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did fway;
Cymochles fword on *Guyons* fhield yglaunft,
And thereof nigh one quarter fheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade fo fierce did play 280
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* fhone,
That quite it cloue his plumed creft in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Wherewith aftonifht, ftill he ftood, as fenfelefse ftone.

Still as he ftood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld
That deadly daunger, foone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her felfe moft humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voice, and count'nance wan;
Ah well away, moft noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure fo pitteous fight, 290
To fhed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That firft did teach the curfed Steele to bight
In his owne flefh, and make way to the liuing fpright. /

If euer loue of Ladie did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
And fith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to ftay your deadly ftife a fpace.

l. 277, 'down': l. 279, 'there of': l. 280, 'fiers': l. 281 in '96,
projects, as firft and laft line of ftanza: l. 284, 'fencelefse': l. 285,
'fayre': l. 288, 'voyce': l. 294, 'Lady': l. 296, 'bloody handes . . .
battail': l. 298, 'yield . . . ftiffe.'

They stayd a while : and forth she gan proceed :
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race, 300
 That am the author of this hainous deed,
 And caufe of death betweene two doughtie knights doe
 breed.

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
 Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
 And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes :
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disfarnes :
 Another warre, and other weapons I
 Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
 Without bloudshed, and where the enemy 310
 Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victory.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
 The famous name of knighthood sowly shend ;
 But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
 The mightie martiall hands doe most commend ;
 Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes : *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
 And is for *Venus* loues renownmed more, 319
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,
 To proue extremities of bloudie fight,

l. 301, 'asthour' : l. 302, 'doe' : l. 304, 'kynd . . . battail' : l. 309,
 'Alarmes' : l. 310, 'blood . . . enemy' : l. 311, 'yield . . . pleasant' :
 l. 312, 'enmity' : l. 313, 'shend'—accepted for 'shent' of '96 : l. 314,
 'amity' : l. 315, 'houres' : l. 316, 'handes' : l. 322, 'bloody.'

Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,
 Such / powre haue pleafing words: fuch is the might
 Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceaft, the Faery knight
 Befought that Damzell fuffer him depart,
 And yield him readie paffage to that other part.

She no leffe glad, then he defirous was 330
 Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
 And vaine delight ſhe ſaw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still ſolemne fad, or ſtill diſdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her ſweet peace and pleaſures did annoy,
 Troubled with terroure and vnquiet iarre,
 That ſhe well pleaſed was thence to amoue him
 farre.

Tho him ſhe brought aboard, and her ſwift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further ſtrand; 340
 The which on the dull waues did lightly flote
 And ſoone arriued on the ſhallow ſand,
 Where gladſome *Guyon* ſailed forth to land,
 And to that Damzell thanks gaue for reward.
 Vpon that ſhore he ſpied *Atin* ſtand,
 Thereby his maiſter left, when late he far'd
 In *Phædrias* flit barke ouer that perlous ſhard.

l. 325, 'wordes': l. 326, 'clemency': l. 329, 'ready': l. 343, 'ſailed'
 —as '90 and '96—is 'ſailed' in 1609 (bad): l. 344, 'Damſell': l. 345,
 'ſpyed': l. 347, 'flitt.'

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrrhochles* sharp debatement made ;
 Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate, 350
 As shepheards curre, that in darke euenings shade
 Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade ;
 Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou fle
 The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade ?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
 Thou art thus foully fled from famous enimie ? /

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart :
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
 Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile, 360
 And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile ;
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
 The hastie heat of his auowd reuenge delayd.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
 An armed knight, that towards him fast ran,
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
 His forlorne steed from him the victour wan ;
 He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan, 370
 And all his armour sprinckled was with bloud,
 And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can

l. 350, 'reuile': l. 351, 'Shepheardes . . . eneniges' [sic]: l. 353, 'flee':
 l. 355, 'dye': l. 356, 'foully fledd . . . enemy': l. 357, 'fistly': l. 358,
 'rayle': l. 361, 'fayrely': l. 365, 'hasty': l. 367, 'towards': l. 371,
 'blood.'

Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie creft was steept,
Ne of his safetie feemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht, 380
The waues about, and all his armour swept,
That all the bloud and filth away was wafht,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee ;
For much he wondred at that vncouth fight ;
Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there see,
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhochles*, in sad plight,
Readie / to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this curfed light, 390
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde
Pyrrhochles, ô *Pyrrhochles*, what is thee betyde ?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fire,
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
Nor fea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,

l. 374, 'towards . . . yde': l. 376, 'fierfly': l. 377, 'beducked':
l. 378, 'stept': l. 382, 'blood': l. 384, , after 'weet': l. 386, 'own': l. 388,
'Ready': l. 390, 'What dismall day hath lent but this his curfed light':
l. 392, 'O': l. 393, 'lowd': l. 394, 'fyre': l. 396, 'myre.'

Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
 Ah be it (faid he) from *Pyrrhockles* farre
 After purfewing death once to require,
 Or think, that ought those puiffant hands may marre:
 Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappye starre. 401

Perdie, then is it fit for me (faid he)
 That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue,
 But in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet reuiue :
 O *Atin*, helpe to me laft death to giue.
 The varlet at his plaint was grieved fo fore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riuē,
 And his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that enfample, which he blam'd afore. 410

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
 (So Loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happye he, then wife
 Of that seas nature did him not auise.
 The waues thereof fo flow and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud, which did them foule agrife,
 That euery weightie thing they did vpbeare,
 Ne ought mote euer finke downe to the bottome there./

Whiles thus they strugled in that idle waue, 420
 And stroue in vaine, the one himfelfe to drowne,

l. 397, 'respyre': l. 399, 'requyre': l. 401, 'vnhappy': l. 402, 'Perdye
 . . . fitt': l. 405, 'dayly' (bis): l. 414, 'happy': l. 417, 'foule': l. 418,
 'weighty': l. 419, 'finck . . . bottome': l. 420, 'ydle': l. 421, 'him
 selfe.'

The other both from drowning for to saue,
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, led with the troublous fowne :
 Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
 The carefull seruant, striuing with his raging Lord.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimage* ; 430
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore ;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell fage :
 Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred fore,
 To see *Pyrrhochles* there so rudely rage :
 Yet fithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
 Then pittie, he in hast approched to the shore.

And cald, *Pyrrhochles*, what is this, I see ?
 What hellish furie hath at earst thee hent ?
 Furious euer I thee knew to bee, 440
 Yet neuer in this straunge astonishment.
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
 In daunger rather to be dreht, then brent ?
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
 Ne can be quencht, within my secreet bowels bee.

l. 424, 'hoary' : l. 427, 'fownd' : l. 428, 'seruaunt, stryuing' : l. 430,
 'loudly . . . Help . . . O' : l. 434, , in error after 'man' not 'saw,' but
 corrected in 'Faults escaped' : *ib.*, 'woundred' : l. 437, 'pitty' : l. 439,
 'fury' : l. 443, 'qd.' : l. 446, 'bowelles.'

That curfed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight :
 His deadly wounds within my liuers swell,
 And his whot fire burnes in mine entrails bright, 450
 Kindled / through his infernall brond of fpight,
 Sith late with him I batteil vaine would bofte ;
 That now I weene *Iones* dreaded thunder light
 Does scorch not halfe fo fore, nor damned ghofte
 In flaming *Phlegetou* does not fo felly rofte.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieffe
 He knew right well, and him attonce difarmd :
 Then fearcht his fecret wounds, and made a priefe
 Of euery place, that was with brufing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd. 460
 Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And eue[r]more with mighty fpels them charmd,
 That in fhort fpace he has them qualifyde,
 And him reftor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.

l. 449, 'woundes': *ib.*, 'liuers'—*sic* in '90 and '96, though Dr. Morris (erroneously) records 'liuer' as in '96: l. 450, 'whott fyre . . . entralles': l. 452, 'batteill': l. 458, 'woundes': l. 459, 'brusing': l. 460, 'fier': l. 461, 'doen': l. 462, 'mighty': l. 464, 'helth.'

END OF VOL. V.

Hazell, Watson, and Viney, London and Aylesbury.

